ratty earn: and ache cause nderl and ssion. it is Nots"

logan who s full s ex gainst too

ut a m is man really to be the and

atterwill арру real actessing they in ex-

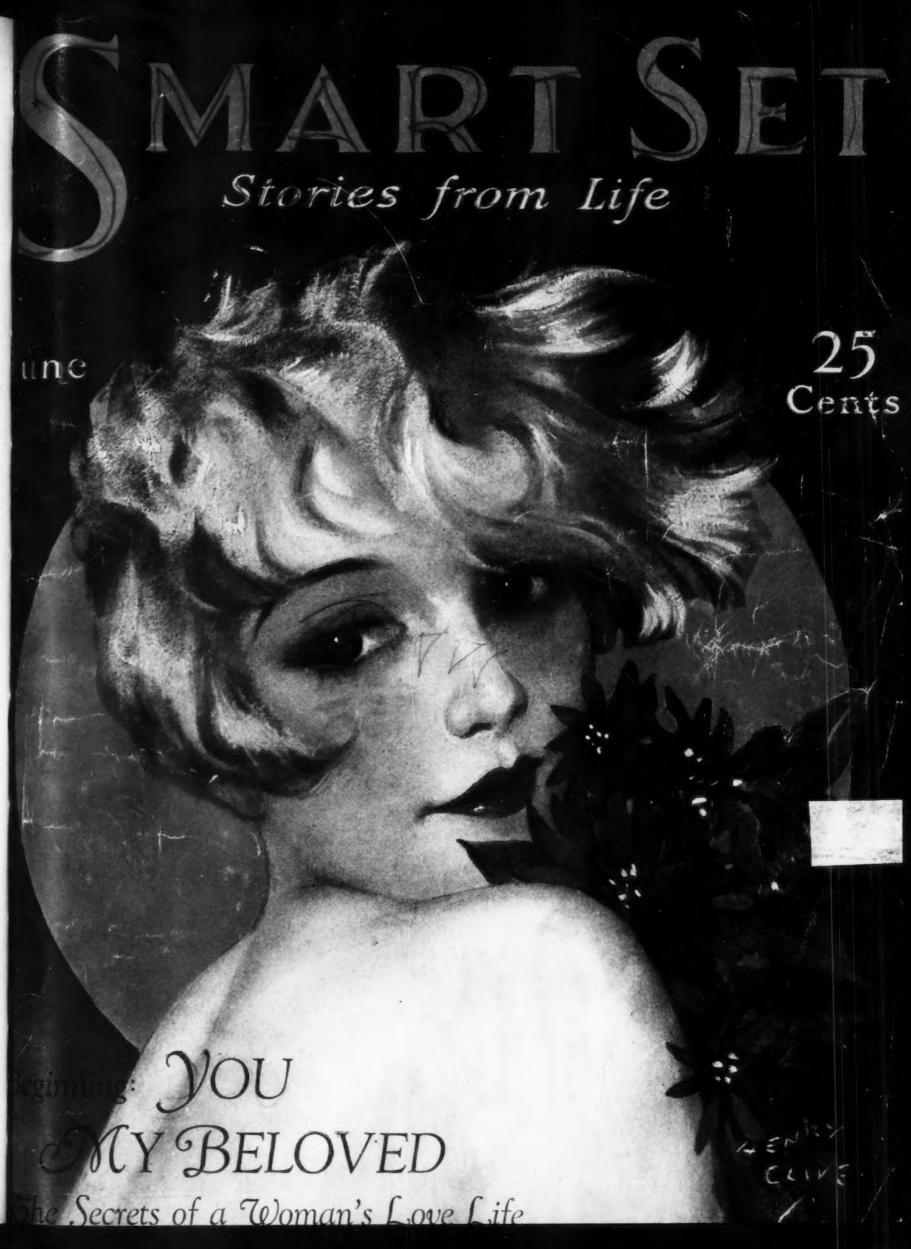
s a thing are ty to o as now d to

r we are some veak,

with and htful veetusethe low-

You at it. h an bout

page





"It's the NEW Thin Norida Vanitie for loose powder-there's nothing else like it./"



Exquisite Norida Toiletries—creams, rouges, powders—everything to add to your loveliness.

—At all Toilet Goods Counters

WROUGHT as artistically as the setting for a precious jewel . . . thin as the daintiest watch . . . and guardian of your beauty with its exclusive loose powder features. Cannot spill—easy to refill. You'll treasure this lovely, useful, new Norida Vanitie for your favorite loose powder.

Ask, your dealer to show you the New Thin Norida Vanities



NEW YORK BE PARI



Price \$1.30 to \$3.00—Single and Double Gold and Silver, each in a satin lined cas —filled with Norida Fleur Sauvage (Wild flower) Poudre and Rouge.

Must your daughter get married before she hears the truth concerning feminine hygiene



I HAT DUTY of a mother is more important than the duty of telling her daughter the facts about feminine hygiene? Yet how many mothers there are who fail in this duty! Some stand by and let the gulf of years widen between them—constantly "putting it off." Others doubt the accuracy of their own knowledge—and with good reason, for the ideas of even five years ago are decidedly obsolete today.

Result: the daughter, upon marriage, embarks upon a new life trusting that new-found friends and associates will enlighten her concerning these intimate matters. And what a tragedy it can be, if their information is wrong or incomplete!

Learn the truth as your physician knows it

What are the dangers that make this subject of feminine hygiene so important? Ask your physician. He has the truth ever before him. His experience is replete with examples of untold harm caused by the use of certain germicidal preparations—deadly poisons such as bichloride of mercury, carbolic acid or their compounds sold under various trade names.

Every mother should keep these products clearly in mind, with the word "warning" associated with each and every one. For these skull-and-crossbone germicides are indeed dangerous, when employed for feminine hygiene purposes. In many cases their continued use leads to a deadening of the highly sensitive membranes and ultimately to the formation of areas of scar-rissue.

Then besides the fearful effects of these compounds when so used, there is the continual threat of accidental poisoning. Think what it means to bring these deadly preparations into the home—among the family—perhaps into the hands of an innocent child!

Zonite banishes the risks that women run

Only a few years ago women had no choice but to run the terrible risks of poisonous antiseptics or go without germicidal protection. This dilemma no longer exists. In *Zonite* science has provided a powerful germicide that is absolutely non-caustic and non-poisonous. Through this remarkable product women now possess a new standard of hygiene—a degree of protection made possible only by a safe antiseptic.

Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body. But what a difference in safety! Carbolic acid is so caustic that its continued use produces an irreparable scarring of the tissues. Zonite, on the contrary, is as harmless to human beings as it is fatal to germs.

Every mother and daughter should read this booklet

More information—vital information—concerning Zonite and the practice of feminine hygiene is given in the booklet, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." This booklet has been prepared especially for women because of an urgent demand for more light on this much beclouded subject. In its pages the truth as declared by modern science is made available to all.

Mothers find the booklet a simple solution to the problem of advising their daughters. Because its information is trustworthy and authoritative, it may, after reading, be passed to others without hesitancy. Send for a copy now. It is free. Simply check the coupon below where it mentions "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

	A	4
411111	Zonile	1
In bottles:	Manager Geologies and Justine State of the Control	30c, 60c, \$1

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.	
Please send me free copy of the Zonite boolets checked below.	klet or book
The Newer Knowledge of Feminin	e Hygiene
Use of Antiseptics in the Home (Please print name)	S-6
Name	
Address	
City	Toronto)

The BEST True-Life Serials

The BEST True-Life Stories

The Man Who Fled From Love The Right to Love 50 Are Movie Idols Woman-Proof? Must a Girl Stifle the Call of Her Heart? Countess, Howdy! Love At First Bite 56 The Three Must-Get-Theirs Crash a Chateau Howard's Own Problem Story Greater Love Hath No Woman Bob Carr's Story of Young Pleasure Seekers The Family Doctor Reveals a Woman's Sacrifice Why Can't I Stay Married? . . . My Haunted Honeymoon 66 The True-Life Story of Olga Evans Was His Bride Innocent—or Guilty?

The BEST True-Life Features

The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw . 10

By Irvin S. Cobb

Last Year's Flapper's Little Sister . 18

By Honoré Willsie Morrow (As Told to May Cerf)

Should Wives Have Men Friends? 24

By Charles G. Norris (As Told to Dorothy Holm)

Ten Commandments of Beauty . 30

By George White

A Romance of the Sea 41

0. 0. McIntyre's Best True Story This Month

Are We Becoming Social Hoodlums? 54

By T. Howard Kelly

AND JOHN HELD'S OWN PAGE, page 9; SOME LOOKS AT GOOD-LOOKING GIRLS, pages 37-40; MY ROSE BRIDE, a poem by Mary Carolyn Davies, page 68; AND ALONG CAME—A MAN! by Henry Fournier, page 69; FUN FROM THE FILMS, pages 70-72; THIS FUNNY WORLD, by Aleck Smart, page 74; OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES, by Martha Madison, page 76; CONTEST WINNERS, page 6

Cover Design Painted by Henry Clive

Next Month



Beginning:

The Woman in the Case

Love_Mystery_Danger_Intrigue

The contents of this magazine are covered by copyright and may not be republished without permission. Published monthly by the Magus Magazine Corporation at 119 West 40th Street. New York. N. Y., U. S. A. R. E. Berlin, President and Treasurer; W.M. C. Lengel, Vice-President; R. T. Monachan, Secretary. Copyright 1928, by Magus Magazine Corporation. 25 cents a copy; subscription price, United States and possessions, \$3.00 a year; Canada, \$3.50; Foreign, \$4.00. All subscriptions are payable in advance. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Unless otherwise directed we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending in your renewal please give us four weeks' notice. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as second-class matter, March 27, 1900, at the Post Office, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois.



WGEL

hian

Can You Keep a Secret?

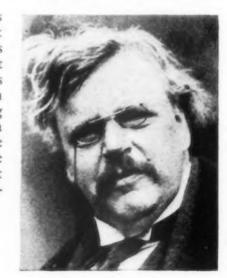
DON'T you just love to be in on things? Don't you feel like strutting with importance when you know the real inside story of some exciting event? And isn't it hard to keep things like that to yourself? After all, half the fun in knowing a secret is looking forward to the moment when you can tell it. We've known lots of nice, exciting things about July SMART SET for a long time—just listen:



DOES every man secretly believe that a woman is less womanly when she exchanges a cook-book for a typewriter? Is G. K. Chesterton, the famous philosopher, expressing the average masculine point of view when he says the wage-earning wife is wrecking the home? Or is Madame Elinor Glyn right in surmising that Mother Nature is keeping a secret from us? Knowing that the world's quota of mothers is filled, at least temporarily, is Nature creating an intermediate sex—not entirely feminine yet not exactly masculine? Does your view-point coincide with that expressed in either of the forward-looking articles by



in July SMART SET



SALLY thought high school boys were silly and childish. She wanted to be seen with a real man who knew
his way about. A man of the world who had traveled and
seen things and could talk impressively. Well Sally met
him—a real live gentleman even to the mustache! He
smiled a half-bored, half-amused little smile! Adorable!
And then—she actually had a date with him! Would you
like to know what happened? Well, if you can keep a
secret, Robert S. Carr will tell you about it in

Sally Steps Out

in July SMART SET

GRANTING that you can keep a secret—is it always a wise thing to do? Have you ever known anyone to guard a secret so closely that she involved herself and others in disaster? If not you will be amazed to see how four people—two sisters, the husband of one and the sweetheart of the other—were caught in a strange web of circumstance merely because each was trying to protect the other by guarding secret information not wisely but too well! You will discover the secret of these tangled lives when you read

The Woman in the Case

in July SMART SET

If you knew that your wife, who was years younger than yourself, loved a man her own age who publicly permitted himself to be branded as a thief to shield her and kept his real reason a secret would you let him take her from you? Would you be enough of an officer and a gentleman to acknowledge that such a man was a good soldier? If you have ever been persecuted for keeping a secret you will appreciate the story of the man who loved a woman enough to sacrifice everything he had for

The Honor of Her Name

in July SMART SET

Do you ever say in speaking of some friend, "I wonder why henever married?" Probably many people wonder the same thing about the man of means and social standing who, in his late thirties, is still unmarried. Has your curiosity ever been satisfied? Has a jolly, good-looking bachelor ever told you why he failed to pop the question to some charming maiden? If not you've a new experience coming to you when you read "If I Had Only Married at Twenty-Three" by

Norman Davey

in July SMART SET

IF you knew the real reason for the feud between your family and that of the man your daughter wanted to marry—if you distrusted him and feared for her happiness could you keep your feelings a secret believing that a man with such a heritage as he had would eventually show his true colors? Could you also keep secret the fact that you wanted her to marry some one else? If you have never played a game of watchful waiting you may learn the value of keeping secrets when you read the romantic and thrilling story of why love barred the gate by

but

tive

into Rea

Dep

Shirley Seifert

in July SMART SET

COULD you fall in love with a man's photograph? And could you keep your identity a secret from the original of that photograph while you carried on a correspondence with him under another's name? Then suppose he came to see you in France and discovered who you really were, could you still keep your love for him a secret? Many strange and beautiful stories have been told in the name of love—perhaps none more beautiful than this story of a little French girl and

Her Yankee Prince

in July SMART SET

Perhaps the next best thing to being the first to tell a secret is being able to say, "Oh, I knew that!" Of course you knew it all the time—it's no secret that the July issue will be on the newsstands June first

Are YOU lost in the CROWD?

Do you pass unnoticed among your fellow human beings? Why let yourself be lost, why go through life like a man without a name? Discover your hidden PERSONALITY! Find out your inner powers. Learn how to make the most of your potential character and your hitherto concealed abilities!

LOST! How full of despair that short word is—and who is lost? Mr. Nobody, or Mr. Average Man—or perhaps You! Do you ever wonder, when you are among other people, how little you even exist. Why? Because you are just like everyone else—one pea in a pod full of peas all alike Average people are crowded around the BOTTOM of the ladder of success. Yet in themselves, inside of them

somewhere, these people really possess the abilities and characteristics which may make them stand out from their felmake lows. The uncut diamond passes unnoticed, but when cut and polished it gleams with precious light and fire: but the diamond was there all the time! That force which makes man remembered where another is forgotten is personality—it, too, can be un-covered, trained, polished: brought to light and made to

OII

to

an

der

der

nd-

our

ing

ion

eri-

nly

our

to

pi-

hat

illy

fact

ave arn

ntic

ph?

the

n a hen vho m a een iful

ne

rst

Secret of Making Dreams Come True!

You have dreams—everyone has built glorious castles in the air. You dream of being "smart," of having a charming, winning personality —in short, of being popular, of advancing yourself in your work, etc. This is only natural. Everyone has such dreams. But not everyone realizes them -probably you have realized very few of your dreams. But you can find the secret of making your dreams come true! A great invention took but a spark—and you have the equipment for an attractive personality, just as the inventor has the equipment to make a steam engine or an electric light. Note this set of 50 Personality Builders here you may find the spark to kindle your potential inner self into a distinctive personality. Read them and see!

50 BOOKS

A Leather Cover ALL FOR

H IDDEN Personality is in everyone. All it needs is to be discovered and brought out. Training will do it. Modern psychology has worked wonders in revealing the inner mechanism of human thoughts, emotions, ambitions, ideals. These facts of psychology, and other helpful information, are now made available in this set of 50 Personality Builders—easily understandable, so you too can benefit from them. Let

these books tell you about character building, leadership, talent, sense of humor, con-quering fear, good and bad habits, memory, thinking, etc. Psychology — plus the com-ments of writers famous as students of human nature—will enable you to discover that hidden personality of yours. Do not let it stay concealed any longer: you owe it not only to yourself, but to your friends and the world, to make the most of it.

Ask Yourself These Questions!

Do you imagine yourself inferior to your friends and the strangers you meet? Are you afraid to be the man or woman you earnestly wish to be? Do you yearn to escape being just "a man in the crowd"? Are you trying to get out of a rut that is keeping you from success? Do others, with no more ability than you possess, seem to get ahead while you lag behind? Do you sincerely feel that you have the power to forge ahead if you can only discover how to bring it out and make the most of it? Then this 50-volume PERSONALITY COURSE is just what you have been seeking! It will answer these questions for youand its cost is so low that you will not feel that such a set as this could possibly be "ex-pensive"—for \$2.98 is posi-\$2.98 is posi-ll price. Read tively the full price.

Let these 50 PERSONALITY BUILDERS help you to realize your powers!

NOTE: These are original, copyright works, prepared especially for this series, obtainable in no other form (except four reprints from the world's literature). These better personality books must not be ordered separately.

FIRST PRINCIPLES

- 1. The Puzzle of Personality—and the Answer. 2. How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself: A Confidential Analysis of Your Pernality.
 3. Auto-Suggestion and How it
- Works.

 1. The Conquest of Fear.
 5. How to Conquer Stupidity.
 6. How to Build Character.
 7. How to Lead: What Makes It Possible for Individuals to Control and Move the Masses.
 8. Your Talent and How to Develop It.
- 9. How Not to Be a Wallflower.

MIND TRAINING

- 10. How to Think Logically.
 11. Your Memory and How to se It.
 12. Facts to Know About Will Power, 13. Behaviorism Psychology Applied to Everyday Life. 14. Bad Habits: How to Break
- Them. 15. Good Habits: How to Form Them. 16. How to Develop Your Sense of
- 10. How to better Humor. 17. Humorous Anecdotes: Aids to Lively Conversation. 18. Popular Jokebook: Aids to Good Fellowship and Popularity.

CULTURAL GROWTH

- 19. The Secret of Self-Development Explained.
 20. Workable Hints on Self-Improvement.
 21. Why you Need Art in Your Life.
 22. The Secret of Being Well Read.
 23. How to Choose Books Wisely and Constructively.

TALKING AND SPEAKING 21. How to Talk and Debate in Public.

- 25. How to Argue Logically.
 26. Hints on Public Speaking.
 27. Toasts for All Occasions.
 28. Handbook of Useful and Lively
- 29, 4,000 Most Essential English Words.

HUMAN NATURE

- Nature of Our Instincts and
- 30. Nature of Our Instincts and Emotions. 31. The Riddle of Human Behavior. 32. Mental Differences Between Men and Women. and Women.

 33. Psychology of Joy and Sorrow:
 Why We Laugh and Cry.

GOOD HEALTH

- General Rules for Everyday

- Health.

 35. Autosuggestion and Health.

 36. Care of the Skin and Hair.

 37. Eating for Health: Vitamins and Calorles.

 38. Food and Diet in Relation to Life and Health.

 39. How to Fight Nervous Troubles.

 40. Tooth and Mouth Hygiene.

 41. How to Get Most Benefit From Recreation.

GOOD MANNERS

42. Hints on Etiquette.
43. The Pleasing Host and Charming Hostess: How to Entertain Economically and Delightfully.

INSPIRATION AND ENCOURAGE-

- 44. Success Easier Than Failure.
 45. Optimism vs. Pessimism: Why
 Optimism Is the More Reasonable Philosophy of Life.
 46. Thoughts on Life's Meaning.
 47. What It Means to Be SelfReliant (Emerson).
 48. Nature of Character and Manners (Emerson).
 49. How to Be Happy.
 50. Helpful Comments on Life and
 Character (Goethe).

Avoid BUNK!

C HARLATANS and quacks have put out a great deal of bunk about personality. Beware of such false lures. Confine your reading to sound psychology, facts of human nature—in short, to such books as these, which are published to eliminate bunk and present facts just as they are. Such writers as E. H. Howe, "sage of Potato Hill"; James Oppenheim, N. Y. psycho-analyst; Dr. Fishbein of the American Medical Association; Wm. J. Fielding, authority on emotions; John Cowper Powys, lecturer; Leo Markun, popularizer of psychology; etc., have made these books authentic, up-to-date, dependable. To learn how useful and helpful these 50 books are you must get them and examine them—the cost is so low that you cannot afford to be without them. Only \$2.98 for 50 books and a leather cover!

Astonishing Low Cost

AMAZING though it may seem, all 50 of these books and the real black levant leather slip cover (holding one book at a time, protecting it while in use, and may be changed in a few seconds), cost only \$2.98, full and final payment. In usual library form this series would have to sell for \$25 or \$30; in the present useful and handy size the price is \$2.98, which is positively all you pay. Either enclose remittance with the blank at the right (and save bother), or pay the postman when the set is delivered—just as you like.

HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS

Dept. P-5

Girard, Kansas

750,000 Helpful Words!

ACH book in this series averages 64 pages or 15,000 words of text, making a grand total of some 700,000 words in all—every word helpfull, every page likely to be of incalculable assistance in enabling you to understand yourself and how to make the most of your opportunities—most of them hidden now within your own consciousness. These books are pocket-sized (3½x5), and are printed in large clear type (larger than the average daily newspaper). They are substantially bound. With each set is included a genuine leather cover (see below). With these books you can improve spare minutes you have been wasting; take a handful with you wherever you go—they fit the pocket—or drop a few in your bag when traveling. The usefulness of this set is extraordinary.

\$2.98 IS ABSOLUTELY ALL YOU PAY

THIS BLANK OPENS DOOR TO SUCCESS						
	THIS	BLANK	OPENS	DOOR	TO	SUCCESS

HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS, Dept. P-5, Girard, Kansas.

Send me at once your 50-volume PERSONALITY COURSE and the genuine black levant leather cover. If my remittance for \$2.98 is not enclosed herewith. I promise to pay the postman \$2.98 on delivery. It is understood that \$2.98 is all

pay,	and	I :	En	al	ļ	ı	a	(I	1	u	11	G	61	0	10	11	11	T	110	er		0	D	11	E	a	[3	0	n	3	187	ni	at	e	V	61	0							
ame.		0		0	0				0	•		٠	,				0			0	0		•			T	0	0			0	0	0	6	0	0		0	d	0	0	0	0	

Why Don't Gentlemen Prefer Modern Girls?

Prize Winning Letter Writers

ODERN girls don't rate as marriageable prospects. They are too artifi-That, briefly sums up the opinions of the writers in SMART SET'S Contest on "Why Don't Gentlemen Prefer You Modern Girls?"

Of course the letters were not all on one side. Many of them said flatly, "Gentlemen do prefer modern girls." "The modern girl is all right. She's the finest product in the history of the race." Maybe those who made these statements are right. It's certainly true that men are marrying "modern girls." And the girls keep on being "modern" even after marriage and everything is jake.

Bernice C. Bowne, San Francisco, Calif., won the first prize. Her letter is anti-modern girl and presumably Miss Bowne is in a posi-tion to know what she's talking about. "Modern girls are too busy having a good time," she writes, "to be bothered with anything so prosaic as a home." That sounds a bit strong. But anyway here's her letter and you can judge its content for yourself:

MEN do not prefer modern girls for the same reason that "gentlemen prefer blondes," but marry brunettes. Too many artificial ones among them. Men at heart admire the feminine girl, with her soft curves

A friend recently exploded, "What's the matter with all the girls? I hate their boyish bobs, their mannish dress, their free-and-easy ways! Why do they try to ape the mannerisms of the men? And they're so skinny, they're straight up and down like six Their clothes are permeated with tobacco; their breaths, wine-They're a jazz-mad, cigarettesmoking, gin-drinking lot, whose chief amusement is to keep males dangling to their abbreviated skirts until the money gives out! Then they look around for bigger bait. Marry them? Not me! Lord! What I wouldn't give to see some real "girly" girls again!'

The home girls lament, "What must we do to be popular?" And their blasé sisters reply, "Pet." But their reign is short; the worth while things of life are not for them; they are just good sports. Their butterfly charms soon fail to register on the awakening brain of the weary male, and yearning for a home and fireside

he starts searching around like a woman at a bargain counter, for a girl with home tendencies, who probably has been living next door all the time, waiting for him

to recognize her.

Funny he hadn't noticed that her eyes are larger, her hair has a prettier sheen, her voice is softly-modulated, her laugh a silvery lilt, restful and soothing to his frayed nerves. The good sports are forgotten.

The modern girls are too busy having a good time to be bothered with anything so prosaic as a home, so the men turn to their more level-headed sisters, to "keep the home

fires burning.

"It's your plain disregard for us mere men that we gentlemen don't prefer," writes Nor-man Horte, Harmon-on-Hudson, N. Y., winner of the second prize. Being a man he ought to know whether or not men like girls as they are. He says they don't and here's

his letter to show you exactly the what and why of his attitude:

T IS not your figures, or your clothes, or IT IS not your ngures, or your intelligence that we gentlemen don't prefer. It's your selfsufficiency, your utter sang-froid, your very plain disregard for us "mere men."

You are so obviously complete in yourselves, so uninterested in our companionship, except as boy friends on whom you can depend to have a good time gratis, that we are frightened at our seeming incompetence to add anything to your own supreme selves.

We don't expect you to coddle us and worship us, as Miss Loos says the Viennese does, and as, from my own experience, I say the Parisienne does. We like it, certainly, but we don't expect to be idolized in the European

But every gentleman is looking for a poten-al Juliet. Whether his particular Juliet is tial Juliet. plump or thin-and there is a choice-is a whom the third prize was awarded. Men, she thinks, are just as "style crazy" as women and when a man marries he isn't going to pick a frump and "thus set himself up for ridicule." But she adds that she thinks the boys are growing tired of girls as they are and dre looking for a woman "somewhere between a devil and a saint." Her letter follows:

CAN hardly agree with Miss Loos when she says the men do not prefer the modern type of girl.

This is the smart age: clothes are smart; talk is smart; business principles are smart and snappy, and likewise girls.

Everyone knows the good, old-fashioned girl gets no place these days. Why, she is hardly desirable as a maid. Men don't see her for dust and all because she is not the style and quickly referred to as a "dumb Dora." Man is just as "style crazy" as a woman, and when he picks a companion he is not going to select some frump and thus set himself up for ridicule.

However, I do think the modern man is tiring of the modern maid and searching for a woman somewhere between a devil and a saint. He wants a girl who can be mother, wife, pal and sister at moment's notice to suit his whims and we all know it's going to take training for that.

I say both men and women are to blame for the present state of affairs. The women have carried their freedom too far and are all at sea. The men do not know what to expect or what is expected of them. can go back to the good old days. It's a different age and it calls for different people and ideas. The controversy will never end until the generation left over from the last has passed on, and the up and coming can bring forth an entirely different standard. Then and only then, can gentlemen have the girls they prefer.

George F. Meeter, Philadelphia, Pa., a one dollar prize winner, thinks girls should be neither too thin nor too fat. He's sure the men in this country don't like 'em when they run to avoirdupois. He writes in part:

HEY say that woman is fash-They say that would be from man's rib. Stop me if you've heard this too often. But it must be true, because she is coming back to it—the rib, I mean. She is one. Spare-ribs. Ever hear of

You don't eat them any more; you feel them every time you have your blue-eyed "I-have-It" thing on the dance floor. There they are, in their thin, silken sheaths, corset-Spareribs.

Are the American men a bunch of aesthetes? Do they love their spare-ribs? On the other hand, are they even a bunch of Turks? Do they love more the "fleshy productions," as Miss Loos implies? Frankly, I think not.

Are you fed up on "wild parties?" Turn to page 36 for a new contest on "Do Decent People Like Wild Parties?" This is a subject you'll want to write on. Don't miss the limerick contest on Aleck Smart's page. And above all study the contest announced on page 103. There you will find a chance to tell what you think of your favorite magazine, SMART SET, and win a big prize.

Prize Winners Why Don't Gentlemen Prefer You Modern Girls?

First Prize, \$15, Bernice C. Bowne, San Francisco, Calif.

Second Prize, \$10, Norman Horte, Harmon-on-Hudson, New York

Third Prize, \$5, Almora H. Bursaw, Lansing, Mich.

Gen \$1 Prize Winners

George F. Meeter, Philadelphia, Pa. Adele Levy, New Orleans, La. Donald P. Holt, Dorchester, Mass. Miss Johnnie Minnis, Shawnee, Okla. Leona Gaylor, Cuyohoga Falls, Ohio Robert Campbell, Yonkers, N. Y. Oliva A. Roderick, Berlin, N. H. Jenny Marie Mattox, Elberton, Ga. Robert Shaw, Swissvale, Pa. Mrs. Alma Cornfoot, St. Chomas, Ont.

matter of personal taste. What he wants is a girl whom he can love. And how can you expect a gentleman to consider loving a girl who is too self-interested for any such sentimentality?

Whatever ideas you girls may have to the contrary, a gentleman is willing to sacrifice much for love. But he expects a similar gen-erosity in return. He does not want Platonic affection doled out to him from some preoccupied person, as though it were a charity to That is an insult to his ego, and an injustice to his worth.

If you want to please us, retain your naturalness, but cultivate a little generosity toward, and appreciation of your other, and no

wise inferior, half.

"I hardly agree with Anita Loos when she says men do not prefer the modern girls," writes Almora H. Bursaw, Lansing, Mich., to ls?

en, she en and pick a dicule." ys are nd are etween ws:

when e mod smart:

smart hioned she is n't see ot the "dumb as a ion he d thus

nodern id and where , wife. tice to w it's

are to affairs. free-The ect or either days. lls for e con-

e genst has oming fferent n, can orefer. a. Pa.

s girls counun to part: fashop me But com-She

ar of ; you

-eyed There orsetaesth-On ch of proinkly,

un to ecent bject s the And d on ce to azine.

ONEY-MAKING BIGB

I	Name		*	*	*		*	*		*			*	*		*		*		*		*	
l	Address	*		*					*	*	*	*			*	*	×	×			*	ø	









Solid white gold effect richly engraved. Set with 10 brilliant diamond cut gems. Gorgeous beauty! They mirror and rouge compact hidden under clever dial. Blue synthetic sapphire crown jewel.

Dinner Ring laapphires. Michay and engraved. Fifth Avenue de-first time offered 387 this Sale price and stage on arrival.

Use coupon below. Order by No. D



LUCK ! M

Use Coupon below. Order by No. F

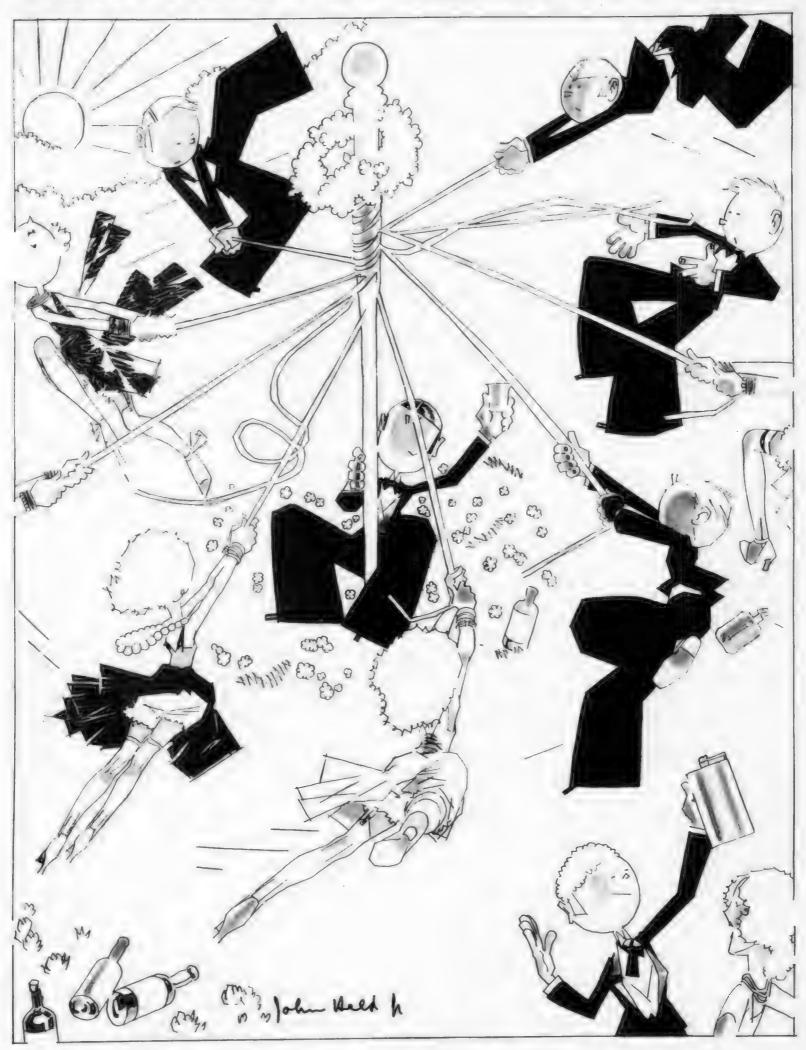
BRADLEY, Wholesale Jewelers, Dept. 20L NEWTON, MASS.

Ship at once to address below the following bargains. Offer No. A : No. B : No. C : No. D : No. E : No. F : (Place X in box to show your selections). Will pay on arrival. Money back if I want it. I risk nothing.

Name	***************************
Street	***************************************
City	State



JOHN HELD'S Own Page of Wit and Humor



This year's Queen of the May doesn't have to be called early. She is still up

The Junniest Jhing The Junniest Jhing The Saw

OMEBODY was asking me not long ago to tell of the funniest thing I ever saw spontaneously said or done. The question set me to thinking. 1 thought of Ben Hapgood Burt's historic remark at The Lambs' Club one very warm evening touching on the barkeeper's state of humidity, but that happens to be a tale which is not suitable for mixed company nor for a magazine reaching the home and fireside.

I thought of Bob Davis rising up and telling the story of the American tourist, the Anglican curate and the chimes of Canterbury Cathedral, at a public banquet after a conversational gentleman named Bells consumed practically all of the time which had been allotted to a coterie of after-dinner speakers, including Davis.

I thought of other examples of quick thinking and sweet, swift repartee and apt retort, physical or mental, which from time to time came under my personal observation.

And then I thought away back to the memorable day—it seems now, in retrospect, a very distant day, indeed—when I was a boy of perhaps ten or possibly





Another Hilarious Experience from the Boyhood of

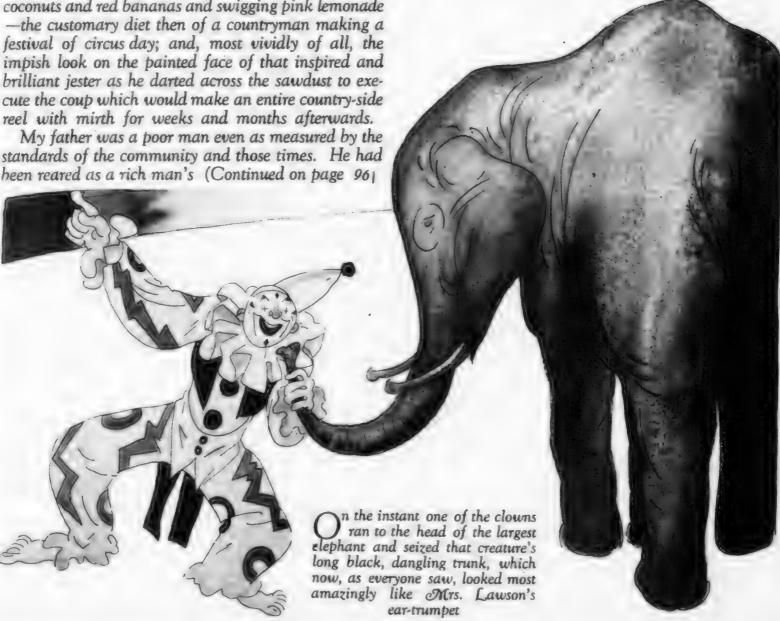
IRVIN S. COBB

eleven, and went to the old John Robinson Shows. That's just about forty years ago, but the recollection of what befell there abides in my mind, in glowing and fadeless colors, as the finest piece of spontaneous humor I ever witnessed or, for the matter of that, ever hope to witness.

I can half shut my eyes and recreate the whole picture of it: the smell of the hot dust and the smell of the camels; the summer sunlight filtering down through the bellying canvas top; the high black boots and the long pink coat of the equestrian director—only, we called him the ringmaster; the farm-hands eating coconuts and red bananas and swigging pink lemonade -the customary diet then of a countryman making a festival of circus day; and, most vividly of all, the impish look on the painted face of that inspired and brilliant jester as he darted across the sawdust to execute the coup which would make an entire country-side reel with mirth for weeks and months afterwards.

My father was a poor man even as measured by the standards of the community and those times. He had





he

be

he

nd

lls

Only Once or Twice in a Century Does the Pen of

NONA

met your dark eyes, eyes which always held promise of so much: of honesty, of understanding, of steadfastness—and I knew that life held many things in store for me-but not peace



REMEMBER it so well, that formal introduction on those dreadful patches of baked grass and lumps they called tennis courts, when I, looking up to the vivid darkness of your face, said to myself, "Rather nice man, this!" Your eyes seemed to say. "Not a bad-looking woman!"

How long did we spend together that first afternoon while we talked of books, of music. of your beloved Oxford? How gay life was then, how care free! 'The future was mysterious and shadowy, but how exciting and adventurous! And later, "Would the parents that be," you asked, "permit your having tea with a lonely bachelor?"

"They certainly would not," I said, "if they were consulted. Which is your flat?

"Number 99, on the ground floor. Come on, I'll show you I've got rather a jolly piano."
"We're in 97."

"Then we're next door to each other.

You do work things out quickly. Did you get your half-blue' for arithmetic at Oxford? I know you must have. Copyright, 1928, by Duffield & Co.

 $OU \sim M_y$ By G. SHEILA

You made a face at me, of course, for saying that to you And then came my first introduction to your room. Oh. my dear, I could see it now, if the tears would only let mesee it so clearly that hardly a breath would disturb its tranquil grayness unless it were the breath of memory. You me around. You were very proud of your room. You showed 'My Bechstein, my stag's head, my fishing-rod," and, I think

Such enchanting possessions at twenty-four

After tea, brought in by the fat and bulging though discreet

a Writer Find Words to Voice the Perfect Love Story



"Thy, you're just a little thing," you said, "just as high as my heart—and I can't tell you all the wonderful things I feel because of the beat of that heart"

DICK

Beloved

DONISTHORPE

Mrs. Edwards, who, good soul, looked neither to the right nor to the left, you sang to me.

The deep golden tones of that exquisite baritone of yours rang out like an organ, each warm, rich note enveloped me like some generous cloak. I was silenced by its magical beauty. Oh, my Richard, so much of heaven was in that voice of yours. When I got up to go you came over and stood beside me.

"It's been wonderful meeting you like this," you said. And as I met your dark eyes, eyes which always held promise of so much: of honesty, of understanding, of steadfastness—isn't that funny, of steadfastness?—I knew that life held many things in store for me, but not peace.

For the next few weeks we met nearly every

Then one morning red roses were brought to me. Such dear velvety things! I knew they were from you and a sudden warmth flooded my heart.

That night we went to the theater together for the first time. As I dressed, an absurd little tune kept bubbling up to my lips. I selected a frock, a filmy thing of sulphur color, and gazed at myself

in the looking-glass. Not one beautiful feature could I find! No clear-cut lines, no complexion of pink and white transparency, nor hair of golden sheen. But I had youth, grace of limb, warm creamy skin, a soft mouth of tulip red and a chestnut mop of hair. Eyes? My one decent point, brown and shadowy, and shining that night as if somebody had sewed stars into them.

"Is Madame to know you're going to the theater, Miss?" Ellen's sympathetic face appeared at the door.

"Yes, but we went with a crowd, Ellen," I laughed, "a very



G. Sheila Donisthorpe, Famous Author, in the Sweetest Story Ever Told,
Admits You to the Hidden Altar of
Dreams Where Every Woman
Guards the Sacred Flame of Love

large crowd, oodles of us, millions and trillions of us."
Ellen, ever my ally, grunted approval of my humor.

Ellen, ever my ally, grunted approval of my humor.
"Do I look nice?" I asked. "I must look nice tonight, very nice because I'm going out with a woolly lamb, a grayhound and a nightingale."

"All them animals? I thought it was the dark gentleman from next door."

"And what do you know about the dark gentleman from next door?" I inquired.

"Nothing, only Mrs. Edwards and me, Miss, we call him the Hero'."

"The Hero!" Of course I roared with laughter and danced Ellen around the room.

At eight o'clock you came for me. Silhouette of black and white, the black and white of your lean dark face, the clean height and breadth of you gave me intense satisfaction.

"Ready?" you asked. "I've got a machine outside."
A little glow of warmth came stealing over me as you banged the door to and we drove away together.

THE play, itself, holds no memory for me. I expect it was light and bright and musical-comedy-ish, but one small incident impressed itself vividly on my mind. During an interval I caught sight of Hilary Marsh, one of the prettiest and most popular comedy actresses of the year. She was leaning over the side of her first-tier box. As you glanced up her eyes met yours and she threw you a friendly smile. You bowed gaily.

yours and she threw you a friendly smile. You bowed gaily.

A cold finger was laid on my heart. She was beautiful, attractive, sought after and you evidently knew her well.

Then I saw her beckoning you.

I smiled and tried to be brave. "Look, Dick, she wants you to go up to her box," I said and I made room for you to pass. "Not I," you said. "I'm much too lazy to move."

I laughed to myself at the truly English way you had of bestowing your compliments. I was not to flatter myself that my superior charms were keeping you at my side; no, it was merely because you were too lazy to move—well!

Suddenly I found you looking at me with an amused grin. "Little old Funny," you said, "there are such a lot of things I want to tell you some day."

"That sounds a long way off. Don't you think your interest might have evaporated by that time?" I asked

"Why do you say that?"
"Oh, I don't know. I imagine you tire pretty easily of

things, of people, don't you?"
"No." The word cut across me like a whip and I found

comfort in the sting of it.

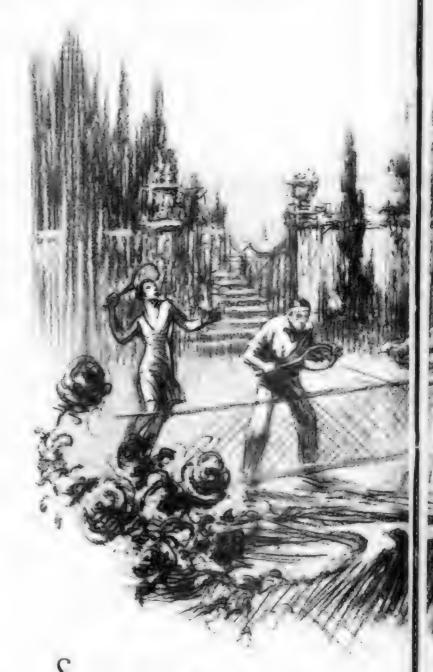
Later, you asked, "Does one come and partake of a sandwich at number 99 before one goes home?"

"One certainly does not unless one expects to find an irate aunt bursting a blood-vessel at one's non-arrival."

"Tell me, how long before I'll see you again?"
"Oh, about a mile and a half as the crow flies;" I answered.

"Aren't you ever serious?"
"Only on fourth Wednesdays and wet Sundays."

"Have you been terribly bored tonight?" Richard asked



Juddenly I drew back from the window. "Jill," I cried, "he's out there." The sight of you whipped the foolish flame to my face. At that moment, in my love for you, the world and everything in it was mine

"Terribly," I cried enthusiastically, and added, "Good night."
Good night, Little Funny," you said as I turned to go in
Do you like me?"

'Moderately," you replied. You certainly never flattered "Don't gush!" I laughed.

I flew up, three steps at a time into the flat to my room Oh, my dear, it was good to find a fellow lunatic, a stimulat

With Drawings from Life By G. D. SKIDMORE parents died when I was too young to remember them and she had taken me home to live with her.

She had found me troublesome to manage and I had been sent, at the age of twelve, to a Spartan boarding-school, where education and discipline were considered of more importance

than comfort. I expressed my resentment at being dragged out of bed at five-forty-five on a winter's morning, to practise scales by promptly running away to the home of an old nurse, in whose heart I had always found a soft spot. I had, of course, been speedily discovered and brought back, to be made a thorough example.

It was then I said to my great friend, Eileen Wilton:

"When I'm married I'll never have any children. I think it's too awful having to be a child."

Eileen replied that she didn't mind it much and I thought she was so comletely mad that it very nearly severed our friendship.

To this day I have never changed my opinion. Looking back at those lonely, unnatural, loveless first seventeen years, I am filled with horror and loathing at the thought of living any one of them again.

As for the rest of my education, my aunt certainly did her best for me and I received a far more expensive one than her slender purse could have well afforded at that time. After leaving school, I studied music at the Royal Academy, where I obtained the usual diplomas and medals, entitling me to teach or perform according to which particular field I might choose.

I was then considered "finished" and was permitted to put up my hair and "come out." This last hectic pleasure consisted of having a couple of evening dresses run up by somebody's "little woman" and attending a few theaters and private dances, rigidly chaperoned by some married friend,

who was asked, "to keep an eye on Nona and see she didn't get herself talked about by dancing more than two dances with the same partner and to bring her home not later than eleven-thirty." I would find Aunt's bedroom light burning brightly and Aunt's sleepless eyes steadily fixed on the small gold watch beside her bed. It was, of course, a hideous offence to get "talked about" in those days; it spoiled one's chances, whatever that might imply.

I look back and review that first summer of ours: those hot June days, the raspberry and cream teas, tennis afternoons, evenings spent in seeing a play, in the garden, or at the piano by your open window. I planned a calendar of days. Those on which we failed to meet were washed out as a wet sponge washes out slate-pencil markings.

We should, by the end of that summer, have become good friends or have lost interest in each other. Neither of these



ing, comrade mind and, if my heart told me truly, a most

Beyond one or two casual meetings, sternly discouraged by me, I don't think you knew much of my Aunt Harriet with whom I lived. She was my father's spinster sister, a grim, flat-chested, thin-lipped woman in the late forties with rigid views and a somewhat pessimistic outlook on life. Both my

in

ed

ou opened the door to me. A dark, lean figure. You drew me in. You said, "I've been waiting ages for you." Ghen you stood and just looked at me. "Little Junny," you said, "I had to come back I missed you so"

things happened. At each meeting the air grew thick with things unsaid, and while we spoke lightly of books, music, games, our hearts and eyes were telling all that we dared not speak.

I would come away from you, aching from the effort of disguising everything I feared to let you

see and with a great longing for sleep.

But I had forgotten how to sleep. Thoughts of you obsessed me. I held imaginary conversations with you and silly little intimate sentences were

It was something more than impulse that caused me to pack up and journey to the sea, away from the vision of your dark head, away from the sound of your voice which pulled at my heart and away from that veiled, obscure sense of something, very like fear, which, however pitiably I might evade it, was creeping towards me like an inevitable forceful stream

RRIVED at the little Eastlake Bay Hotel and Awith the tang of the salt air on my lips, I "You're not here; you don't exist; I'm free; ong to myself." Then I went for a long walk I belong to myself." and came in and ate a huge tea of home-made bread and jam and Devonshire cream and felt very, very free. Later, when I looked at the chintz armchair in my bedroom, I visioned your face flung across the cushion. But a week down there would surely change all that. It might have, had it not been for those two letters redirected from London which arrived the day before my departure. Since the mere sight of your handwriting set my heart pounding. I regarded this trip as an imperfect

And yet it was a very different me who returned to Lon-True, the lamps you had lit in my eyes still blazed in the old tell-tale manner but it was a Nona with the healthy tan of the sun and wind on her cheeks, a Nona bubbling over with youth and fun, very sure of herself, and not too hideously

I arrived at the flat, after a stifling journey during which the wheels of the train had made joyous song of your name London felt as hot as an oven.

Ellen announced, "Madame will be out to dinner."

That meant that my evening, too, was free

"Got any food for me, Ellen?

"Yes. Madame ordered a cutlet and a soufflé."

"Good, I'm starving. Serve it at eight. I'll go and unpack." "Miss Jill's in the sitting room; been here half an hour: Miss," said Ellen.

"Good Lord! Why didn't you tell me before?" I flung off my hat as Jill's charming little face appeared round the door. "Well! here she is, all sunburnt and healthy, and looking as pure as a pound of butter," she laughed.
"And about as fat." I threw open all the windows. "Whew!

This London 'eat fairly does a body in.'

"Don't be uppish, dearie; you've only been enjoying the sea breezes at Sloppleton-on-Slush for about a week. Your lady aunt is out.

"Naturally, or you wouldn't be here."

"She can't stand the sight of me, can she?" Jill asked me.



"My dear, you happen to be a friend of mine, that's why

"Yes, I suppose that is against me."

"Fatal.

Jill reached for a cigarette and curled up kitten-wise on the couch. She was rather like a kitten, a cream-fed Persian one, all round and soft

OH, WELL, we all have our little fads," she said. "I often wish I had the energy to dislike people; at least, it gives a zest to life on a wet afternoon. Meet anybody away?"

No, awful fudgy lot of people staying at the hotel. Anyway.

I didn't go to meet people. I went for a rest.

Sounds darn dull to me; still it appears to have agreed with you. I never saw anybody look so disgustingly healthy. And may one ask if you have recovered from the other com-



Suddenly you folded me in your arms, hungrily, fiercely, and I trembled with the exquisite joy and pain of it. Primitive words of love broke from you, like birds fluttering before a storm. "Oh my dear, what am I to do with you?"

come along, too, and I'll phone him to bring Val."
"No, I want to be here tonight," I answered from the depths of my trunk, "and do fling open that window; there's a lamb."

Jill's fair head was already outside. "Suffering cats! Look at the elite playing tennis out here. What a mob, Nona! Just look at that apparition in the striped shirt and his little brother's trousers." "Isn't he beautiful? That's the secretary of the

"Isn't he beautiful? That's the secretary of the club. He airs the same pair of canary-colored trousers every season, and each year they shrink a little further and get a little yellower. Don't lose your heart to him, because that enormous red woman at the net, who looks like a ship under full sail, is his wife. I'm sure they have chops for tea and a shilling-in-the-slot gas."

Suddenly I drew back from the window.

"Jill, he's out there! You knew!"
"Of course I knew, you old silly," she laughed.
I slipped into a white silk wrapper.

GOING to have a bath. You were a worm to drag me to the window. He'll think I was looking for him."

"Oh, you make me tired. Why you've seen each other every day for a month, and he mustn't see you put your head out of the window. I wonder the man isn't frozen stiff. The icicle act went out with the tricycle years ago. For goodness' sake don't be so early Victorian."

"Well, I loathe the meet-you-halfway type. It

sickens me."

We were interrupted from further argument by the entrance of Ellen with a note. Your handwriting whipped the usual foolish flame to my face. Jill looked at me and grinned. "Quick work."

She sat down on the edge of the bed and deliberately lit another cigarette. "'I feel I ought to be going,' she said. 'Oh, no,' said her hostess; 'do stay. We've got cherry cake for tea and the Vicar's coming.'"

"Boodle!" I yelled from the bathroom.

"I dislike this varsity slang. Well, good-by, my child. Read your Hero's love sonnet and have a hectic evening. Don't overdo the touch-me-not stunt and remember that every dog has his day. Bow-wow."

I dined alone with your note propped up before me; the open balcony windows showed the misted distance of the garden. You had written:

"So you're back again. Will you be an angel and come in this evening. I want to see you so much. Please."

Halfway through dinner, the telephone rang.

"Is that you?"

"Yes." I was thankful that your question required only that answer.

"Look here, you got my note? You're coming in to see me tonight." No question merely a statement.

"Yes, soon."

"Very soon."

I laughed. "May I be allowed to finish dinner?"
"Yes, but don't wait for coffee, you can have it here."

I hung up the receiver. The world and everything in it was mine. It lay there at my feet, [Continued on page 90]

plaint from which you were suffering when you left here?"

I hurled two cushions at her and told her to shut up.
"Anyway," she said, "he's at home now, probably fretting
his collar off its stud with impatience to see you."

"Why you don't even know him by sight."

'Course I do. Long, lean sort of man. Dark, too. Walks like a grayhound. Drove up in a taxi ten minutes before you came in and floated up the steps next door with something very charming in pink. Might have been his mother, though."

"Jill! Of all lovely liars I love you best. Come and help

me unpack.

"Good. I'll own up. The charming thing in pink was put in to make it more difficult, otherwise all correct. I'll come to your room for some powder but I can't stay long as I'm dining and going to a show with Michael Gray. Why don't you

Two Years Ago

HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

Set Herself the Gask of Understanding the Revolt of Modern Youth and She Was Amazed by Her Discoveries. Since Then a New Generation Has Come Along. Mrs. Morrow Now Tells You Through MAY CERF About This Younger Set



WO years ago I was commissioned by Cosmopolitan Magazine to make a study of modern youth. I was told to learn through actual contact with youth whether the current tales of its wildness were facts or merely the exaggerations of scandal mongers.

I accepted eagerly. My own children are nearing adolescence. Naturally I am vitally interested in the view-point and behavior of the present generation of young people as they are.

I wanted the truth about the subject. I embarked upon a tour of investigation which took me to the four points of the compass. I traveled from New Hampshire to Alabama and from Alabama to Illinois. I invaded schools. I pried into home life. talked with young people of both sexes. I listened to wailing parents. And all my previous ideas and ideals of young people were turned topsy-turvy.

I learned of promiscuity and of drunkenness. I saw the mad search for pleasure. I observed the rebellion against restriction and the scorn with which youth views its elders. I was dumbfounded at the frankness with which youth flaunts its indiscretions.

I told about these things in detail, giving unvarnished facts. Both the magazine and myself were flooded with lettersmany of protest and denunciation, others of ratification and praise.

A good many of the letters began with an indignant denial of my allegations in Cosmopolitan and then inadvertently pro-

ceeded to prove them. As, witness this:
"My dear Mrs. Morrow, I read your article and it made me mad clear through. I'm not calling you a liar but I want to tell you that what you say just don't exist. And I know, tor

I'm one of that younger generation that you old people are wasting so much breath over. I'm a student at Xand I'll have you know that I still am pure. At least I am unless I went too far when I passed out at one of our fraternity parties. I suppose you mothers and fathers never went to parties when you were young, if you ever were young. And

if you did you were nothing but a flop.

'I can take care of myself and so can every girl I know. And that's because most of us have to. My mother is a doctor and my father is a judge and they believe in letting me express myself. And why not? Who are you middle-agers to sit around and tell me I can't carry a hip flask? the ones that made the Volstead law and you can darn' well take the consequences. Believe me, there are some! I have a little sedan of my own. And it's nobody's business. I can take care of myself. And supposing I did neck, I've cut

it all out now except with the boy friend I'm going to marry And do you honestly believe all that old stuff about the single Say, Mrs. Morrow, didn't you ever read Freud? Don't you know that it's repression that makes nervous wrecks of women?

Last Year's

"Now listen to me. I'm going to have fun while I'm young. All the fun that's going. If I get into trouble, why that's my hard luck and I won't whine.

Very truly yours, R- V-"P. S. I wouldn't blame you if you didn't answer this letter. If you last as far as the postscript."

G AUCHE and very, very young, eh? Well, I did answer it to the best of my ability and a year later received a reply

"Dear Mrs. Morrow, I know you didn't expect or probably want an answer to your letter and you must have forgotten me, anyhow, and the letter you wrote You said that life itself would answer my statements for you. I tore your reply up But say, do you know that life has answered me! I've been dropped from college. And my mother and father have washed their hands of me and say I've got to earn my own living. Do you call that fair when I have no training? And in this hick town where I live up in New Hampshire, the neighbors turn up their noses at me as if I'd done something really wrong. Honestly, Mrs. Morrow, I'm not asked anywhere. Would you advise me to come to New York where nobody knows or cares whether you have any morals or not? As a matter of fact, I'm

fed up on all this drinking and necking. If mother and dad would only believe it, I'm as safe as a church now. What I want to know is why didn't they protect me from all this? They didn't have to go through it. dumb-bells, I'll say! What I want to know is, where do I go from here? Can you answer me that or are you too much disgusted? Very truly, R-

"P. S. My engagement fell through. My friend went off all of a sudden and married a stenographer and she's supporting him while he finishes college. Don't write back and tell me I should have learned stenography. Don't! But wasn't he some sheik? And I thought he was a great Big Man. Probably I was right and he'll be in the White House yet. According to a book or two I've read lately I might not qualify so badly for White House life. Laugh that off if you can!"
They came from all sorts and conditions of young people.

the idle, the hard-working, the self-supporting and the para-



Flapper's Sister

sites. Some of them made actual black and white confessions of promiscuity and, in the case of one girl, defied me to prove that she had done wrong.

HIS note of defiance was one of the notable Taspects of the letters, but it was more amusing than surprising. I was defiant myself as a young-So were all the other parents who are wrestling with adolescent children today. The difference between our defiance and that of the present generation was that we had been taught selfcontrol and the defiance seldom broke its moral Our parents, thank heaven, never had heard of complexes nor of the inhibiting that is supposed to cause them! If I had tried to spring "self-expression" or "suppression complexes" on my mother as an excuse for indecency as so many present-day young people do, I probably would have been given a dose of castor oil and then sent to Coventry for a week. My mother, bless her, knew her job! Most of us modern mothers are rattled by the smoke screen raised by half-baked amateur psychoanalysts of whom one hears so much now.

The letters were illuminating because so many of them came from boys and girls around the ages of twenty and twenty-one. They put on record,

as it were, the effect of the kind of child training that came into vogue when they were born, poor lambs! It was then that we women began to go to child study clubs and it was then that a good deal of this so-called wildness of [Continued on page 124]



Ploto By Campbell



fact that cheers me is that whenever I talk confidentially with one of the "new" young mothers, who previous to her marriage has gone the pace, I find she has made a decided about face. Such a young woman with a six-month-old baby laid down the law to me the other day. "You can bet on this," she said. "My daughter is never going to see the side of life I was allowed to see. . . I'm going to teach her to obey—and I'm going to keep her respect"

19

irry

ngle

on

01

I'm why

you

als

eh?

my oly

dn't

ten

ote my

up

an-

col-

ave Eve

call

and

ew

ieir illv

not

nic

dy

inv

l'm ng.

ect me

go

ofi ip-

nd

n't in.

et.

fy

MAN Who Hed from OVE

CAN'T imagine any human suffering greater than that of being in love with a woman, holding her in your arms every day and having her act a love she does not feel. I mean act literally, for the woman was Barbara Gray, the movie star, and I was her leading man.

This is the strange experience that befell me at the height of my career when I thought myself woman-proof. I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth. I had been popular in high school and by sheer luck a motion picture director saw me act in the graduation play, bore me away to Hollywood and started me upward. In a few years on the salary of a star, I was the benefactor of my family.

I set it down as a commonplace fact that women flung themselves in my path. At first there was glamour in it but I found that the value of women went steadily down in my eyes. Too easy; a little too cheap! I had become blase or conceited or just numb

blase, or conceited, or just numb.
"Why was I popular?" I asked myself. Something I was born with, undoubtedly. Some sort of magnetism and the ability to act. I could act in almost any situation, from a funeral to an orgy, from a football game to a love-scene. Well, we'll let that pass. Barbara had other ideas about it.

The sum of it all was that I became woman-weary, but when I signed up to play opposite Barbara, and my friends warned me that this was the woman who would get me, I was amused and skeptical. I had heard of Barbara's strange and unusual power over men; I had seen her on the screen and had several times met her at Hollywood parties, but I was not greatly impressed. The slow tricks of her eyes, her abandon in love-scenes, her enigmatic smile, her famous shrug were all transparent to me. I saw only a very clever actress, where the public saw an alluring



"Understand this," Barbara told me hotly,
"if ever I marry, my husband will be
a man, not an actor"



Something in me exploded at her words and I cried, in a rage, "Even though I am an actor, you shall be mine"

A Self-Told Story

of a

MOVIE JDOL

Who Thought

He Was

WOMAN-PROOF

woman whom she portrayed as the heroine in the picture.

And in fact, even after the picture started, I did not really see Barbara. Perhaps my hard-boiled attitude was to blame. Anyway there she was, seeming a little foreign and yet American, speaking with a husky, sweet voice that was music, very soft, low music. She was sometimes amused and sometimes enraged by my coolness.

In one scene I was sitting in a chair, my chin in my hands and she was standing over me saying again and again, "I had to come; I couldn't help it," when she added some words on her own:

"Do you like my hair fixed this way?"

"Hadn't noticed it," I mumbled. I had to keep my lips as immobile as possible.

She spoke softly but angrily. "You stuffed shirt! You conceited puppy!"

I grew angry myself and muttered, "Conceit? It's painted all over you!"

She answered me with one word of contempt, "Actor!"

"SAY, Barbara," shouted the director, "you don't look as though you were madly in love; you look as if you wanted to crown him. Kill it!"

The word "actor" started my troubles. Popularity doesn't necessarily produce conceit. It may have the opposite effect. All my life I had had a bag of tricks that set the mob applauding. It was too easy. When fame came it seemed a cheap affair, and I knew that if overnight some change came to me, say a scandal, the public's love would become hate. Besides that, I had a growing conviction that acting was not a man-size job. To spend a lifetime at make-believe, strutting, posing, always pretending to be some one else just to make others smile at you and clap their hands. There was something childish and effeminate about it, I thought. I wanted to do hard things, something primitive and close to the earth, something real and solid.

earth, something real and solid.

That 'single word "actor," spoken with contempt, had been like a lash across my face. I seemed to see myself, all front, all clothes, paint and gestures. It set me to brooding; it made me bitter. I began to wonder if there weren't some way to leave the movies and go after hard work. And then came the moment when my eyes opened and I really saw Barbara, the woman, not the actress.



We were in the moonlight, in a garden. She kept looking at me from her end of the bench, slowly drawing closer, sayg, "If only I weren't married, if only I weren't married." All this she did, and then raised her head, her face full to

the moon. It was as she raised her head that something happened to me. Her chin was tilted up, her lips set in a crooked line of pain, and tears were coursing from her halfshut eves

At that moment, her beauty was ineffable. Moonlight made a halo of her hair and in her face I read a witchery of great and mysterious power, woman-power, old as the race. Every gesture had grace in it and allurement. She seemed made for love

Her spell was on me; I picked up her hand and kissed it. A moment later she was saying casually, "You did better

"HANK you," I said. It seemed to me that a great silence had come upon me, the silence before the storm. It was as if I were stunned into being aware of her and the fact that she had invaded my very soul, usurped my will, and possessed me utterly. It was not a happy feeling then. In fact, it even set me sneering at myself. Like all the rest, I had fallen. I, who had thought that I was woman-proof, had gone down at an easy stroke. I, the blasé, was as vulnerable as an inexperienced boy. Another bit of pride flung into the waste-basket! And how this woman would gloat over me as one who had denied that she had power, who remained aloof and enraged her with his coolness but finally became her abject slave!

Balancing all that, there was simply the feeling that Fate is stronger than any man and that the power that had overthrown me was in my own heart. Love had struck me down.

Barbara discerned the change in me, but I was actor enough to hide its real meaning from her for a time. But there came the moment when even this was impossible. It was during one of the tense scenes of the film which we were shooting in the mountainous regions of Montana.

According to the scenario I have set out in a snow-storm. trying to conquer my love for a married woman, trying to crush the turbulence and ecstasy in my heart. But unconsciously I set out along the road which leads to her house.

As I go doggedly forward I see a woman blowing towards

me out of the storm. She comes up, scarcely able to walk Why did you do this?" I cry out.
"I had to," she says. "Suddenly I leaped up, put on my

"I had to, ' she says.

coat and hat, and came. But oh, I can't walk.

I look at her feet. No rubbers, no boots! Little black slippers. What madness! What a terrible love she has for me! I see her eyes pleading with me for compassion, for forgiveness and tenderness. I pick her up; her snowy fur is against my face; I stagger back to my house and carry her in

The fire is roaring in the hearth. I set her down on the couch before it, kneel and take off her slippers. She toasts her wet feet. I sit at a distance from her on the couch

HE firelight is in her eyes and as I look at the disheveled hair, the half-shut eyes, all the loveliness that is Barbara Gray, I cease to act. I am dizzy with love, Kneeling or

the couch she leans towards me and speaks with husky sweetness.

"Roy, darling. We are alone."

Alone! I do not hear the noise of the camera nor realize that we are in a set in an improvised studio. My moment has come. I gather her slowly to me; our lips, still cold with the snow and wind, meet. Her acting is such that her love seems as real as mine.

And then I heard the director say, "Gosh, that's wonder ful! Say, Roy, you're twice the actor today that you were

yesterday. And as for you, Barbara—whew!"
The words meant nothing to me. I was still drunk with the wonder of having Barbara in my arms, of kissing this woman adored by the world, this beautiful, strange, unknown glamourous creature. And a hope was in me that she, too was awakening to love. She had responded to my caress But then I realized what a wonderful actress she was. At Joe Ganz's words she turned and walked off the set

I followed her, puzzled

"Barbara!

She wheeled on me in hot anger. "You ran away with that scene; you took it from me."

Love? It was merely professional jealousy that had spurred

her on. I laughed bitterly.

"Nonsense. I'm simply so much in love with you, Barbara. that I really kissed you.'

She stared at me with those fascinating green eyes that could be so tender and so cruel. Then she laughed scornfully "You in love? You, every woman's darling? Don't insult

me! You're acting at this moment.'

Words failed me. How could I prove I wasn't acting?

SHE continued, "Understand this. If I ever do marry. it will be a man, not an actor. I don't want any pampered. spoiled child of twenty-five asking me to please excuse his temperament.

I laughed. "Can't an actor be a man?" I asked.

"Not your sort," she said. "And after this be careful how I shan't be eclipsed."

"But I'll make you love me." I said.

I saw her famous shrug then, and I can still hear her cold and cruel laughter as she walked away. There was a bit of a devil in Barbara, and it awoke a devil in me, but to no avail She refused to see me except when we were acting together

And then began for me the worst torment of my life, for time and again I held Barbara in my arms; we kissed each other; she clung to me as I carried her off on horseback; she whispered tenderly to me, and each time it seemed to me as if there were a special harmony between us, as if she really meant it all, as if she had ceased acting and begun to love

Yet I realized that any other capable actor could have taken my place and Barbara would have acted exactly as she did. The tantalization was beyond belief: to have her. to hold her, to kiss her, to feel her willowy body warm in my arms, and yet know it was all a play, a mockery! Seeing her daily fanned the fires of my love, so that I felt I must make her care or perish, but I gained nothing save her contempt and displeasure.

Joe Ganz, however, was elated at the way the picture was

shaping.

You two ought always to act together," he said to us "You do something to each other that makes you both better actors than either of you have been before this picture.

With Drawings from Life picked Barbara out of By LESLIE L. BENSON the snow, carried her into the house and put her down on the couch. She put her feet under her and rising on her knees leaned toward me, whispering, "Roy, darling, Roy" was therefore all the more terrific for me to bear. There came a moment when I knew I would spoil the picture if I didn't get some sleep soon. It had become almost impossible to see Barbara! I felt that I should faint as I acted. I held myself in contempt, for Barbara saw me only as an actor and I shared her feeling that it wasn't, for me, a mansize job. But the picture could not be spoiled! It was a masterpiece, the best thing Barbara had ever accomplished. There was only one way of getting peace—drink. So I drank!

Barbara shrugged her shoulders in her characteristic way. 'Cat and dog stuff!" she said. "He makes me so angry that I get emotional. That's about all."

It got so I couldn't sleep at night. I could only wander about like a lost soul. I had acted parts of men who were devastated by love, who knew a kind of madness over a woman, who committed suicide, became ill or insane, but I had never quite believed that such love existed. The experience

Luckily the picture showed the gradual dissolution of the hero, who is ruined by his guilty love-affair. It was therefore in order for me to seem a little tipsy, a bit disheveled, a little out of control. But one afternoon I came to the studio

intoxicated. Barbara was beside herself.
"Drunk!" she said. "We can't act today."
"I love you," I mumbled.

She turned very pale.
"Love!" she said contemptuously. "You call that love!"
I went home and drank some more. The picture must be finished, but as for myself, I was [Continued on page 115]

walk

יוח ו

black s for

. for

fui er in

the

s her

velec

rbara

7 01

usky

alize nent with love

der were

with this OWn 1003 ress A

with rred

ara.

hat illy sulr

TTV red. his

WOI

old 1 3

ail

er

for ich she

3.

111

IVU 115

er.

in

ng

151 n.

11:

er

Do You Agree With CHARLES G. NORRIS That



eMr. Norris, with his wife Kathleen Norris, form one of the happiest and most famous literary and marital partnerships in the world

hould Wives Have Men Friends?

Description of from association with all men but her husband? Does it mean she must spend all her time in her home, and give no thought to anything that does not concern her husband and the welfare of her family?

As Gold to

DOROTHY HOLM

The liberty a married woman is entitled to has always been a question. Gossip and the condemnation of society have been the specters that haunted the footsteps' of the married woman who had men friends. In the days of the Puritans, the married woman who dared be seen with a man other than her husband, was punished by being put in the stocks or taken to the public whipping-post

Today no such tangible punishment confronts the woman Her punishment is meted out to her in a different form. She still must brave the scathing, malicious tongue of gossip, the jealousy, only too often. of her husband, the criticism of her family, and she must combat at every turn the reputation many would fasten upon her of being "light."

The married woman who seeks male companionship must know how and where to select her friends, for many men will want to meet her, laboring under the erroneous impression that, because she is seen in the company of other men, she is 'easy.' She must have courage, be indifferent to gossip, have poise, dignity and a level head and have her emotions always under control if she wants to have men friends

BUT, if all this is true, is it wise or right for a married wo man to have men friends? I think a married woman has every right in the world to have men friends so long as her friendships do not interfere with her duties as a wife. Be cause a married weman enjoys the society of other men does not mean that she loves her husband | Continued on page 101|

There Actually Can Be Such a Thing as Platonic Friendship?



Underwood & Underwood

CHARLES G. NORRIS

The distinguished author of "Zelda Marsh," "Pig Iron," "Brass," and other novels which picture life as it really is

ion

vill ion 15 We

VO. 18-

hat

in

ountess ~ Thought With Drawings from Life By DE ALTON VALENTINE

ELLOWS like us three "Must-Get-Theirs" never knew what next was going to happen to us over there in the war. Sergeant Jimmy Malone, Shorty Samson, and I, Sliding Smith, were always getting into hot water. trouble was that we were always chasing adventure and romance. We knew from experience that there was plenty of both to be found in France if we only went after it and we never let anything stop us but orders to go into action at the front.

jailed for not paying our café bill. course, there was a beautiful mam'selle in the case then. The her Sergeant saw promenading up the Boulevard, and dragged us into a swell café after her and we didn't have a sou. Sarge Jimmy came his through with great ham - and - egg idea, saved our skins, won the bon

mam'selle to boot! I could mention other experiences to prove we were pretty used to fighting our way out of bad jams hut we never came nearer to a court martial and a firing squad than the night we broke into a billet where we had about as much business as the devil's got in church. I was the first one to find out we were in the wrong place. Believe me, if I hadn't felt that my

big romance, win or lose, was on the way, I'd have warned the gang to get out before the trouble started. But, it was too late then. I was like the Sergeant following his mam'selle in gay Paree. I'd have stuck in that billet if Pershing were coming to have me shot at sunrise!

It all happened this way. Our division was ordered up to the Soissons' sector in the spring of 1917. The big Moguls running the war expected a German drive through the Chemin des Dames country. As usual, we Must-Get-Theirs were hunting for all the comforts of home and some adventure.



So, belonging to the special detail of our field artillery battery, we kept a day ahead of the outfit

You see, they never kept close tabs on the special detail during a long hike. For five days nothing exciting happened There wasn't even a bon café in that dead country.

Late in the afternoon of the sixth day we were only ten kilometers from a village called Chassemy where we were to billet before going into the lines. The Sarge, Shorty, and I were ready to give up. It was a rotten war. No fun.



I shot my light at the door of the nearest room Suddenly a girl, all dressed up, rushed out and threw her arms around me. I was so surprised I dropped my flash-light but not before I saw she was the most beautiful thing in the world

excitement. No trouble. Nothing like we expected it to be. Suddenly we almost rode our horses smack into a big staff automobile. Captain Andrews, aide to General Ford, our brigade commander, was in the car and he halted us. The Sergeant was one of the best liars, next to me and Shorty, in the war. Knowing that Ford was as hard as nails, and would ruin us if his aide told him we were absent without leave, Malone said we were the regimental billeting detail. It was a pretty good alibi. The Captain accepted it, but we had a hunch he wasn't so sure from the way he looked at us.

The Three

Must-Get-Theirs

Get "In Bad"

But

They Come Out

On Top

About a half hour later we turned a curve in the road and passed the whole village of Chassemy: pigs, dogs, chickens and everything but the houses, moving over the road. A Frenchman said they had been warned the German drive had broken through several kilometers away and that the uhlans were raiding villages behind the broken lines. The uhlans were German devils to the Frenchies.

We held a council of war which lasted until we reached a high hill that looked down on the deserted village of Chassemy. I saw a great gray place in the valley about three kilometers from the village.

"Some joint!" I said.
I had forgotten the
Germans then.

"It's a chateau,"
Malone answered. The
Sergeant knew a little
about everything. He

was a newspaper cartoonist back home. I was a private chauffeur. Shorty was only a factory worker but he was a real buddy through thick and thin, and that counted in a war. "A 'chato' is one of them 'dook' places ain't it? I mean a

"A 'chato' is one of them 'dook' places ain't it? I mean a swell dump like the millionaires have back home?" Shorty asked.

"You said it, Shorty, and ever since I got in France I've had a yen to break loose in a chateau. Sometimes I feel like I belong in one. I think some of my grandparents must've owned one—"

"Bah! Swell chanst There never was no 'dooks' in your family," said Shorty.

We had a lot of fun kidding him. He always fell for everything like a ton of bricks. "Well, just to make you out a liar, I'm going to tell you something I've been holding out as a big surprise," I said winking at the Sarge. "I've got an invitation to that chateau down there and there's a beautiful countess in it just dying to meet me and fall in love with me. What have you got to say to that, Shorty?"

tail

we

ail

Crashing a Chateau Seemed a Great Stunt Until We Faced Court Martial

"You make my horse laugh. A swell dame like a countess wouldn't see you for dust," Shorty said.

I was a fellow who was always thinking crazy, impossible things. I had often day-dreamed about meeting a swell countess, or something and making love to her

thing, and making love to her.

It was almost dark when we neared the chateau. There wasn't a light in the place and its towers loomed up like great, mysterious shadows. We clattered through the open gate, yelling like Indians. When we stopped in front of the chateau, the Sergeant played a flash-light over the rambling building.

"Good night! This dump looks like a penitentiary. Now I know why Sliding figures his grandparents lived in a 'chato'," Shorty said.

The Sergeant laughed. 'Well, it's a cinch, Smith won't find any countess here. Everybody's vamoosed."

"Gee! Ain't it tough he can't play 'dook' now." Shorty said.

"I bet the cellar's flowing with champagne," I said.

Everything was locked tighter than a drum but we broke in a back window after a lot of noise.

"If there's anybody in this dump, they'll think the Boches are here. You guys busted enough glass and wood to be volunteer firemen," the Sergeant said as he sprayed the room with his light.

It was a kitchen and looked as neat as if a New England housewife had just left it to answer the phone. There was a lot of stuff on the table in pans.

"The real 'dooks' and 'dookesses' must've beat it without their supper," Shorty piped as he looked at the potatoes, peas, and other things in the pans. "But I'm dry, not empty. Where's



"Get out of that rig at once." He and the Captain were so wild they acted as though they were going to pop



Shorty looked blindly at them. "Cut out the bunk," he said, but at that the General made a noise that sounded like a rifle crack. Shorty jumped and turned white as a sheet

But What Dough-boy
Would Not Fight
A Whole Army for a
Lady in Distress?

all the champagne anyway?

We poked our lights into some of the doors The first opened into a long hall. I squirted a flood of flash-light down the hall. It led to a swell big dining room. The next door was to a closet full of maids' black dresses, and those funny kinds of white bonnets that French peasant women wear. Shorty found the door that led to the cellar

We romped down the steps three at a time and cheered as if we'd just won the war by ourselves. Shorty dropped his flash-light and broke it when he saw that the walls were hidden by thousands of bottles.

"My eye! This 'dook' must've been in the barroom business," blurted Shorty as he grabbed a couple of bottles of "Champagne Cordette, 1908."

We were bubbling over with champagne in twenty minutes and I felt higher than a kite but I was getting hungry. So was the Sarge.

Here we were loose in a grand chateau with plenty to eat and drink. All we needed to live the life of a real duke was to have somebody waiting

"Let's match to see who's kitchen police, chief cook and bottle washer of this outfit. The odd man does the dirty work tonight. The other two match for the job tomorrow. Come on," I said as I pulled out a franc and nudged the Sergeant

He got me the first time I pointed at my head. Shorty was slated to be the goat as usual and he didn't suspect we were putting one over on him when we both threw heads.

"Get going, us lords want our rations 'toot sweet'," ordered the Sergeant.

Shorty cussed his luck and we all took an armful of champagne, wine, and cognac [Continued on page 125]



G. Maillard Kesslere B. P.

Can Every Woman Be Beautiful?

GEORGE WHITE

Who Judges and Picks Beauties
By the Hundred for His Revues

Says, "Yes," And What Is More He Gells How

Mary Coyle

JEN

"JUST what is it that makes a woman beautiful?" inquired a friend of mine in all seriousness. He might as well have propounded that ancient twister, "How old is Ann?" and I told him so.

"But, you are supposed to be an expert judge of feminine beauty," he said. "Surely you have some definite standards by which you pick and choose!"

He was sure I could enlighten him if I would, although I went to great lengths to convince him that, should I be so ill-advised as to follow a set formula, based on my own partialities, I might fill my pictures with women who seemed beautiful to me but not to everyone else.

me but not to everyone else.

The question, "What constitutes feminine beauty?" has a thousand answers, not one of them definite. Had my friend asked me what prevents most women from being beautiful that would have been entirely different.

In an entire audience at my Broadway beauty show you won't find a single individual who thinks every girl in the show is beautiful. Nor will you find any one girl whom every person in the audience thinks is beautiful.

Three men paused within my hearing in a theater lobby one evening. One said, "Wasn't that a beautiful girl in the dancing trio?" The other joined in his enthusiasm.

joined in his enthusiasm.

"Positively wonderful," said one of them. "Such a figure! Such a face! A rhapsody in pink!"

"Pink?" said the first speaker. "I didn't mean that girl. I meant the one in blue. A stunner!



Flo Brooks

Mildred Kean

Commandments

Beauty

What do you say, Bill? Wasn't she the loveliest thing you ever laid eyes on?"
Bill laughed. "Oh, not so bad, either of them. But I liked the little queen in yellow."

And that's how every audience is divided, whether in the theater or out in the world.

Aside from the question of personal taste there is no such thing as an absolutely beautiful woman. The beautiful woman is beautiful only by comparison. She benefits by the fact that the world is filled with homely women, definitely homely women about whose homeliness there is never any matter of disagreement.

Nature gets all the blame, but almost without exception, the woman who is unattractive has only herself to blame. She fails in her quest for good looks because she tries to make herself look like somebody else or else tries to appear beautiful to everyone. Usually she employs methods that do more harm than good.

FEW women seem to realize that feminine beauty is an ensemble effect due, not to one outstanding attraction, but to several minor ones. One woman may be pathetically homely in spite of glorious eyes and hair, another may seem beautiful although her mouth and nose are homely.

There are perhaps a score of points from which the beauty ensemble must be created. The woman who possesses half of these is average looking; the one who scores below is homely in proportion to the number of points she lacks; the woman who scores more than half is beautiful in increasing ratio. But it is not a fixed condition.

The average woman can move in either direction, becoming less beautiful through laziness or ignorance, or more nearly beautiful by using intelligence.

All that I explained to my inquiring friend by way of vindication. "And mark you," I said in conclusion, "any moderately homely woman can make herself more attractive if, instead of worrying about her defects she concentrates on her attractive features, emphasing them so that the short-comings are overshadowed.

My friend was aroused. "If what you say is [Continued on page 84]

Vivian Porter White Studie

George White says that no two menagree on beauty. Here are four girls that he thinks are beautiful. What do you think?

iful?"
sness.

told

judge have and

vould,

him

a set

ul to

uty?" finite.

omen

tirely

eauty hinks

you

ience

eater

at a

other

Such

mean

mer!

With Drawings from Life By C. R. CHICKERING /hrill

S SOON as Monny was old enough to go to high school and start smoking, she decided that all she wanted was a kick out of life. She was fifteen at the time with the itchy curiosity of her age and rather proud of herself for having arrived at a tenable philosophy of life so early. That is, if fifteen can be called early, she would add weightily.

She was fond of expounding her views until one evening she came to supper fairly bubbling over and had a hard time convincing her mother she didn't mean what she said when she airily declared, "Oh, all I ask is a kick out of life, a real thrill." Her mother knew, of course, Monny never even dreamed of things like that, but she did want to know what monster had been filling her innocent little daughter's mind with such stuff.

Since then three years of sensation seeking had brought Monny to the age when, some say, girls used to leave off playing with dolls. There was little left of the silly, curious, ignorant schoolgirl Monny. Oh, she was still a nice girl. The entire membership of several fraternities had voted her a peach of a kid and her parents had comfortably progressed through being worried about her to being proud of her because she took care of herself so well. But gone were the peach-bloom cheeks, however parodied they had been by powder, and in their place had come the vivid mask of the "girl who goes." Her brown eyes were hectic with a meaningless glitter, always weary but ever relentlessly restless. Lord only knows how she ever got her lessons!

The limpid drug-store gin she and her weak-faced child escorts drank when they could get it, imparted a kick as synthetic as the stuff itself even if it was diluted precisely one half with water— "for the high school trade," as one grinning druggist phrased it.

Monny realized on headachy bleared mornings, that this wasn't really the kick she wanted in life, not the genuine one.

Neither were the boys, obvious little pups, so pathetically credulous as to believe themselves cynics.

There was a powerful and insidious fascination in the squawking of the smart juzz orchestras she danced to and adored, something more nearly real than either boys or bottles but-

Tonight's party gave every indication of achieving that enviable state of intensity its participants would refer to later as

Irace, seated on the davenport, was

another Monny, older, less painted, more rested looking. "What's the matter, Grace?" Monny asked. "This is the third hot party you've turned down and you used to be the prize wildcat of our gang." "I've cut all that out," Grace said

You Know This Girl. There Is One in Every Crowd. Is She Dangerous? Or Foolish? Or Just Looking for a "Kick" from Life? Find the Answer in This New Story of Young Pleasure Seekers



Pleasure

By

ROBERT S.

ARR

Who Wrote Chat Remarkable Story CRUCIBLE of YOUTH

Chuck, a glassy-eyed fat boy, nodded and a moment later swung into a quick stream of North Shore traffic with a negligent abandon that sent a Yellow Cab squealing to the far curb. When he skidded to a halt before Grace's house. Monny scrambled out, patted her dress into shape and scampered up the steps.

The screen door was open and she saw Grace seated within on a davenport, sewing. Grace was another Monny, older perhaps, less painted, and much more rested looking. "Oh, hello, kid," she cried affectionately and sprang up to

kiss the younger girl.
"Come on!" ordered Monny. "Get
your hat and let's go. The gang's outside waiting for you.'

With a smile-sigh Grace sank back into the davenport. "Oh, no. I'm too tired tonight."

"Say, one snort out of Bernie's flask and you'll forget you ever were tired! It's going to be a reg-u-lar party, like some of those last summer." Monny snapped her fingers, winked knowingly and pattered out an improvised dance step before the other girl.

"Yes, I know," replied Grace. "You'll

wind up somewhere—"
"Well then, come on. Don't hold up the party." "No, dear, nothing doing. I've cut all that out.

Monny frowned curiously, posed a moment, slim hands on saucy hips, then dropped into a chair and leaned earnestly for-"What's the matter, Grace?" she asked. third time you've turned down hot parties and you used to be

the prize wildcat of our gang."
Grace shrugged and looked away Monny reached over, caught her hand. The girls' eyes met.

"But Grace," protested Monny, "I'm in love, too, in love with Bernie and you don't see me taking the veil." "Bernie!" scoffed the older girl. "That little snipe! Why

Monny, you know you couldn't possibly be the least bit in love with a boy like him!

"Bernie is not a little snipe! He's cute as the dickens except when he's ossified and he's the most collegiate boy at school He takes the best care of me on parties.

He couldn't love you after a few parties. Ralph says a boy can never feel the same toward a girl after he's seen her drunk. Of course most boys sav it doesn't matter but

"hot." The big auto careened along the quiet residence street, its open windows belching a raw din of hoots, yowls, ukulele noise and wild young laughter. Boyish figures wrestling over a tlask rose in the front seat, swayed, and toppled over out of sight on the back-seat floor.

went out in quest of adventure

"Maybe this ain't a party! Lock "Whee!" shrieked Monny. em up, ossifer, drunk again!" She laughed hilariously at nothing in particular and kept assuring herself that she sure was having a swell time.

"I ain't got no girl," remarked a body on the floor. "Gimme

a girl or I'm goin' home.'

Yeah, let's get Buster a girl!" cried Monny. "Hey Chuck." she leaned forward and shouted into the driver's ear, "turn over to Clarendon and we'll get Grace. She's a good one on a party.

it does even if they tell you that it doesn't," answered Grace. Monny tossed her tousled head of short, russet hair im-"Ralph, eh? So that's his name! Making eighteen a week, I'll bet, but he's going to get a raise very soon because he's so conscientious and two can live as cheaply-Oh, this is rich!"

'Ralph makes lots more than eighteen a week," retorted Grace. "I love that boy, Monny, and if you say 'and how',

I'll scream."

WHEE! Atta cave girl! Stick up for your man! Does he take you on the nicest bus rides and blow you to ice cream? There are all kinds of goofs but worst of all is the fellow who necks his girl on a bus top! Why, if a boy even suggested that to me I'd-

"Ralph and I don't go in for that. And if I owned five limousines I'd ride a bus top instead to go through Lincoln Park on a sunny spring morning. Why so sarcastic, Monny dear? A person would think—," a daintily feminine barb twinkled home-, "that you envied me!

Monny's too-bright eyes tightened. She sniffed. "Envy! Nobody'll ever catch me pulling the eight o'clock sleepy-

time gal stuff like this."
"Well, maybe not. You're the girl who says all she wants is a kick out of life. I hope you're finding that kick, Monny, but if you're not, how much longer are you going to keep up the pace pretending you're hunting for it?"

"All my life, kid, all my life!" flared onny. "I'm having oodles of fun Monny. and now that I've learned my oats, it's

not hurting me a bit.' As if flicked by a lash Grace snapped bolt upright on the davenport. eyes blazed like those of one who hears

monstrous blasphemies pronounced. Instantly Monny saw that her care-less boast had far overshot its mark and touched a vital spot. Grace began to speak and the intensity of her voice frightened the younger girl.

MONNY, every time you go on a party like this one tonight it kills just a little more of something precious that lives down deep inside a girl, until pretty soon it's all gone and you can never find true happiness, or know what real love is. You simply haven't got anything left to take hold of the best things with. I know what I'm talking about, Monny. I've been through it in the last three months. Maybe, if you quit this hot-party stuff in time, there'll be just a tiny speck left, a speck you'll have to pray to make grow back and let you be the girl you were before. And maybe," her voice quavered, grew husky, "maybe, if you've gone so far you think you never can come back and yet you do come back, you'll be finer than you were before." She stopped, her cheeks flushed as if with fever.

There was silence in the long, dim living room, a silence that held a hint of tears.

Abruptly, hideously, came the squawl of an auto horn from the street in front. Monny winced but her composure,

that shining metallic shell she presented to the world, was rapidly returning. She did not look at Grace.

Uncertain footsteps crossed the porch. The door opened and a boy entered the room. He was perhaps seventeen years old, but he posed as much older. His loose-fitting suit was an extremely light gray, almost white, and was harassed by vivid herring-bone stripes. Except for the immature uncertainty of his brow and jaw he had the face of a chorus boy, a show face that had been made for feminine approval.

"Come on!" he yelped and beckoned jauntily to the girls Monny arose, her face a tinted battle ground whereon struggled a tearful suppressed fear, quickened upon seeing Bernie. She had a desire to make an indignant defensive denial of all that Grace had said. She stood in the middle of the floor, her eyes darting from Bernie to Grace and back again. She strangled an impulse, tossed her head with the devil-may-care gesture that was characteristic of her and squandered a smile on the waiting boy.

The eyes she turned to Grace were masked. "Too bad you've got religion," she drawled in the sneering-sweet tone of warring womankind. "Say your 'ittle prayers before you go to beddie, but you needn't bother to mention me in 'em.'



Grace's eyes-hurt, incredulous,-followed Monny's swaying shoulders out the door.

Once more in the careening machine, plumped down as a matter of course on Bernie's lap, Monny forced a brazen wildness in a desperate attempt to smother a gnawing worry. Her shouts of abandonment rang false; the worry gnawed harder. "Gimme that flask!" she cried hercely.

As she drank, Grace's frightful words jabbed her deliberately, one by one, like the blows of a cruel and skillful pugilist. "Every time you go on a party like this it kills just a little more of something precious . . . What if it were

true? What if she should lose her chance for real happiness? She giggled maudlinly and wrestled with Bernie. She was horrified to hear the things she was saying to him. That gin—

The auto lurched up and stopped on a small steep rise. The boy at the wheel nodded; his head rolled round and round as though his neck were a limp cord. His eyes were shut and Monny could see that his tongue was hanging out.

to one side. She whirled like a lioness fighting for her life. A great light burst out and gave her a split-second photographic view of Bernie, his lips drawn up like those of a desperate mouse. "Let me out!" he squealed and clawed blindly at her arm.

Monny took half a second to impale with her eyes this gibbering little fool who a moment before had been her swaggering Lothario.

With a contemptuous gesture she threw open the door and

drew back to make way for him.
"All right then, get out, you cowardly little—"

M ONNY knew she was in a hospital before she opened her eyes. That made her afraid to try to open them And when she finally summoned enough courage to raise her lids, she couldn't!

Her hand traced the linty outline of her bandage-swathed

face. She moaned.
"Does it hurt?" Out of the awful darkness darted a warmly sympathetic voice, a tender, understanding voice made capable and solid by the huskiness of masculinity. It was like a ray

of sun in a death dungeon.

Instinctively the girl's fingers fluttered out toward that voice. She met a hand that matched the voice, a hand that

could belong to no one but the possessor of such a voice

It was a large, warm hand, a kind hand with strong, wise fingers. It covered Monny's frightened little white hand with a reassuring and protective pressure.

"Who are you?" she said.

"I'm only an interne," said the voice "Your nurse will be back in a minute and give me the dickens for holding your hand."

The bandages tickled Monny's upper lip as she smiled. Then tragedy crashed back with redoubled force. "The kids?"

she whispered.

"The little fellow in the light suit was killed. The rest aren't so bad off."

Brisk footsteps of a nurse sounded, a door opened, and the reassuring pressure of the hand that belonged so well to the voice was gone.

In the days that followed, Monny child of sunshine, lived in a soft, black world wherein there were but two di mensions—sound and touch. She worked out a drowsy little philosophy of her own, lying there in the comfortable unchanging darkness.

People were hands and voices. Most times the voice matched the hands. If it didn't, she mistrusted the person. The other interne, for example. His voice was oilily sweet but his fingers were cold, sharp, cruel, the fingers of a vivisectionist.

Monny's mother and father came and went, vague worried presences. One day, when there was no one else in the room, her father sat by her bed and fondled her hand. He choked queerly, then be-

gan to talk to her brokenly.

"Little daughter, I feel like this is my fault for not taking better care of you. If I'd been the right kind of a dad you wouldn't have been in that machine." A big warm drop splashed on Monny's wrist but she couldn't see, so it might not have been a tear. She stroked the heavy, machine-cunning hand, tested the edge of the nails, explored the palm. How terribly calloused that hand was! She stumbled on to the craters of the scars left by splattering molten steel

at the shop. They made her own hand hurt just to feel them. And before she knew what she was doing, Monny was realizing for the first time in eighteen thoughtless years that those blunt man hands had labored for her, those brutal scars stood for pretty dresses, unstudied schoolbooks, rouge, powder, lip-stick, sheer silk stockings and other things girls must have.

shut and Monny could see that his tongue was hanging out.

At last the bandages were gone and Monny, after many days in darkness, could see again. What she saw first was a square-shouldered young man with corn-colored hair and blue eyes. "What a shame to have kept eyes like yours bandaged so long," the interne told her softly

"Aaaaah'!" he moaned. "Open a window, quick, somebody."
"Whee! Everybody watch Chuck. He's gonna park his lunch."

"Hey, where the deuce are we, anyway? Ain't that a railroad track right out there?"

"Naw, we're in the ditch."

"WE ARE not in the ditch!" A childish voice rose in piping terror. "Look, there's a train comin'!"

"Gwan. That train's a mile down the track."

"Blow a horn and make the ole train get offa track. Who's runnin' this railroad; anyway?"

"Hey, Chuck, wake up! Hey, kids, Chuck's passed out!"

Monny dove for the door but as she grasped the handle a
frantic hand clutched her shoulder and jerked her roughly

ng

der

er.

ul

st

giris

ereon

eeing

nsive iddle

back

the

and

bad

tone

you em."

She sniffled under her bandages. "Poor, poor Daddy," she whispered and squeezed his hand.

Then a half-dozen very large warm drops splashed down and she knew her father was crying, because she could hear the sound in his throat.

But the hands that she loved best were the kind hands of the interne who had been there to comfort her upon her lightless awakening. She learned to look forward to the touch of those strong, warm fingers on her cheeks.

Once, when the capable voice had gotten rid of the nurse, Monny had a delicious fifteen minutes in which she learned

much about the voice and the hands.

HEY belonged to Howard Dehaviland. No, he wasn't I French. Did she really think it was a pretty name? But why must it be perfectly darling to be an interne? Of course her real name wasn't Monny; it was—what? Oh, Mona. That was a pretty name, too. Only a high school girl? Well!

She drew her fingers lightly across the back of his hand.

"You've got light hair, haven't you, Howard?" she asked.

"Why-yes. But how on earth did you know?"

"The hair on the back of your hand felt golden," she stated without realizing what she said.

She heard his delighted chuckles and felt him raise her hand-possibly to brush a kiss across her finger tips.

And then, of course, the nurse en-Howard sprang up, ever so grave and professional, and remarked that the patient's pulse was a little fast today. Which was the truth, for the next five minutes.

It was a breathless game, thereafter, for Howard to contrive for and steal precious moments to be at Monny's bedside. Two squeezes meant that there was another person in the room and Howard was supposed to be taking her pulse but three squeezes meant that they were alone. Monny's fingers learned the firm sweep of his jaw and the crinkliness of his hair.

During the timeless intervals when she was alone, Monny began to think at last. Strength flowed back into the supple little body beneath the severe hospital coverlet; jangled nerves relaxed and rest helped to build up what strenuous party-ing had torn down. Catlike, she stretched and yawned luxuriously. She surprised Howard with, "Whee! I'd like to go somewhere and dance about nine million miles!

"Don't wish too hard," he said, "you're going to be out pretty soon, you know, and I—"

"Are you trying to make a date with one of your patients?" she demanded.

"I'm sorry," he said, "please forgive me." He arose.
"Come back here!" she commanded as she fished out blindly

for his coat sleeve and caught it.

MORE and more she found herself dreaming about Howard. What did he look like? She wondered. She grew conscious of a queer tumultuous feeling deep down inside her.

It was as if a tiny speck of a forgotten something had come back to life and was pushing its way to the light.

She discovered that it was sweet to be alive in spite of the pall of blackness over her and the healthy restlessness she was developing. She took to humming jazzy tunes as she lay in bed and begged for her ukulele the morning they told her the bandages were coming off.

With a robe about her shoulders she perched excitedly on the side of the bed. She groped for a familiar hand.

"Take care of the irrigation, Dehaviland," ordered an elderly

medical voice. "Tip the patient's head back very carefully."

Monny sighed delightedly as she snuggled the back of her neck into a warm palm that might have returned just the slightest covert pressure. What, oh what, was Howard going to look like?

There was a dramatic moment as the gauze hesitated on her eyebrows, a breath-catching instant as her lids fluttered open. Drip, drip, drip!. Her eyes were brimming full of the irrigating solution.

SLOWLY they cleared. Through a whirling film objects became increasingly visible, as when a swimmer rises to the surface of clear water. She dimly made out the blur of a head bending over her. She batted her eyelids impatiently and tried to focus them on the face, whose features were becoming more and more distinct. Now she saw crinkly corn-colored hair, a broad, tanned forehead. Drip, drip, drip. Again her eyes were brimming full of the irrigating solution.
"Darn!" declared Monny earnestly.

And her mother and her father drew their breaths in between their lower teeth sympathetically and told each other they bet it hurt.

At last her eyes were patted dry and vision, the treasure of all treasures, was hers again. Her parents clasped their hands and fluttered; some of her high school friends crowed happily; even the hard-boiled nurses smiled, but Monny saw only a square-shouldered young man in an interne's jacket. He had crinkly corn-colored hair. broad, tanned forehead, and blue eyes that called joyously to hers though the determined lips below remained impassive.

"You look just like your hands feel," she informed him the instant she had the oppor-

"What a shame to keep eyes like those bandaged up for so long!" he replied.

He was at her home the night he said he would be.

Between dates, which weren't especially often because Howard was an interne, Monny discovered what a surprising amount of pleasure there was in staying home and doing useful things while thinking about somebody you'd like to be with

but won't see until the following evening. She surprised her father with a dress of her own creation; she did other things in the kitchen besides make fudge.

She insisted to Howard that it was perfectly noble for a young man to sacrifice so much for his profession. realized that it took money to start a practice. He was spending entirely too much on her as it was. Besides, taxis bounced much higher than busses and it was such fun to look down on people from 'way up on a bus top. The ponderous swaying made you feel like you were riding on an elephant's back in a what, howdah? Well, anyway, he knew what she

She pointed out to Howard that if they sat in the back seat no one could sit behind them to make wise cracks when he put his arm around her. It was hard to find a vacant seat on warm nights but this was one time they'd had good luck,

Down Lake Shore Drive to Michigan Boulevard they rode, past where the Drake Hotel stares scornfully at its tumultuous hoodlum neighbor, the Oak Street Beach.

"But why do you love me?" asked Monny. She snuggled deeper in the curve of Howard's arm.

He spoke in the guarded monotone [Continued on page 97]

Do Decent People Like Wild Parties?

PRIZE CONTEST

Are parties today "wilder" than they ever were in the history of

Are social standards breaking down?

Is it true that Youth is having its fling? And that middle age is running it a close second?

Read G. Howard Kelly's article on page 62. Do you agree that decency is fast disappearing?

Are Your Parties Wild?

For the best letter of 250 words in answer to this question, SMART SET will give a prize of \$15; for the second best, \$10; for the third best, \$5; and \$1 for each of the next ten best. The editors will act as judges and contest closes May 31, 1928

Some Looks at Good-Looking Girls



MARION DAVIES

Looking like a fairy-tale princess

37

XU

f her the going

ed on itered of the

her hesymother atted isure gain.

gain.
ands
high
pily;
urses
ly a
n in
had
. a
blue

lips
your
him
por-

ight
en't
eard
covunt
ayeful
out

her ngs r a She was ixis ook ous nt's

vith

she ick ien eat ck.

de. ous ed







NORMA
SHEARER
Looking over
the
garden wall

· \1

Ruth Harriet Louise

O. O. McIntyre's Best True Story This Month



Witness Anew the Miracle of Los and Learn that all Chorus Girls Are Not Gold-Diggers

A Romance of the SEA

watched them with a great deal of interest on a transatlantic liner recently and they offered a pleasant relief from the tedious monotony of rolling seas.

She was a musical revue dancer—one of those elfin figures in scanty costumes who floats out before her audiences with the lightness of a puffball. She was blonde, trim and quite enchanting to look upon.

He was a rich, idle young sprig who followed her about with the faithfulness of a poodle. He flashed magnificent cigarette cases, meticulously polished nails, bright scarves and sleekly oiled hair.

When he was not bucking himself up with brandy and scattering money ridiculously among stewards he was fawning upon her. She was not at all impervious to his advances or his generosity, for after all ladies must live.

They walked the promenade deck together and sought out those cool romantic spots on top deck so beautifully bathed in moonshine. He was, in the Broadway patois, "ga-ga" about this dazzling young charmer.

Now there was aboard ship a clean-cut young fellow who also admired the lady very much. In a moment of confidence he confessed as much to me. He had none of the worldliness of his spectacular rival.

He knew very little about women for his life had been centered in getting away from a grocery wagon-driving job in a small town and working his way through college. Afterward he had come to New York and secured an obscure clerkship in a brokerage house—living in dim boarding-houses three flights up and all the way back.

Yet in three years, here he was going abroad (Continued on page 89]



Odd McIntyre, a simple, country boy, who sees life in the big city with clear-eyed vision



At Sperry College You Will Meet

The girls of "20" Trumbull House and their chums. Their summer vacations, according to the stories they exchanged, had been one round of gay parties and new beaux. To the Suite 20 trio and their friends a college term was not much different in that respect from a vacation. There was:

STARR MOWBRAY, a young lady of affairs, flirting her way through college and through life.

VERITY CLARKE, a freshman with dramatic aspirations, who covered herself with glory when she stole a man from Nixie, the Trumbull House vamp, then left him flat. To Verity

that was nothing, for she knew that Fate would throw across her path again the hero of a thrilling Pullman-car adventure. Beside that mysterious stranger, the "man in lower 7," even the fascinating boatman Verity met while barnstorming with the Dramatic Club, lacked interest.

SARA LA LOND, who won all the scholastic and athletic honors, but made few close friends until she went hitch-hiking with Sylvia Hartnett and met Mark Rainger. Was it having a beau like other girls that brought her out of her shell?

SYLVIA HARTNETT, whose fire-and-ice personality most men found irresistible, the leading spirit of Trumbull House. She did her daring best to break down the barriers



READ WHAT A DEAN SAYS ABOUT FLAMING COLLEGE LIFE

Mr. Fabian, in his story, presents a phase of college life today that seems to me to be drawn from a close personal study of the types he so fascinatingly offers for our observation. It would be a mistake to say that his girls are characteristic of ALL girls in college. But you will find his girls in almost any girls' school

(Signed) 7.—M.—

Dean of the School of Journalism, — University

nforbidden Sruit

Continue Adventuring With Them

that separated teacher and pupil. One night she was rescued by young Professor Gifford after a road-house raid, but he had made no further move towards friendliness. Stealing back from the hitch-hike with Sara in the wee small hours Sylvia saw a light in a study win-With a thermos bottle full of hot coffee as an excuse she went back to the house of

PROFESSOR PATTERSON GIFFORD, the campus idol! From his manner how could she have been expected to guess the number of times since the road-house adventure he had watched her from that study window? How could he have guessed, as she passed his window in the early dawn after her hike, that in a few minutes she would be calling on him?

ATTERSON GIFFORD lifted his tired eyes to find Sylvia standing in the oblong of light from his opened door. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "I thought you might like some coffee."

He took the utensils from her hand and stood looking at her as if he wondered why she didn't go.

"You might be a little human," she said as she looked at him.

"Another night ride?" he asked.
"Not exactly. Did you ever hear of those men again?' "No!

"You wanted to slaughter them all, didn't you? I hated you for it at the time, because I was so scared, I suppose. Do you know, you're very easy to hate?" Had she put it, "You're very easy to love," the voice could have been no more caressing.

Do you know why I wanted to smash their foul heads in? "Yes. No. Tell me.

"You remember, I told you that you've always given me an impression of physical reticence.

She said softly, "Yes, I liked that. I think I am that way." "It was the thought of that reticence being overborne and conquered that drove me wild.

You called me a brute. It was true enough. Every man who is a man can be a brute under provocation."

'Is that a warning?

He stared across the table at her, half admiring, half amused at her effrontery.

"It is as you take it."

As if pursuing some earlier trend of thought she observed: "My mother says that what's wrong with the world is that women started in to think for themselves forty years ago and their daughters are now doing what the mothers only thought about

"I don't know how your mother got into this; but what is

"Oh, peaceful and set and old but she tries hard to be openminded about me and my escapades. She's a dear, really!"
"What would she think of this, your being here at this hour?"

"Nothing. It's in her scheme of things that women should feed men."

"Of what this involves: then?"

Calmly she accepted that implication. "She'd think it was terrible."

"Is it terrible?" "I don't know."

Did she know? What was the basis of that superb calm, that unafraid acceptance? nocence? Inexperience? He needed an answer to those questions. But she had a few questions of her own to propound.

'Have you been working all night?"

"Pretty much."

"Are you a bad sleeper?"

"At times."

"Then do you come here and work?" "Sometimes. At others I work in

the tower room of our house, where there is a stove.

"I thought so. I can see the light from the corner room of Twenty. I had a feeling that it was yours.'

His hard smile changed without mollifying his expression which was still brutal.

"I've flunked more than one of your little companions by that light.

"Whom are you flunking now?"

"Was Gwendolen Peters on that road-house spree of yours?'

"Yes."

"Then perhaps I'm tlunking her."
"How beastly of you!" she she flashed.

wouldn't have thought you'd use private information that way.' Imperturbable, he answered, "I would and I shall." After a moment he added, "You may as well understand that I don't recognize the hair-splitting and infantile ethics that reduce life to the status of a playground for mechanicalized sports. If I had conducted that little affair in the wood-lot according to the principles of the Marquis of Queensbury, you might not be so well off as you are now." Then he stated disagree-"I make my own rules."

'Why be grouchy about it?" she retorted. "The world is run

'Not as much as it used to be. Most of the old rules were bonds, forged to keep the human spirit in subjection. The acid of thought has eaten them through and released the spirit."

"Are you just a skeptic? Don't you believe in anything?"

"Yes. Work. Scholarship, Achievement."

"Freedom?" she ventured.

"For myself. The others can go hang for all I care Beneath their feet the furnace man banged about. Gifford looked out of the window at a paling star. Sylvia rose. Shstretched out her hand for the vacuum bottle.

"You haven't half drunk the coffee I made you."

"So I haven't.

Both of them laughed at nothing. Something dissolved in that nervous outbreak, his restraint, her reticence. "Sylvia," he said and kissed her. She freed herself from his

arms composedly enough, but wavered a little as she stepped back

"Good-by, Giff."
"This isn't the end, you know."

"How could it be?"

She darted across the snow, a night elf pursued by the couriers of the dawn.

'Why the feverish energy, Miss Hartnett?"

Sylvia, surrounded by notes, reference books and reports looked up at her classmate with nervous eyes. "Got a 'written' to turn in.'

"Who for?"

"Giff. I'm scared to death about it," she said.

"You should disturb yourself! He'll hand you A on any

old canned goods.'

"Think so?" Sylvia was tlattered. "But I gotta fur nish something. It was due last week."

"They've got the springclothes show down at the Inn. Let's beat the bunch to it.

"What about this tripe?" "Leave it till evening Wet towel, hot coffee. You'll have it all finished before midnight."

Ever willing to be led away from work, Sylvia yielded. After inspection of the new styles the pair went for toasted sandwiches and coffee and, with a bottle of the stimulant in hand for the night-watch, strolled re-

luctantly home.

Then Sylvia decided that she was not quite keyed up to work; maybe a bath would help. After the bath she recalled an important letter that was unanswered and before she finished that, Ida McKay knocked at the door of Twenty. Even Ida was welcome as an excuse for postponing the evil

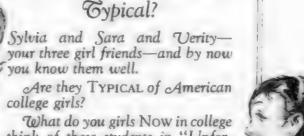
hour and to her surprise and gratification, was bidden in for a talk. Ida's snappiest news was that Nixie was out for the evening. As tidings, this was neither surprising nor new, but it served to while away the time until nearly midnight, when Ida departed. Then, with the coffee at her elbow and Starr spreading a film of cheese over a pile of crackers, the sufferer settled down to the ordeal.

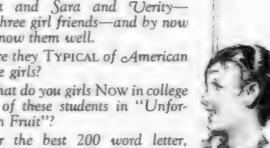
One o'clock sounded on the deep bell; then two. Sylvia lifted a weary head. Why had she postponed the stunt so long? She began to pity herself. Alone and wakeful in a world No one else awake at that hour, except, of course. Not even Sara La Lond, who had abandoned her nocturnal pacings since the famous hitch-hike.

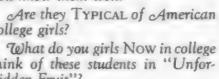
Sara had seemed like a different person since that day. Could it have been Mark Rainger's influence? Had she seen him since? A curious personality, not charming, exactly, but in

some way pervasive. Hard to forget.

And Sara, how vivid she had looked that day! Her small, brown face with big brown eyes that drowsed and dreamed and became abruptly, vividly awake, alive, questing, when some speech of Rainger's struck fire and mirth from them. And the low laughter of the two in the fire-flecked dimness of that outer room at the "Chateau Rainger" while Sylvia had slept.







Are Chese College Girls

think of these students in "Unforbidden Fruit"?

For the best 200 word letter, written by a college girl, in answer to the question:

Are These College Girls Typical?

SMART SET will give a prize of \$15; for the second best, \$10; for the third best, \$5; and \$1 for each of the next ten best. The editors will act as judges. Contest closes May 31, 1928.



SYLVIA's report called down Gifford's wrath on her head. He spoke of "personal considerations being overestimated." The girl sat there looking like an icicle. In the intermission for questions she got up and walked out

re ord Sh

lin

his ick

the

orts ten

any

was fur due

the nch

ing fee. hed

led via n of ent of for re-

vas

e a she was

ned por me evil r a veit [da adled

via

rld se. ner uld im in all, nd

he ler

At four-twenty the pallid remains of Sylvia Hartnett set the alarm for seven and staggered to bed. The remainder could be finished in the morning.

The jangling whir of the clock awoke Starr, o. "Didn't you finish?" she asked.

"No," said Sylvia. "Get up and go over it

for mistakes, won't you?"
"Awright. Call me in haff 'nour," mumbled

the obliging but sleepy chum.

Verity joined them at seven-thirty offering to touch up indecipherable words, or even to type it if there was time and meanwhile she produced rolls and coffee, as breakfast was out of the question for the laggard. Over the finished "written" the two delivered consolatory assur-

"Of course I don't know the subject, but it looks swell to me," Starr said.

"D'you think it's long enough to make a good showing?" came the anxious query.

"It isn't so very long." Verity was painfully conscientious at times. "But some faculties like 'em short.'

"It's certainly neat for a first draft," contributed Starr

"And you've got a spiffy bibliography."

"But I don't know as I quite 'get' this part.
What does it mean?" Starr held the page up to the light, as if the explanation might be con-

Sylvia read it over feverishly. "Why, can't you see? Here! Don't be dumb. It means that-oh, gosh, it doesn't mean a darn thing!" she broke out

Starr had a helpful idea. "Take Giff's lecture and recast a couple of paragraphs from it. You can cut Chapel and class and catch him when he comes out, with a hand-made excuse."

It seemed the only resource.

Emerging from his recitation room after a class at which Miss Hartnett had not been present, Professor Patterson Gifford was waylaid hy a wistful and weary maiden who handed him a sheaf of neatly clipped sheets with a soft-voiced apology for having overslept. The 'faculty" looked unimpressed.

This was due last Friday, I believe."

"Yes, but I couldn't find some of the authorities that I specially wanted," lied Sylvia glibly. If only she could catch his eyes with hers which were ready to implore—"Please don't be so 'facultyish' with me. Giff!"

"Humph!" said Professor Patterson Gifford but Sylvia was so sure of having seen the despotic chin twitch that she reported later to Suite Twenty, "I put it over him like a tent."

The two juniors had a smoke to celebrate the victory, going to the roof for the purpose while Verity studied some new business for her part. Starr, curious, ventured a tentative violation of one of the H. B. V. fundamental tenets. "No questions asked."

"Syl, are you really playing Giff?" she said. "I expect you might call it that if you like."

"Are you really crazy about him?

"I dunno. I might be," was the answer.
"Lay off him, girl! Lay off him. It's no good.

"Not sore, are you?

"Don't be an idiot." "Well, I've had my shot at you. That's all."



GIFFORD lifted his tired eyes to the dimbright face of Sylvia, bright with adventure, dim with a soft weariness



SYLVIA stood wistfully smiling. you know you're very easy to hate?" she usked, with a caress in her voice

There followed a perceptible pause after that. "Let's go back," said Sylvia. Both were silent during the climb down.

For once, Suite Twenty went to bed betimes. But Sylvia tossed and burned and finally fell into a sleep troubled by uncertain dreams. The town crier passed through them proclaiming some girl's secret misdeeds: Starr's, Verity's, her own—with Giff!—Sara's, her own again and finally brought her forth from sleep with his jangling.

It was the Chapel bell rousing Sperry to an-

other day of routine.

Three days later Suite Twenty was thrown into a panic. Gwen Peters came flying in from Ethics Two and encountered Starr in the hall. "Where's Syl?"

"Dunno. Wasn't she in class?"

"For a while she was. Then she wasn't and I saw her loping across the campus like a bat out of a fire.

'What happened?"

"Giff handed her the worst bawling-out of the

vear.

Patterson Gifford's bawlings-out-an inexpressive term for his quietly corrosive method of public castigation—were a tradition and a treat one of the rare features which kept his pupils expectant and his classes popular. They were bitter, humorous and just and they often embodied in lively form a thesis upon the relationship of student and Alma Mater which gave his hearers a new point of view.
Starr made a deduction. "That report, huh?"

"I'll say it was that report. He read part of it

to the class, with running comments.

Starr whistled, a short, reflective, pitying pipe.

"What did he say?"

"The juiciest part was where he said that excerpts from his own unworthy works-she must have cribbed that lecture, straight, the dumb bunny!-suggested an interesting contrast between plagiarism and research; then there was something about personal consideration being overestimated-'

"The skunk! Did he give her name?"
"Didn't need to. Syl sat there looking like a torchlight parade; then like an icicle. In the intermission for questions she got up and walked out." The reporter stopped. She looked hesitantly at the other. "Starr."

"Well?"

"There was one queer thing about it. You know how Giff usually hands out the whippingpost stuff-calm and pleasant-like a man who rather enjoys the job?'

"Yes."

"This was different. All the time, he was furiously angry-terribly angry, you know, not just the hanging judge kinda thing—and hurt. Say, he isn't crazy about Syl, is he?"

"I hope so," returned Starr viciously.

All that day the roommates did not see their third member. Nor did her classes, nor the eating hall. At five minutes before ten, she came in. Verity was busy with some chocolate. Starr gave quick study to her friend's face. There was a tightness in it that she had seen once before, a tightness which, in herself, would have dissolved only in a burst of furious tears. Sylvia never cried. For that reason Starr was afraid of her. She gave commonplace greeting to the Suite Twenty trio. "Hullo." [Continued on page 78]

WHY Can't I Stay Married?

The True-Life Story of OLGA EVANS

SEEM to have been married for some reason, yet I don't seem to be able to stay that way! What is the explanation? Why can't I? Try as I will to solve this problem, I have never yet succeeded.

There is no sneer on my lips, nor any scorn or hatred for the institution of marriage in my heart as I write this article. Far from it. Rather do I write it in a reflective mood, and in the hopes that maybe some of my readers, who are con-

templating matrimony, or have already been married, will find something of intrinsic value to them in the perusal of my particular experiences. There should be some lessons for others, as well as for myself, in the fact that twice I have tried matrimony and failed.

I was brought up in much the same way that most nice young girls are. My home was a comfortable one; my parents charming and devoted to each other. I might go farther and say that they were, and still are, an ideal couple to this day. Yet observe me, their daughter! Just past thirty, twice married, and once more a wandering wife, with all the ports of the world beckoning mockingly.

Unlike most girls, however, during the days of my adolescence, I gave no thought to boys or even passing flirtations. I was bent on a career of some sort. I yearned above everything else to become an actress. And the happiest day of my life was when my father, who was well known in theatrical circles, took me to lunch with him to meet Sarah Bernhardt. How well I remember that never to be forgotten event as I now look back upon it.

And how well I remember also asking my father timidly, when we reached home again, whether the "divine one" had seemed to think there was any chance of attaining my heart's desire. Never will I forget my despair, when he replied, curtly enough, that although Madame Sarah had thought me a charming, even a pretty girl, she had smiled away the thought of my ambition for the stage! Furthermore it was my brother, who had also accompanied us to the luncheon, whom she advised my father to launch on a theatrical career, for Bernhardt believed he was sure to become a great actor!

If I had been a bit older and cleverer, I should have stopped to remember that both my parents were strenuously opposed to the stage as far as I was concerned. Hence the half-truthful answer to my question! But it was long afterwards that I found out that not only had Bernhardt believed that I had decided possibilities, but she had offered then and there to take me back to Paris and train me herself!

And who can say but what there might be an unlived actress in me who has caused me to

be such a failure as a wife?

There came a day later on, when my parents decided to take me to Europe with them. It was summer when we arrived in England, the land of their birth, and after much sight-seeing, I was at last free to accept the invitation of an aunt of mine in Herefordshire to a house-party.

It was at this party that I met my first husband, a tall, broad-shouldered, red-cheeked Hereford boy, with smiling, gray eyes and an attractive manner. We had a glorious week together, managing, despite lynx-eyed relatives, to wander away by ourselves on walking

or cycling tours.

It was June; the haymaking was on and the wildly sweet scent of new-mown clover, as well as the fragrance of the other flowers growing in such riotous profusion on my aunt's large estate, was no doubt responsible for our falling violently in love. At any rate we were both firmly convinced that it was this emotion that bothered us so!

What a tragic day was the one before my departure! How miserable the

thought of our coming separation made us! Eric, optimistic soul that he was, was studying for the ministry! Imagine that. He was to be left behind to his dull studies while I was to whirl over to Switzerland. I did not want to do so. I wanted to stay where I was, with my nice English boy and become part of the peaceful English landscape.

Of course, after I left we wrote to each other almost every day, secretly chafing at our separation and always encouraging one another with the thought of our next meeting. Neither time nor even any tall, Swiss Alps [Continued on page 118]

J Failed 'Gwice, But∕

J believe in the sanctity of the home. I believe marriage is an excellent institution and a workable one if those who enter into it can give it a fair chance.

Marriage has no hard and fast rules to insure success but the law of give and take must be observed or chaos and failure will follow.

I failed twice, but with more faith and knowledge, I might make a third marriage succeed



Jused to sit and brood over the hopes and dreams that I had left buried in our little flat. We are failures, David and I. We were unable to weather the storms on the sea of matrimony. Where was our strength, our faith?

ed ed lfds

at

ed to

en to ier ind int-he re-

on w-

rge for iny ced red

ore the stic ine e 1 so.

ery ing her 18]

Can It Be True That Girls Are Still Reared for the Sole Purpose of "Marrying Money"? Have Chey No Choice? Let this Beautiful Girl Tell You Her Own Love Story

TOVE," my stepfather cried impa-tiently, "what can you possibly tiently, know about love, you, a seventeenyear-old schoolgirl, who has never been anywhere without a chaperon?

We were walking through the pines in the Winter Gardens at Bournemouth in the south of England where I was at school. My stepfather, Mr. Wardour, had written me a strange letter telling me that he was coming to take me away from the school and give me a chance to show that I was grateful for his care. I had always been a little afraid of him although he had never been actively unkind.

"Love," he went on, "is all very well so long as one doesn't throw one's opportuni-ties away for it. Now with you, for instance, you can't afford to look on love quite as these aristocratic girls you've been at school with. Why then, you may ask, did I send you to a fashionable school where you mingled with them? I'll tell you. I wanted you to have the air of being wellbred, of knowing how to talk and, above all, I wanted you kept away from the young men who abound in America.'

"I don't see why," I began. "You say we're going back there."

"You may as well know my plans," he answered. "You are my stepdaughter; you

are also my big investment. I intend to marry you to some extremely rich man. I don't want you to have to live in the sort of poverty that robbed your mother of her looks and killed her in the end.

"But I don't want that sort of marriage," I cried.

"Then stop here," he sneered, "and choose for yourself."
"But I haven't any money," I told him.

"Nor have I. You have cost me almost all I have and now you want to be a piker." He shrugged his shoulders. "All right. Go your way and I'll go mine. I offer you comfort, respect and luxury.

"Respect?" I cried.

"Money brings it. Nothing else will in this world. Be reasonable, Leonie. I am doing what most mothers do but I'm not being a hypocrite. You've got to marry. All pretty girls do. Well, why not go about it carefully? Forget puppy love. never lasts. Marry some man a little older than yourself."

I think he saw I hated the idea of what he was saying. old man?" I exclaimed.

"No, no. But a man a little older than yourself. All young men are selfish. It's only the man a few years older than his wife who is considerate. You happen to be a very lovely girl. You can either throw yourself away on some conceited boy of your own age or you can marry carefully. I don't see why you hesitate. Haven't you any desire to punish those rich relatives of your mother's who would have let her starve after she ran





he blood must have rushed to my head," the chauffeur said to me, "because I'm seeing a vision of loveliness that can't possibly exist in this drab world. I suppose in a minute you'll vanish and life will never be the same again." I tried not to let him see I was amused. "I'm afraid I'm trespassing," I said calmly

away with your father? I thought you had pride."

He had touched me on my weakest point, the dislike I had for my Philadelphia relatives. It would be wonderful to have them try to make up to me if I married well and then have the pleasure of snubbing them. How they had made my poor mother suffer!

"My idea," my stepfather went on, "is to go out to California. I can rent a house in a fashionable part where a lot of polo is played and where some very fine men live. I'm not selecting anyone for you or selling you to the highest bidder. I shall just give you your opportunity. I can afford that house for about three months. What do you say?"

LOOKED into his eyes but I did not trust him very much. He had the cold face of the gambler. His words were so much kinder than his eyes. Yet, I reflected, if he left me in Bournemouth there was nothing I could do to earn any money. I wasn't trained. Miss De Crespigny's School for the Daughters of Gentlemen was only a finishing school.

I was sick of the discipline in school. I wanted to see the world and get back to my native land. The first fear that I should meet only elderly men seemed silly. Even on board ship I might find the man made

for me, I thought.

He saw I still hesitated. Then he said:

"I'll constitute myself your manager and take the customary rake-off. Sounds commercial but one must live and I've put my last dollar in this affair."
"But if I'd refused?"

"I should have been out of luck but I didn't think your mother's daughter would be a poor enough sport for that," he said to me.

I put out my hand impulsively. "Agreed," I

cried. "But suppose I fail?"
"Fail?" he said. "Did you ever look in the glass? Didn't you notice that every man we've passed looked at you so that the woman with him hoped lightning would strike you?" He laughed. "No, we shan't fail as I say. I insist on strict obedience." When he saw

if you do as I say. I insist on strict obedience." that I didn't quite like his tone he explained, "Managers have to be obeyed if success is wanted. You're going to make one of the biggest matches in America.

You sound as if you had picked out the man," I returned. He laughed again. "I have, my dear Leonie, and I've made a careful study of him. I'm a careful investor. I need money

even more than you do."

By the middle of June we were living at a sort of residential, mountainside park near Burlingame. As I had taken the name of Leonie Wardour when my mother married her second husband, nobody knew I was the daughter of Lewis Hargrove or related to the prominent Seffendens of Philadelphia and New-

"Let them think you're my daughter," Mr. Wardour said. "It's just as well. A stepfather sounds cold and distant."

His manner was not quite as nice as it had been. Directly we boarded the boat at Southampton I felt I was being spied upon. He would not let me dance with any of the ship's officers or walk

around the deck with the passengers. Sometimes his manner was quite sharp Once he frightened me by saying that if I didn't obey him implicitly it would he had for me. I meditated running away sometimes. After all I was on my way to America where girls could get work.

There were two Mexican servants in our rented house, a man who worked in the garden and also drove the limousine we hired, and the cook. My stepfather had lived in South America and could talk to them but I didn't know a word of Spanish. They frightened me. knew they had been told to keep me in sight.

One afternoon my stepfather was in wonderful spirits and took me for a drive and pointed out a big Spanish house on a hill with a marvelous garden.

"That's owned by a multimillionaire who has just returned from Europe by way of the Canal on his own three - hundred - foot steam yacht," he said "You've got to have real money for that sort of thing. My Lord, Leonie, what luck to marry a man like Earle Binner. A hundred scheming society mothers are trying to make him, but he's too shrewd. The richer they are, the less they love the gold-digging sisterhood.

"He doesn't sound very

attractive." I said.
"Don't be a fool!" said my stepfather. "How can a man with his money and influence be unattractive to people like us who won't have a cent left in a month or so? Sometimes I don't

think you realize quite what you owe me for the chance I'm giving you and the sacrifices I've already made for your benefit.'

I looked at the great house on the hill. "Did you know about that man when you saw me in England?

"Did I?" my stepfather said. "Do you suppose I should put everything I had on such a hundred-to-one shot as settling here with only the vague hope of meeting a man who would be set on fire by you or someone just your physical type?" he laughed. "Give me credit for some sense. Of course I knew of him. It-

cost me real money to learn all about him from a lady who had once devoted a good bit of her time to him. I'm lunching there tomorrow alone. I'll bet we'll be dining there within thirty-six

He was rather nervous when he went off next day to lunch He told me to keep indoors out of the sun so I shouldn't tan or



lan Carden looked around the room with a smile on his and I was never so astonished in my life as I was to see that but for me he would not have forced his

freckle, because he wanted me to look my best for the dinner I didn't obey him. I was miserable and full of vague fears My night had been filled with disturbing dreams and the day was just as full of anxiety all centering about the man who lived in the house on the hill and what would befall me

NEXT door to us was the big house of a very rich old lady famed for her exclusiveness and her garden. As nobody was about I crept up her driveway to see the garden and came suddenly on a car under which a mechanic was working. He scrambled out as I stopped. His hands were black and although his face was streaked with grease, I liked him instantly. He

had laughing eyes and the whitest teeth. He was young and tall "The blood must have rushed to my head," he began, "because I'm seeing visions of a loveliness that can't possibly exist



face. I had never seen anyone more at ease this chauffeur in evening clothes. I knew way into this room

in this drab world. I suppose in another moment you will vanish from my sight and life will never be the same for me again.

I tried not to let him see that I was amused. "I'm afraid I was trespassing," I said calmly, "but I had heard so much about Miss Weldon's gardens that I was trying to see something

'You shall see them all," he said eagerly. "Don't go."

"But I don't know Miss Weldon," I protested.

"I do," he said and smiled. "I am her chausteur, the best she ever had, as she'll admit. She is not at home today so you needn't feel you're intruding. You can't possibly miss the gardens if you have a shred of artistic fiber in your soul.'

'Aren't vou overenthusiastic?" I said.

"You should have heard me a minute back," he laughed, 'when I was working under that car! I admit being enthusiastic

now. Also I am filled with wonderment. I thought I knew every pretty girl in the state and now you come along and make me realize that until a few minutes ago I didn't know what real beauty was.

"I'm afraid Miss Weldon's choice of a chauffeur would not have been mine," I said with a famous actress's most killing

drawl.

"That was meant to wound me," he retorted. "It failed. I cannot be wounded on the day I have met you. I wonder if you have any idea what a marvelous creature you are. When I first saw you, I imagined you were a star escaped from Hollywood, but you are too lovely even for that. In reality you must be the English girl next door. Does your father need a chauffeur?

HE CERTAINLY wouldn't engage you," I said. "He would think you were impertinent and," I looked at his face, "too dirty."

Couldn't I be your personal chauffeur then?" "I'm even more particular than my stepfather."

The incident is closed," he asserted, "to be reopened when I have washed and brought you testimonials from past employers. Meanwhile I am sure Miss Weldon would wish you to see her grounds. She thinks they are the finest in California."

They were marvelous. I had never seen such coloring. Suddenly the unknown man said something under his breath. I looked through the pergola and saw a big limousine driven by a stout, elderly chauffeur."
"Miss Weldon," he muttered.

"Then you are not her chauffeur?" I demanded.

"Not exactly. I'm a consulting chauffeur. When anything goes wrong they send for me. If she comes out here I must introduce you. Your name is engraved on my heart but I won't let her know that. What is it?'

"It's quite as unnecessary that you should know my name

as it is that I should know yours," I said.

"You have a hard heart, Lovely Lady," he said. "I am a young man and a worthy man. I merely want to know by what name the lady of my dreams is called and you talk to me haughtily. It may be that my humble garb disgusts you. Listen. I have a gleaming suit of white flannels in which I present a distinguished appearance. Clad in this I shall call upon your stepfather. What did you say his name was? "Wardour," I answered.

"I shall tell him I met his stepdaughter whose name--?" "Leonie," I said.

"How charming and euphonious," he said and repeated it several times

"You won't find him at all charming to consulting chauffeurs," I warned him. "He is lunching even now with the man who lives there." As I finished speaking I pointed to the big house on the hill.

"He isn't as particular as I should be," he said and frowned. I could not help smiling. My long residence in Europe made it seem absurd to think of a chauffeur dining with an Earle Binner.

"That amuses you doesn't it?" he said. "Caste differences seem insuperable to you English aristocrats."

'I'm just as American as you are," I said. "I was at a fin-

ishing school in England, that's all."
"My name is Alan Carden," he explained, "and although my hands are dirty my heart is clean. Do you know that beast, Binner?

"I'm probably dining there soon," I answered. "Why call him a beast?

There isn't another word to use. There's an element of the beast in most men but they try and rise above it. Binner has never wanted to be anything but plain, common, brute beast. Because he has an enormous fortune made by his father and grandfather, he has been able to get away with a lot of very raw things. He isn't popular here. [Continued on page 108]

Sec

I his

mer

ear:

day

who

me

lady

body

came

ough

H

H

tall

"be-

exist



E HAVE become hoodlums in our social life. We are stepping on the gas so hard that a party characterized by propriety of speech, manners and actions, bores us. When a party goes more than thirty minutes without blowing off the lid of convention, the host—or as often as not a guest—pours an extra quart or two of liquor into the next batch of drinks. This is "sure-fire" business.

The extra liquor lends everybody the false courage people need to kick over the traces of propriety. Dignity, delicacy, restraint, common sense, modesty, and what-not are tossed out the window, and the party turns into a social brawl.

Are these overdoses of cocktails and high-balls entirely to blame for our wild parties?

No.

Our wild parties are more than the direct effect of intoxicants. Liquor is only the match that sets off our highexplosive cravings for wild excitement. The majority of people admit they only drink for the effect. Too much liquor makes us wild but we want to be wild.

And the young people I know could be arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct for what happens at nine out of ten

parties today. No matter how they start out, our parties generally end in a maudlin muddle.

It's about time we got wise to the fact that our jamborees are not getting us anywhere. If we were sensible and honest we'd admit that these brawl-ish affairs don't really give us a good time.

But our cravings for wild parties react on us as dope reacts on its users. It fills us with a burning restlessness for which the only antidote seems to be more excitement. Consequently the demand for wild parties grows stronger every day.

Not long ago a party was a matter of dinner and the theater, or a reception and dancing. Today a party is anything that happens between the first drink and the last.

ONLY a few years ago we disapproved of girls smoking cigarettes, and the telling of a risqué story in a mixed party was unpardonable. At present girls smoke their heads off, and naughty stories furnish at least one quarter of what passes for conversation.

What's the answer? We changed our minds because we wanted to do as we pleased without restraint. We were bored



Social Hoodlums?

with being ladies and gentlemen. We decided we couldn't stay refined and still have a good time.

I do not believe we intended to take our feet entirely off the brakes, as we have. But speed calls for more speed. Nobody is ever satisfied to go along at the same gait. We grow a little more daring with each party until we even find ourselves repudiating our natural refinement. This is the inside story of how and why our parties have gone wild.

EARLY in the spring I was at a week-end party where the host and hostess, and all the guests were people of more than superficial culture.

It rained cats and dogs Sunday and they started shaking cocktails about eleven; they were still shaking them at four in the afternoon when it cleared off. In the meantime the rowd had been playing a silly wading game in the rain. Everybody was barefooted and barelegged when it was discovered that the oranges and lemons were all used up. Everyone insisted on going for new supplies! Shortly, three motor loads of shoeless and hoseless men and women were leaping and dancing on the main street in front of a fruit

stand in the town near where the party took place.

Joe, the big fat Italian proprietor, had been drinking some

Joe, the big fat Italian proprietor, had been drinking some of his own home-made wine, and when he sang "O Solo Mio" in a roaring baritone he made a hit. Somebody thought it would be fun to take him with us. Joe yelled for his son to watch the stand and let himself be pulled into one of the cars.

A small crowd had gathered on the street. We threw our precious oranges and lemons at them and drove off with .Joe laying down another barrage of "O Solo Mio."

HAD you been watching this exhibition, what would you have called us? A bunch of hoodlums!

Yet everybody in our party, except Joe, had had the advantages of good breeding, education, travel and wealth.

Perhaps if we considered our wild parties in the cold, sober light of the next day as something to be ashamed of, we would put on the emergency brakes. But most people look upon the wild things they do in the light of achievements. Our house-party crowd is still bragging about that barefoot invasion of the town of N—— on a [Continued on page 106]

arties

orece

onest

us a

eacts.

which

ently

i the

thing

oking

mixed

head:

wha!

se we

hored

Howard Cells His Own Problem Story At First Bite

E BIT me. It was at our first meeting, and I did not like him. Neither did he like me. But I dissembled, because I was young and very much in love.

"Nice doggie," I said. I reached out to pat him, with one eye on Margie to make sure she saw. "Good old Dusty!" Good old Dusty took another snap at me. I smacked him.

Good old Dusty took another snap at me. I smacked him. Instantly Margie had him up in her arms. She cuddled him against her cheek. "You brute!" she told me and her voice was filled with indignation. "You know how sensitive he is to abuse. And right after I got him back, too! You're not the man I thought you were, Howard; you told me you liked dogs!" From the shelter of her arms Dusty drew back his lips and told me things about myself in coarse dog language.

"I do like dogs!" I told Margie. "But not that cannibal! Besides, how could I know anything about him? He's been gone, all the time I've known you!"

Somehow the warmest of red lips managed to draw into a thin line of disapproval. The wide, soft, hazel eyes were nar-

owed at me, and the slim shoulders turned.

"It is very fortunate," Margie said, "that this happened.

After all, we've known each other a very short time, Howard.

Too short a time, I am coming to believe, for things to get as serious as we have let them."

"You mean," I asked, "that you're breaking our engage-

"I could never love anyone who mistreated Dusty," Margie told me finally. From her arms he leered at me in triumph. "Oh, gee, Margie!" I began, "1—"

"You need not swear," Margie said. "You have showed me what you truly are, Howard. All because of a hat."
"It was my new bowler," I said. "What made him grab

"It was my new bowler," I said. "What made him grab it and run?"
"You did, Howard. I've taught him to go home with

"You did, Howard. packages for me whenever I him to 'beat it.' and that's what you said to him. He thought you meant for him to take the hat. Anyhow you were absolutely nasty about my paying the poor man a reward for returning Dusty.

"Poor man!" I said. "Don't you know he had stolen Dusty, and was holding him for the reward! He

would have been delighted with five dollars and look how much you gave him!"

"He was sick. You didn't see him; you don't know how pale and unhealthy he looked. And it was my own money, every cent! You had better go home, Howard. The more you talk, the more I can see that I could never be happy with a man who has a disposition like yours."

Being young, I tried to reason with a woman.

"Margie!" I said. "Can't you see? You describe the man who brought Dusty back as a dope-fiend. How do you know that he wasn't one of those safe blowers they traced in this direction? For a girl with as much sense as I—"

"DUSTY disappeared weeks ago, and that bank was robbed in the last ten days." Margie said. "Besides, I know that bank robbers wouldn't steal a dog for a five-dollar reward! Yes, Howard, I agree. It does seem to come down to a question of intelligence!" She held out my hat to me.

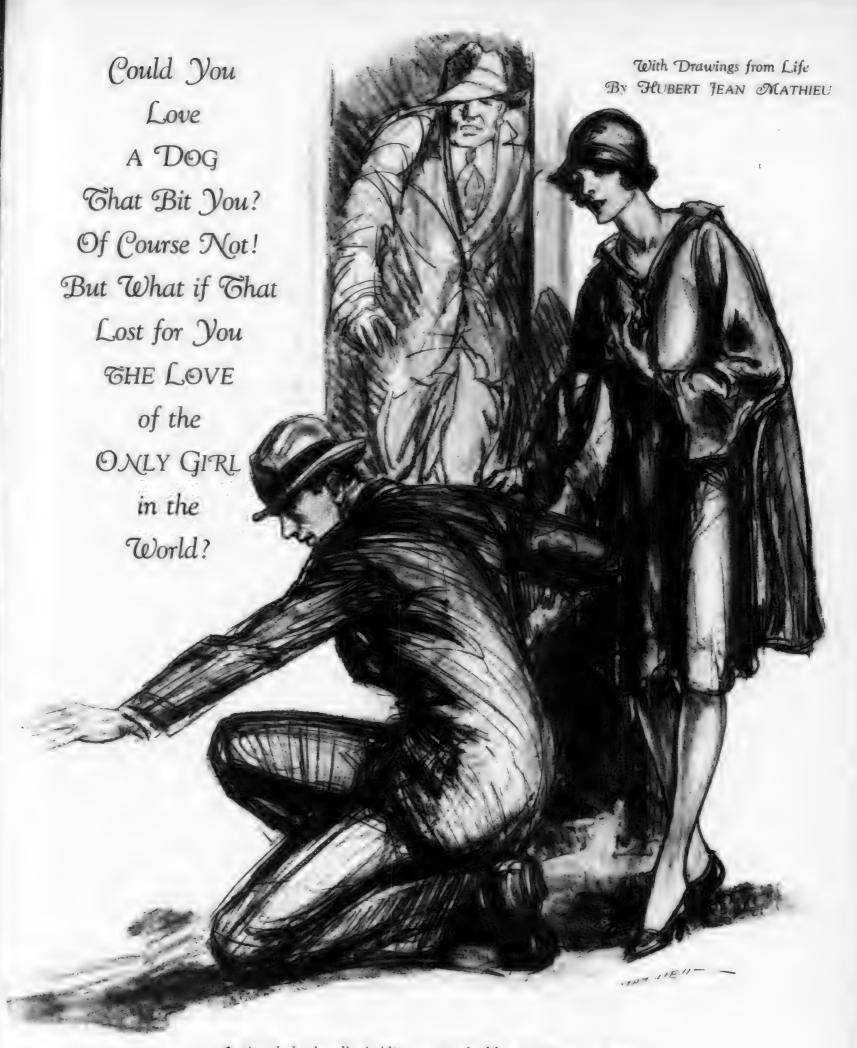
I looked at the bowler that had been the pride of my young life, my new bowler, with chew marks all over the rim and a hole through the crown—and it made me boil over. I slammed the remains to the ground.

"I'm going," I told Margie, "but you mark my words! A vermin like that is sure to come to a bad end!" I indicated the triumphant Dusty. "I bet you somep'n happens to him and you needn't expect me to shed any tears over it, either!"

Margie cuddled Dusty closer to her bosom. "Good night," she told me and went indoors.

I was so angry that I walked halfway home before I remembered I had left my roadster in front of Margie's. I liked dogs. There wasn't any pretense in the community of taste that Margie and I had found on that subject, among many others. But right then I knew nothing on earth would have





J placed the bundle holding our valuables in Dusty's mouth.
"Beat it," I said and smacked him smartly. There was a sparkle in the pup's brown eyes as he looked up understandingly at me.
Then he was gone like a shot through the open door

ith

ed



In other words, it was up to me to eat a lot of humble pie if I wanted to be forgiven.

The trouble was, I didn't feel at all like eating humble pie, and right then I didn't particularly care whether I was forgiven or not.

Long before I was awake next morning our colored houseboy was shaking me.

Mist' Howard!" he said, "somebody wants t' see you," and then as I started for the door in pajamas, "Nawsuh! Hit's lady"

It was Margie, her little face pale with wrath.

I didn't understand what you meant when you said somehing was going to happen to Dusty," she told me, "but I do now What have you done with him?"

VII I could do was stare.

What have I what?" I managed to ask her after a time

"Done with Dusty? What a have you? You said something would happen when you left last night and he's gone!" Margie's strained little face looked up at me and the tears were close.

It might have been laughable if I had not known how much she cared for her little pup "Margie, I haven't seen your dog," I told her. "I came straight home and went to bed. I have no idea what has

happened."

"You warned me something was going to happen to Dusty," she said, "and you hardly left before it did. If you didn't have anything to do with it, how did it happen?"

I am not in my best humor early in the morning. I also had an unpleasant memory of the evening before.

"How?" I asked. "Huh! A dog with a disposition like that couldn't possibly stay out of trouble for a very long time!"



surrendered when I saw them.
"I didn't really mean it, Honey," I cried.
'I'll find him for you. Honest, I didn't even know that he was gone.

But Margie was not so easily pacified.

"That's about the only way that you could prove you didn't have anything to do with it. Find out who got him, and how. If you're interested, I'm going down to the police station and make a report!"

I thought of ways and means. The first guess of course, was the dog pound; that produced nothing. The express office had not a single outgoing shipment of a dog and inquiries in the neighborhood did not disclose any trace of him. All that

was left to do was to put an ad in the paper for the silly pup. "LOST, Boston bulldog. Reward," and my telephone number, but I did not have much hope.

However about supper time that night the telephone rang. "You lost a dog?" a voice inquired from the other end "Yes! A Boston bull. Have you found one?"

"How much reward is offered?" "Liberal, if it's the right dog."

"This is the dog, all right. How much?"
"Ten dollars be all right?"
"Ten dollars? No!"

"How much, then?"

"Hundred."

"A hundred! The dog's not worth [Continued on page 104]

The Last Exciting Episodes

With Drawings from Life By GARRETT PRICE ebel

1 Have Previously Gold You How-

OT long ago on the Plantation of Piedrecitas in Central America, I, Laurita Vallez, found myself alone in the midst of a revolution. The rebels entered our barricade and an officer appeared, stared a noment and then deliberately kissed me. I was furious, but he paid no ittention. He said he was Captain Dan Ryder, an American, and insisted hat he had fallen in love with me and was going to take me with him.

Suddenly General Felix Mora, rebel leader, arrived. To save myself from Ryder I promised to marry Mora, but I escaped from both of them. I borrowed a pony and set out through the dense woods for the seaoast where I had friends.

On the second day I was startled to see Ryder peering at me through he bushes. Soldiers were pursuing him. My first impulse was to betray him to them. Instead, without knowing why I did it, I rushed out to the road and sent them in the opposite direction.

For saving his life, Ryder insisted upon escorting me to the coast We sought shelter in a farmhouse, but were trapped there by treachery

Suddenly our prison door was opened by Mora.

Arrest this man," he said when he saw Ryder.
But he saved my life," I cried.

His sole purpose was to kidnap you," said Mora. "You are going o Espiritu to marry me and the Captain will be tried for desertion.

Now I'll Gell You What Happened Next

TES, we were staring at each other, Felix Mora and I, while outside the house of José Mantega, a division of the rebels waited and stirred restlessly. In the deep night I could hear my own breathing and the beating of my heart.

The words went singing on in my head, the desperate words that had taken me by the throat. Captain Ryder was to be tried for desertion, and tried immediately! That could mean only one thing!

I found my voice. It was faint and unreal.

What will you do to him?" I said.

General Mora made a curt and savage gesture. It was strange, that element of ferocity in his dapper little body.

A swift judgment, a rope, and a convenient tree!" he said with a kind of cruel pleasure.

'But you can't do that!"

Why not? Is there anyone who can stop me?"

No, it isn't that. I mean, he wasn't deserting. He was helping me." Mora gave a short laugh. "It was not so long ago," he said, "that you assured me you hated him. And yet you are now begging for his

Then, desperate, I made no pretense to Felix Mora or to myself "If I said that I hated him, I lied. I love him."

Felix Mora turned his back, walked from me and then returned. "It would seem to me, Señorita," he murmured, "that you and I are in a position to do a little bargaining.'

About what?"

About a man's life."

I leaned towards him. "I would give anything-my plantation-all I possess-

He made a gesture as if to halt me. "You will permit me," he said, to name my own price."

And that is-?

"That you become my wife!"
"But," I stammered, "I have told you that I love him."

It is a handicap I shall have to overcome.'

You mean that unless I marry you, you will kill Captain Ryder?"



love of a beautiful face

Love Adventures of a Spanish Señorita

omance

"I mean precisely that. The decision is in your hands." He drew a leather case from his pocket, selected a thin cigar and lighted it. Then he leaned back and watched me.

Oh, there was no doubt that he knew the outcome of my meditations! Madre de Dios, what else was there for me Captain Ryder's life was, as Mora had said, in my hands. Wildly there came into my brain hopes of moving him, of crying out for his mercy. But the words would not even come to my lips. A strange fatalism, a kind of lifelessness born of despair, came over me at last.

MORA murmured, "I regret I cannot allow you much more time for a decision." I nodded my head. There was no need to say anything. His eyes sparkled and a little sound of pleasure and triumph crossed his lips.

Then he hesitated and frowned as he considered. "There are still other conditions to be fulfilled, Señorita," he said as if anxious to glut himself with his victory.
"What else can you ask?" I cried. "Do you think anything

else matters after this?"

"Oh, but this you may not care for," he said. "It happens that I have been wounded by your regard for this American.

There is only one salve for that wound. Before we leave we must announce to the good Captain our intention. And you must make him, believe you have betrayed You may choose your own method. I shall have nothing to say as to that. Perhaps if you were to embrace me before his eyes, eh? But that is merely a suggestion.

I threw him a look of such hate and misery that had he been a man, I think he would have taken back

that final demand. But there was a kind of fiend in Felix Mora. I must have been in a trance. I know only that I was following him outside, not conscious of whether he had beckoned me or ordered me. I saw the dark faces of the troopers, the horses uneasily lifting and dropping their heads, groups of officers gathered in knots, whispering. I had the sense that all things were not well in the forces of General Felix Mora!

We came at last to the guards who surrounded a tree and a man who stood beneath it. My eyes fell on Dan Ryder's lean, tired head, and a wave of pity, hopelessness and anguish passed over me. I could not speak. I heard Mora's sharp tones, telling the Captain I had agreed to marry him that night at Espiritu.

APTAIN RYDER stood with his fists clenched, his throat bare.

He was not looking at Mora but at me.
"You bought my life," he said. "You've done this for me. Do

you think I will allow this?"
"One moment!" Mora had taken a step forward. "You are mistaken, Señor Captain. It is quite true that you are not to die but that is because my contempt for you forbids me wasting either good rope or powder on you. I grant you your freedom and I do not hold this girl. You are hers if she still desires you.

His eyes had turned towards me. They burned with a secret message. I knew the lie in his words and I knew the threat. The words seemed to tear at my throat.

"It is you I want, General Mora," I answered. Captain Ryder passed his hand across his forehead.

"Señorita, do you mean this thing? You can't mean it certainly!" How it stabbed me to deny my love, to be a traitor to my heart, to wound him who was life to me, to pretend I had betrayed him!



I heard my lips say, "Yes, It is true. I mean that.

"But you don't know." Captain Ryder said, "you don't know the truth about this man. Even if you don't love me, even if you have only pretended to like me, you must know one thing first-

"Shall I tell her what you are going to say?" Mora interrupted. "He is about to inform you, Señorita, that I have a wife in the United States but he is wrong. I had a wife. I have a cable that announces her death, if my word is

insufficient.

Then Captain Ryder's arms went down at his side and his head sank on his chest. For the first time the fight went out of him. Nor would he meet my eyes. I stood swaying, with Mora's soft, cruel laughter in my ears. Then his arm slipped under mine and he guided me away.

I halted presently. "You have not yet released him," I said. "I will not move until you do that.'

He shook his head. "You gave me your word once and broke it. This time I take no chances. When the

priest at Espiritu has married us, I shall send a detail to liberate the good Captain. Until then he remains a prisoner with a noose at arm's length. Who knows? You might hange your mind as you did before!

I did not answer him. I did not protest or cry out. My

spirit seemed lifeless.

It was like a nightmare in which I heard the commands of the officers, saw the men spring upon their horses, heard the sharp, indescribable din of a cavalry brigade on march, the squeak of leather and the rattle of carbine, the struggling horses, the muttered oaths of the men. The sounds rose to my ears like the sounds of a dream.

Mora had given an order which I did not hear. Then presently a man on horseback pushed towards us and it was to

him he snoke.

For the moment, Señorita, I must put the lover aside for I am entrusting you to a man whom I know to be as faithful as I am. He will see that your journey is made comfortable."

HE MADE me an ironic bow and pushed his way ahead towards his lieutenants. I looked up and saw the eyes of the man on horseback. They were piercing and dark. Lank, black hair streamed from under his hat and his gaunt cheeks and burning eyes gave an impression of someone ridden with fever.

His face was that of a fanatic and I knew that Mora had reasons for believing him loyal to a trust. He was to be my guide and captor. I got on the horse he led to me without thinking. Then I wheeled at his side and the march had begun.

What dark thoughts struggled in my brain that night of forced march under the stars! I do not know how to tell of them, so confused and terrible they were.

To marry Felix Mora, even though I hated him so much, was not the thought that tormented me most. It was the realization that I had saved Captain Ryder's life, but had lost him forever and ever.

Never to see him again seemed unbearable. The brigade pushed on, sweating and struggling through the road that led to Espiritu. To the south lay Piedrecitas and the planta-

tion, where Colonel Castano and the loyalists lay encamped. Behind me under a tree with a ring of waiting

troopers around him, was the man I loved with all my heart.

We pushed on. The gaunt, blackhaired rider at my side kept close, watched me always and kept pace with me. Once or twice he halted. I was so weary I could scarcely sit on my horse. Espiritu was still thirty miles away.

Often I noticed how a little knot of the officers would gather around Mora, far ahead, and talk to him. It was

clear that he was wearing out the energy and patience of his men. Finally they must have prevailed on him for there came the order to halt and make camp. We would not strive to

reach Espiritu that night since we were pitching camp. I saw the hammocks slung between the trees; I heard the troopers cursing with relief as they dismounted, tethered their horses, lowered their packs and spread their ponchos.

The man at my side was fastening a hammock between the ees. He motioned me towards it. Then for the first time trees. He motioned me towards it. during the march he spoke. His grim smile and haggard face were like death itself.

"Sleep well, Señorita! You are too far away to hear the

shot that will send your lover to hell!"

I stared at him as if transfixed. I uttered a cry. The truth rose before me. Felix Mora had never intended to keep his half of the bargain! I had left Captain Ryder behind

I was like some one possessed. I caught the arms of my escort and my fingers gripped them with a strength that was unnatural. Oh, the treachery of this horrible Felix Mora! "As God lives, is that the truth?" I demanded of him.

He nodded. With teeth bared in a grin he said:

"It is time that the rich learn the sufferings of the poor Betrayal, that is something new for you to experience, eh?

You who belong to those who betray the people!"
"Let me go to him," I begged. "Let me ride back—try to get there in time—give my life for his!"

He shook his head, drew his body away abruptly and released himself from my grip.
"Your eyes are troubled, Señorita.

And that is sweet to me. You are not the last whose misery shall pay me for what I have met with at your hands.

"But I have done nothing to you. I never saw you before.' "You are a plantation owner. That is enough."

His eyes glared at me so rabidly that I imagined he was some half-crazed

he faces of Manuela and old Rinaldo blurred O out and through the doorway came Captain Ryder. His eyes burned down on me, and in that look I was caught up and lost, held for a moment, for an eternity

anarchist. Then he said in a lower voice frightful to hear: "It was one of your fine plantation owners who stole my I had been sent away. When I returned he had

already cast her off and she had disappeared. I choked his life out with my own hands and swore to make all of you pay for what I have suffered!"

In vain I asked for his pity; in vain I tried to make him see that I was in no way allied to the man who had ruined his wife. But it was plain that in his simplicity he condemned the class for the individual.

He seemed to find a cruel and terrible joy in my misery.

am Juan Perez!" he declared proudly. "I shall make that "I am Juan Perez!" he declared proudly. a name to be feared. Juan Perez, whose wife was stolen from him!"

My nerves gave a startled leap. Why, Manuela Perez was the name of my housekeeper. She had come to me out of nowhere.

She had been troubled and I had helped her. I trusted her instinctively, and did not ask for the story that had given her eyes their desperate, unhappy look. Manuela Perez must be Juan's stolen wife.

"I can tell you where to find your wife!" I exclaimed.

He stopped and stared with open mouth. "Nombre de Dios! You are lying to me to save yourself!"

"I am not lying. Listen! She came to me more than a year ago at the Plantation of Piedrecitas. I helped her, employed her, gave her shelter. A tall woman who stands with her hands crossed before her."

> He seemed dumbfounded. A little smile trembled along mouth.

"You took her in? You cared for her, and helped her?" he said.

"I swear that. She will tell you so herself."

He had turned away and was coiling and uncoiling a piece of rope. Then all at once he lifted his head with its hawklike eyes and peered furtively around spoke his voice was low and determined.

"Señorita, do exactly what I tell you. I shall contrive to steal a horse for you. Why didn't you tell me all this before? Now follow me!"

He beckoned and turned. I scarcely dared believe in my good luck. I prayed only that he would do as he said. We pushed our way to the outskirts of the little army. Deftly Juan Perez unfastened a

horse, lifted me on it and guided me toward the outposts. The trees were thicker there and the darkness intense. I was grateful to the circumstance that General Mora had trusted Juan so completely, he did not look for me until the camp had been settled. My heart was racing with fear and my nerves were on edge thinking of what lay before me

In the darkness the sudden [Continued on page 120]





coming up the stairs. As I sat in loneliness I grew tender with love for him. I knew the love that is for the sake of the loved one; the love that gives and gives all. The love that is sacrifice

Permoun

The Family Doctor Reveals Another Secret

reater Love Hath No

OU may remember the story I told you sometime ago of the man who didn't believe in marriage, and whose refusal of the greatest thing in his life almost wrecked a woman and himself. I said then I had found on my index cards a case somewhat parallel, but concerning a woman, who also refused marriage, though her motive was exactly opposite. It was because of her great love that she hurt the man and herself.

It was, I recall, a rainy night in November, and I was seated alone in my office, when there came a violent ringing and knocking at the hall door. I answered the door myself. As I opened it, a tall man entered bearing a beautiful young woman in his arms. She was unconscious and her head and arms hung limp. Her rain-soaked clothes dripped water; her yellow hair was matted about her head.

San, my Chinese boy, shut the door carefully on an eager-eyed hallboy; at the same time the tall man spoke.

'Doctor," he said as he looked at me helplessly and frightened. "I think she

fainted. I picked her up unconscious in the street close by. "Bring her in," I said and led him into the office. He laid her down on the couch. I forced her teeth apart and poured down a swallow of brandy. This brought her to. First she gasped, then she lay back limp, staring at us.

Her black dress was cheap and threadbare; her shoes were old and she wore neither coat nor hat. She had appealing blue

eyes, a small mouth and a thin but graceful body.

I felt her pulse; it was weak but she had no fever. In fact, so far as I could tell, she was not sick.

Her voice carried a terrible note of despair and anguish. "I'm not dead," she said and turned her eyes towards us.

B UT you tried to be," said the tall man with sudden severeness. He turned to me. "My car was passing through this street when this young woman suddenly darted before it. There was no doubt about her intentions. Luckily my chauffeur was quick and stopped the car just before it reached her. She was unconscious when I picked her up. I saw your sign here, and brought her in. What ails her?"

I turned to the young woman and said as I watched her.

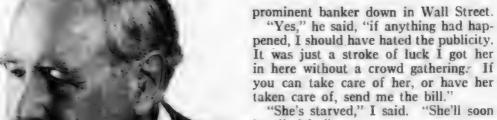
"You tried to kill yourself?"

"Yes." The answer was weak. Her voice was very small. "Are you hungry?" I asked.

Her pretty mouth twisted bitterly but she remained silent 'San," I said, "heat some milk and make some toast for her." I unfolded the couch cover and spread it over her.
"Just lie quietly," I said. "As soon as you feel better you

must change your clothes.'

I beckoned the tall man and we stepped out into the waiting-He handed me his card. The name was that of a



be all right.

He left, relieved. San had returned and in a few moments, I was holding the girl's head with my arm and letting her sip warm milk. She seized the her sip warm milk. glass in both her hands and drained it.
"Pardon me," she said.

She ate the toast hungrily.

"San," I said, "if there's a chop in the house, cook it, and bring anything else we may have." I turned to her, "If you feel able, you must change your clothes.

Her obedience was listless and mechanical. I felt how fragile she was as I helped her from the couch to the adjoining room. San was already there with my heavy smoking robe and a pair

of my slippers. I sat at my desk, smoking until she

reappeared. She held the doorway for support. Her beauty was enhanced by the padded brown robe that reached to the floor and out of which emerged only her slender hands and her yellow-crowned head. Her large eyes regarded me with a stricken look; her mouth was set in a line of despair, yet this did not hide its sweetness as she came slowly into the room

ROSE at once and helped her to a chair that stood near "Do you feel better?" I asked.

"Yes." she said.

There are some

ills that medicine

cannot cure and

it is of these that

I tell you

I smiled at her. "Well, so "No," she said. "not soon." "Well, soon you'll be all right," I went on.

I knew then that starvation was the least of the girl's trouble.

"You still want to die?" I asked. "I must die," she said in a tone that struck finality

"Why?

She shook her head. There was a silence difficult to break "Do you smoke?" I asked in an effort to start conversation "Yes," she answered.

I gave her a cigarette and she puffed at it, her eyes half shut. She was relaxing, I knew. A dreaminess came over her face and suddenly she looked at me with a smile.

"What is it?" I asked.
"You are very kind," she said. "I wonder why you are so." Then her smile turned bitter and tears rolled down her In a moment more she flung her head on her arm cheeks. and sobbed.

"Oh, why didn't I die?" she cried. "Why must I go on living? Can't you help me?"

I drew my chair near and took her hand. She clutched me convulsively. I tried to comfort her. [Continued on page 98]

ently I put my arms around Madeleine and as she looked into my face we could see each other's woe-laden eyes in the fading light

My faunted

Suppose You Married a Lovely
of the Death of Her First
In Her Sleep She Re-enacted
Had Been Gried? Could You

"ENTLEMEN of the jury, fix your eyes on this infamous poisoner, this modern Lucrezia Borgia! Forget that she is a beautiful woman, forget that she was, if technically virtuous, yet the ardent lover of the man whom I know you must have looked at, while he was in the witness-box, with aversion and contempt."

Maître Tilleul, the tall old Frenchman who was playing the part of public prosecutor in the famous Ferrat murdermystery trial, drew himself up to his full height. Turning away from the jury, he pointed an accusing finger at the lovely young woman standing in the dock, whose glance met his fearlessly, as he went on:

"Yes, Madeleine Ferrat, I see you bending over that mixing bowl in the darkness of the night, when innocent housewives are in bed. I see you sprinkling the deadly white powder which you believe will open the gate of joys that you are unwilling to obtain without benefit of clergy. Your husband is not such an attractive man as your lover, but you married Ferrat with your eyes open and, after all, strange though it may seem to some wives, even an unattractive husband has the right to live! If the jury does its duty it will return against you a verdict of 'Guilty'."

He sat down and a murmur ran through the old-fashioned Breton court-house. There were hisses as well as applause and nearly every man there felt secretly amazed that the great advocate had shown himself unmoved by the exquisite and alluring feminine beauty of the prisoner in the dock, now on trial for her life.

INDEED, there was one stranger present who would like to have struck Maître Tilleul between the eyes. This stranger was myself, Sir James Maclisie, a Scotchman. With my friend, Lance Darrell, a briefless young English barrister, I had been making a motor tour through France. It was by the merest accident that we arrived in the old town of Pirbec on the very day of the opening of Madeleine Ferrat's trial and it was Darrell who had wished to be present at the case. With great difficulty we had obtained admission, each paying a privileged seat holder a thousand francs. As the trial went on, we each admitted that the extraordinary experience would have been worth ten times the money, but as to the guilt or otherwise of the accused, we two strangers differed strongly. I was convinced of Madeleine Ferrat's innocence, while Lance Darrell was equally certain that she was guilty.

We both felt so strongly on the matter that we had to

With Drawings from Life By UERA CLERE

Honeymoon

Woman Who Had Been Accused
Husband? Then Suppose
the Grim Crime for Which She
Still Believe Her Wholly Innocent?

agree not to discuss it during our long quiet evenings in the house of an old priest who had taken us in as paying guests. Every hotel in the little town was crammed with Paris journalists and with men and women who had journeyed from all over France to be present at Madame Ferrat's trial. Our host, Monsieur l'Abbé, was one of the keenest believers in the prisoner's innocence. He had been a friend of her father's and had known her all her life.

After what seemed a very long wait, though it was less than a half hour, there came a stir through the court. For the first time in my life of thirty-three years, I felt sick and faint with suspense. The jurymen who had already decided on the prisoner's fate, filed into their queer, old-fashioned box and every pair of eyes in the crowded hall turned toward the beautiful creature in the dock.

MADELEINE FERRAT was standing upright, her head thrown back, every fiber of her being keyed up to hear the verdict. I, James Maclisie, of all the men and women who were looking at her with varying degrees of curiosity and, in some cases, with a good deal of pity and sympathy, realized that she was like a hind at bay and terribly afraid.

A mean-looking little fellow, who appeared to us grotesquely unsuited to so important a position as the clerk of the court, mumbled something which he read from a paper in his hand. Suddenly it was as if Babel had been let loose. Men threw their hats into the air; women screamed and waved their handkerchiefs and there arose loud cries of, "Bravo! Bravo!" as well as a few groans and hisses.

"Was that the verdict?" I turned to Darrell and as he did not answer at once I said, "Tell me, darn you! Don't keep me in suspense."

Without looking at me he said drily, "They've let her off." I could scarcely believe what he said.

"D'you mean she's acquitted?"

"Yes, she's acquitted! I presume because the French have nothing equivalent to your wise Scotch 'non proven' verdict."

I gave a gasp of relief; indeed, I had to grip the arm of the uncomfortable wooden seat where I had spent so many hours of each day during the last week, for there had come a mist before my eyes. Also, for the first time in my whole life I felt very faint and sick.



Lovely

First

racted

. You

this

rgia!

lover

while

npt."
nying

rder-

rning

the

lance

that

cent

eadly

e of

t of

n as open

ives, If

rdict

oned

lause

the

iisite

lock.

like

This man.

glish

ince.

old leine

be

ined

sand

the

imes ised.

lof

was

1 to

Meanwhile, Lance Darrell was looking with absorbed inerest at the heroine of the moment. She was surrounded by · crowd of sympathizers of both sexes and she was smiling a tremulous smile at those who were offering her exultantly

their heartfelt congratulations.

All at once the old priest whom we two British onlookers knew so well, elbowed his way close to where the acquitted prisoner was standing. With a spontaneous, childlike gesture she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him on both At sight of that, applause broke out again in the public galleries and no effort was made to check it by the officials of the court.

'LET'S get out of this," I said. As we elbowed our way through the crowd Darrell exclaimed, "Well, we've seen t strange sight and we've had our money's worth. I don't know how you feel, old chap, but I admit I've thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it. "Enjoyed it!" How could he It was a wonderful trial.

How could he have enjoyed it?

To me many of the moments I had spent in this horrible stifling court-house had been full of agony, though I was still unaware that I had fallen in love with Madeleine Ferrat the very first time I had seen her. That was on the second day of the trial when I saw her humiliated and agonized on the witness-stand by the tall gray-haired public prosecutor. However, I am a reserved man, so I said nothing of either my past misery or my exultant relief.

It was with a feeling of pleasure that both of us began to breathe the good clean air outside the courthouse. Instinctively we turned out of the hot sun into a path leading under a double row of elm trees. dating from the eighteenth century, to the Grande Place on which stood the Presbytère where we were being entertained by the Abbé Mimant.

"Do you still think she was guilty?" I asked.

Lance Darrell stole a look at me and what he saw written on my face evidently made him modify the an-

wer which had risen to his lips.

I don't know what to think," he replied, "though I consider the whole treatment of a prisoner in France unfair, I've come reluctantly to the conclusion that the French legal system does end by getting out more of the truth than ours does. If that is true, then we must agree that the beautiful Madeleine is prob-

ibly innocent of the alleged crime."
He added, "In any case I'm glad she got off after all that fuss.

As he uttered these last words I could see he was pleased to see my face light up. Darrell had evidently felt hurt at my attitude. His time

had come. After all, what was this young French woman, Madeleine Ferrat, to either of us? Nothing, and less than nothing! Yet, because of our difference of opinion about her, we had been for some days on the verge of a real quarrel.

When we arrived, the door of the Presbytère was opened by

the priest's old housekeeper, Celestine.
"Well," she exclaimed in her funny, familiar way, "everyone's pleased but the dead man! He must be laughing on the other side of his face up in heaven or down in hell, according to where he happens to be at this moment.'

COME, come," said Darrell. "You ought to believe poor Madame Ferrat innocent, Celestine, now that a jury of

your countrymen has acquitted her."
"She did it all right," chuckled the old woman. "She mixed the pudding! It was her pretty face that got her off. But there, I'd like to guillotine that Italian scoundrel who first made love to her and then gave her away. Oh, you men, only a fool of a woman would trust any one of you!"

Just then the big shadow of Monsieur l'Abbé fell across the

door and presently he came into the Presbytere towards us

"Thank the good God all has finished well!" he exclaimed "We're going to have a marvelous feast here tonight," he said and rubbed his hands. "Not only has that poor angelic Madeleine given up a dinner the Paris Press were going to give her this evening in order to be with me, her old friend, but her famous advocate, Maître Boravert, will be here at dinner. You must go out this must have a feast fit for a king. moment. Celestine, and see what kind of turkey you can get for love and money. Everything must be of the best, even if you and I eat potatoes for the next six months."

A cross look came over Celestine's face as she answered "Monsieur l'Abbé is master," she muttered, "but it's strange that he, a holy man, should be so taken by a pretty face! He will be thinking of her, no doubt with pleasure, the while we are eating potatoes in the coming six months but what am I to think of when I am being starved and all because of this foolish feast tonight for an acquitted murderess?"

DO NOT be anxious, Celestine," I exclaimed in very slow precise French. "I am going to offer tonight's feast to Madame Ferrat and to those of her good friends who have believed in her innocence.

I took a bill fold out of my pocket and from it extracted a thousand-franc note which I held out to the old woman. "Let me know if you want any more than this," I said, "and remem-

ber that we shall want plenty of

good champagne!' She threw up her hands. "A thousand francs to spend on a dinner? The good God will surely

punish milord's extravagance.' But Monsieur l'Abbé was very much touched. He took hold of my hand. "Were it not that I know Britishers detest kissing, I should embrace you warmly for your generosity and delicacy," he cried. "As it is I simply salute you!" Taking two steps healt Taking two steps backwards, he solemnly bowed to the "Madeleine, poor vicground. tim, will be greatly moved by your nobility of spirit!" he went on. "How I long to present her to you! She has gone to rest. poor child, in the house of her great-aunt, the Marquise de St. Prie, who has been far from kind

to her, I grieve to say." Celestine laughed. "Madame la Marquise did not like the thought of a poisoner in her But since her grand family. grand-niece has been acquitted, she smothers her with kindness. Oh la! la! Think of that.'

On that memorable evening I was the first to come down the

steep staircase of the Presbytère. I had dressed as if for a Paris dinner party in honor of the beautiful woman to whom I was about to be introduced and, according to Darrell, I was an imposing as well as a good-looking man in my white waistcoat and white tie.

Celestine exclaimed with delight when she saw me; then she took one of my fingers in her skinny brown hand and led me to

the dining room.

I looked at the old priest's humble board. It was spread with a coarse linen cloth and in the center of the table was a large bowl of splendid roses, for it was June. The table was laid for six and I made a rapid calculation. There would be Lance Darrell, myself, Monsieur l'Abbé, Madame Ferrat and her famous advocate, Maître Boravert. Just then Celestine interrupted my calculations with the remark, "The only one I want to see is Leon Patou. He's the most famous journalist in the world. It's thanks to him, and all that his paper ferreted out about the cruel way that Bluebeard husband of hers knocked her about, that our pretty Madeleine has gone scot free.

So Patou was to be the sixth at [Continued on page 110]

My Rose Bride By Mary Carolyn Davies

Tune is a bush on which grow bright Brides, like roses, pure and white. Fragrant, fragile, fresh and new, Gay with sun and sweet with dew, As I see them blooming there, I long to pluck a rose to wear.

Jou're the loveliest rose I see, So I ask you, will you be, Rose, my rose? Upon your slender Stem you tremble. I'll be tender; I will cherish, high, apart, All the sweetness of your heart.

And Along Came A Man!



-Her. Townie A Day in the Life of a Charming Motorist

By Henry Tournier, the famous French humorous artist

mei. Smil lac-her her $\supset H$ this t for y_{00} red ang-He eare L to

olish

lon be-

Let em-

roi

1...

n a

rely ery l oi t l ing. for he ute ck-

the

ricby

ent

her est. her

ind

me

the

ier 1er

ed,

ss. t. z I he ris ras an at he

to

th

ge

or ır-

ıy

ee d.

ut er

0]

FUN from



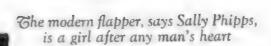
KARL: 'The book says it's a dumb woman who doesn't say yes or no to a proposal THE DUMMY: It's a dumb man who has to read a proposal out of a book

Kart Date: McG.W.



THE MAID: You'll open your eyes when you see me step-out

Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall rirst National





for love nor money? GOLD-DIGGER: Just a manner of speaking. I meant I can't marry you for love

Clara Bow and Wm. Austin Paramount



William Fox

FOXY GRANDPA: Don't shoot! I'm gun shy SUGAR DADDY: When I get through with you you'll be girl shy

the FILMS



MR JACK If you mean your step-in, Dot, I'll not be looking



GOLDILOCKS: Now then confess, Is she your wife, or am I?

GHE SAILOR: That all depends on what port I'm in



DOROTHY SAYS:
Keeping the boy
friend on his toes by
going up in the air
is a good idea if you
can swing it
Dorothy Gulliver
Universal

MARY: So your boy friend thought we looked enough alike to be twins?

JANE: Oh, he's so used to seeing double I made him believe he saw two of me



Mary Ashlev and Jane Laurel Christic Comedies

Harry Langdon and Gertrude Asto

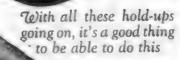
HARRY: You certainly have a sweet tooth! GERTRUDE: Well—I do love kisses

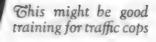


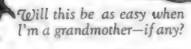
MARCELINE'S
DAY~LY
DOZEN



Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning









And I even manage to get a kick out of it



But the moment comes when I ask myself, "Is it worth the effort?"

l also find a way to make my head save my heels



Red Orange Purple.

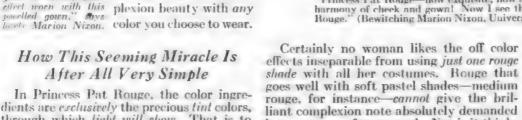
and what

NOW THERE'S ROUGE OF WHICH ALL SHADES MATCH THE SKIN AND YOUR COSTUME ALONE DICTATES CHOICE!



"Princess Pat 'Nite'

NTRIGUING — fascinating . . . to now choose shades of rouge to match your costume, instead of your skin. Never again to be pale in red, sallow in blue, ghostly in purple. For by utterly changing the whole theory of rouge making, Princess Pat gives you perfect comgives the rarest, exotic gives you perfect worn with this plexion beauty with any



able that the rouge shade so perfect with an orange frock can harmonize with royal purple.

And so it goes, through the whole kaleidoscopic range of colors. Countless women have had the experience of an evening spoiled because rouge color and dress color simply could not be brought to harmony. But they have not usually thought to blame rouge—so long has the idea of "one shade to match the skin" been entrenched.

by a costume of strong red. Nor is it think-

Ask-Now-To See the Six Princess Pat Rouge Shades

If you read the "beauty columns" (and who does not) you have lately seen much about the famous "color palette of six rouge For your information, these six shades." shades are Princess Pat Vivid, Squaw, Theatre, English Tint, Medium, and Nite. Now remember this: Having in mind the color dress you will wear, select rouge to match and forget skin tone.

If you are in the mood to determine to just what lengths you can carry this marvelous new beauty of variety in makeup, select several Princess Pat rouge



"Princess Pat Rouge—how exquisite, how satisfying to my artistic soul is this new, rare harmony of cheek and gown! Now I see the full meaning of quality, as well as color in Rouge." (Bewitching Marion Nixon, Universal film star of "Jazz Mad" talks to her mirror.)

This Week End

Set-



The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Sct is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act tromptly. act promptly.

shades and experiment. It is no end fascinating. Dress colors you thought impossible become stunning; your "best" colors become entrancingly more beautiful.

And With All This There Is Still

Another Advantage

Princess Pat Rouge is made with a base of precious almond. Such a base—absolutely exclusive with Princess Pat—has just the advantage that almond always gives. It is good for your skin. Countless women find that minor imperfections of the skin vanish when Princess Pat rouge is used. This is especially true of blackheads, coarse pores and dry or oily conditions of the skin.

Last, but not least, it is almond that helps make

Last, but not least, it is almond that helps make rincess Pat Rouge so permanent that it withstands ven a swim in salt water.

PRINCESS PAT LTD., 2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-36, Chicago Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name [print]....

Street

City and State

How This Seeming Miracle Is After All Very Simple

In Princess Pat Rouge, the color ingredients are exclusively the precious tint colors, through which light will show. That is to say, all shades of Princess Pat are mysteriously luminous—and transparent. You see this same marvelously beautiful effect in the lustre of pearls, the living fire of opals. The secret is this: Nature never uses dead, painty colors; nor does Princess Pat.

Think! A pearl laid on red silk does not change its tone, but it does glow with new, deeper beauty. Now do you begin to understand? The magic of the pearl, is the magic of Princess Pat. The old idea of rouge is exactly reversed. Now skin tone means nothing. The skin automatically assumes the tone of whatever shade you select. Thus you choose for beauty alone, for glorious harmony with your costume.

The Most Remarkable Vogue Any Rouge Ever Had

Unknown not so very long ago, one now finds Princess Pat Rouge everywhere—and finds it leading in popularity. For alone of all rouges Princess Pat created a new fashion, gave to makeup entirely new possibilities. It is the first rouge in history that has been really different.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

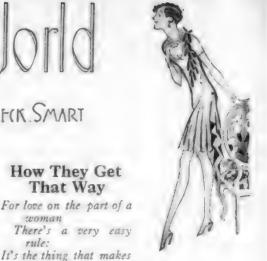
Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty mameled metal box.



AS SIFF BY ALFOR SMART

How Old Does That Make You?

Listen Aleck (I bet I'm old enough to be your father), your page interests me more than anything else in a magazine in which everything interests me. You're O. K., Aleck.—Josiah Slicer Haight, Mamaroneck, N. Y.



College Wit-If Any

How They Get That Way

rule:

a woman

Make a man act like a feel.

A chicken in the car is worth two walking home.—Reserve Red Cat . . . A diamond is a woman's idea of a stepping-stone to succession. -Arizona Kittykat . . . Hell hath no first like a woman corned.—Spartan Spasms . . . The three R's of matrimony: Romance, Rice, Rocks.--Nebraska Awgwan . Rocks.—Nebraska Awgwan . . . Did ever notice that the hottest girls dress coolest?—Oregon Orange Owl . . . Co-l i's proverb: Better the lips be calloused than the feet.—Black and Blue Jay . . . "What's the best thing to give a girl for her birthday!"

"The air, old fellow, the air."—Notre Dame Juggler . . . Your mirror doesn't lie to you. Why should we?—Iowa Frivol . . .

Lucre for a Limerick Line

Prize Contest

There was a young woman named Sadie Whose past was decidedly shady.

To the right gent at last

She cried, "Oh, darn, my past

Now poets get busy. Give us that last line and insure the last word of your line rhymes with shady. Is the best line SMART SET will pay 85 and 81 for each of the next five best. Aleck Smart is judge and contest closes May 31, 1928.

Applause and Applesauce

Roses are red, violets are blue, If you don't read SMART SET, the doctor for you. Katherine Sultur, New Britain, S.D. ... The stories in SMART SET are fifty per cent above the average stories in a twenty-five cent magazine. They are not too long drawn and they ring true.—Charles W. Chan c. Chicago, Ill. . . . I get more enjoyment out of This Funny World page than a dollar could buy any other way.—Edith Wilson, Houst v.

Limerick Prize Winners

Being a judge in a limerick contest is harder than being a judge in a beauty fight—but it's more fun. You bright folks hand us many a good laugh. Too bad we can't

pass them all on to you but for some reason this page will only hold about so much and the Big Boss won't let us run anything but limericks. You seemed to enjoy the April rhyme and we hope you had as much fun making up the last line as we had reading

up the last line as we had reading them. The five-spot, this month, goes to Mrs. Ora Stone, Roswell, N. Mex., for the line, "As told in the "Town Title Tattle." The five one dollar winners were: Gwendoline Reeve, Toronto, Ont., R. W. Carr, Parkersburg, W. Va., Mrs. Ruth Cunniff, Ensley, Ala., Mrs. Grace E. Willey, West Concord, N. H., Mrs. Ruth Dodson, Jackson, Miss.

You Gay Pretenders

WHAT'S the veil for, and the ilocams And the music that they play? li's a slapper turned a bride new, In the same old way.

SCRATCH a Happer, and a woman; Scratch a woman and one stands Near a mother, always yearning First Fields her Laby hand .

OH, YOU Happers, was presenders! Hard and wie, a what you say. But the wisest pall the harde t In the same Al way.

To Our Beloved

Yes, M. Bel ved, we're addressing all of y a and we're also mentioning the "perfect l ve 'ry." Now and then even an editor is uise and he's sometimes lucky. The editor of Sharr Set was both of these, when he found 'Yea, My Beloved,' for his readers. Long better that tory is finished you'll write and think him for printing it. Yes, and you'll write with tears in your eyes and a fine pain is you you heart. It's YOUR story, the sory of every great lave, and you'll find that you, y are elf, are the w man who loved and threed and f and joy . . . If you like dogs and girls and a thrill of melodrama, you'll imply revel in "Love at First Bite." It will have a many a small land. land y a many a good lanch . . One more recession: D n't miss "My Haunted Honeymon." But then y u'll be wise it you don't hip anything in the book. It's all fer you.

> I've given up drinking And swearing and lying; The girls beat me at 'em, So why keep on trying?

Where the Women Really Rule

Girls, how'd you like to be in Tibet? There the women rule the roost. A woman can have three har bands in Tibet; a man, but one wife, on he has to share with two other gents. If the wife dies the husband can't marry again, by if the man dies the woman can go on multi-plying husbands—and does. Sounds like the happy hunting ground for wo-

but the men are beginning to halt frequal rights so may be vol. zirls better stay in America fra while and see h w things tun out over there. If the men cet the upper hand-But it's n nsense even to think of such a thing. When did men ever get the upper hand of women?

Ask the Big Boss. He Knows

"By the way, Aleck," asks M. L. Matsinger, Collingswood, N. J., "have you one of those new pocket lighters that lights on the first match?" No. M. L., we haven't. But the Big Boss has one that lights every time—sometimes.



Ought'er Skirts Be Shorter?

Has the Viscount Lascelles, son-in-law of King George of England, turned poet? The Viscount said the Bishop of Ely wrote the following verses. But the Bishop says he didn't write them and he hints that maybe the Viscount wrote them himself. They're good no matter who wrote them. Here they are:

Half an inch, half an inch, half an inch shorter, The skirts are the same for mother and daughter.

When the wind blows each one of them shows Half an inch, half an inch more than she oughter.



Habit

Little Johnnie married Susie; Then they took a ride. Susie walked ten miles home-Forgot she was a bride!

VIRGINIA VALLI, sentillating Fox star whose beauty and piquent charm add much to the success of "East Side, West Side," "Ladies Must Dress," "Paid to Love" and other notable productions.

OW would you like to be an intimate OW would you like to be an intimate confidante of not only Virginia Valli but of 19 other noted beauties of the screen? Have her disclose to you the unique methods and means by which her startling beauty is achieved? Have her reveal to you the professional secrets—responsible in large measure for her glorious physical attractiveness which you too, in the privacy of your home, may employ with startling results?

Let Miss Valli, for example, give you her unique method of relaxing after a strenuous day, her secrets of perpetual daintiness.

All this fascinating information is included in one priceless volume written by the stars,

My Most Precious Beauty Secret by Virginia Valli



free for the cost of mailing

beautifully bound and illustrated, which you may have for no other cost than that of getting it to you.

With this book called "Precious Beauty Secrets" which would ordinarily cost \$1 will be included a generous container of April Showers Talc-the finest, most gloriously fragrant of all tales. Like April Showers Dusting Powder and April Showers Bath Salts, its perfumed loveliness and exquisite quality have made it the favorite of fashionable women everywhere.

But you must act quickly. Mail the coupon today to be sure of your copy of the book. Enclose 25c for mailing, etc. and both will be sent at once.

April Showers Bath Salts - soften and scent the water-refreshing, invigorating, 16 oz. - \$1.00.

Powder deliciously re-freshing after the bath. In metal box with large, convenient oval puff -\$1.25.

April Showers Talerm Powder-soft, smooth, fine as a fragrant mist refresh-ing, protecting. In metal hox—25c. Glass sifter top bottle, 50c. CHERAMY, Ltd., 46 St

Prices quoted apply to U. S. A. only



CHERAMY, Inc., Dept. S D 539 West 45th Street, New York Gentlemen: Please send me for the cost of mailing, a copy of Precious Beauty Secrets by 20 famous film stars, and a generous sized box of Biarritz Face Powder. Ienclose 25c to cover postage, packing, etc. CityState

nd is

Rice,

1000

or f r D....

cent

cert

1 (4)

ar c. ut í

could

4. f = 1°.

arder

it it's

any a

can't t for lonly

e Big thing

ed to d we

aking ading ontl. swell.

Town

nnernniii. Con-

Other People's Troubles

By MARTHA MADISON

OU know. Mrs. Madison," writes K. R. of Houston. Texas. "I'm beginning to think that all this talk about young people is a lot of bunk. I have a grown son and daughter—as lively as crickets—and it's my opinion that most of the rip-roaring hell-raising the kids nowadays are blamed for exists in the imaginations of us older folks.

"We live in a small city where gossip spreads like wildfire. If a girl is seen in a car after twelve o'clock at night, she's set down as wild and worthless; if she smokes a cigarette, she's beyond redemption; if she should happen to take one cocktail too many, she's a menace to the town; and so on My daughter Nancy has done all of these things. How do I know? I've seen her. And yet there isn't a finer and purer girl in the whole United States.

Reg, my son, is two years older than Nancy. He has a good job and a good time. Perhaps he carries it a bit too far sometimes, but I fail to see where the devil has made a convert in my boy. I've talked to both Reg and Nancy about petting and booze and sex, and they've convinced me that the young people today are no different from the girls

and boys in my day.

"I remember distinctly as a young man, having my face slapped right smartly when I ventured to take too much for granted with a certain young lady. They called her a wild one, but I hadn't been in her porch swing more than ten minutes before I found that she drew a very definite line, and it was the wise young gent that stayed on the right side of it. Clara's devilishness was all on the surface although she was indiscreet and indifferent about public opinion. I expect the girls today are no different.

"I saw Clara not long ago and she told me about her two sons, now in college, and her daughter, who runs a private kindergarten in a neighboring town. You could search the world over and you'd not find a more splendid mother than this

Clara of the old days.

I HONESTLY believe Nancy and Reg and their giddy young friends will pan out eventually quite as well as Clara and all the other youngsters I remember. We ought to stop calling them a problem; stop exploiting their actions; stop letting them think they're so all-fired important. It's no fun to act wicked if no one is shocked, and a little indifference on the part of us old folks would soon take the zest out of necking and hip flasks.

"My sympathies are all with the young 'uns. Life is hard for them, but it's us old crabs and sensation seekers who make

it so.-K. R.

Yes, things are all wrong for girls and boys nowadays. Life was never so hard and it isn't all their fault either. On the surface they look happy and reckless, but underneath many of them are miserable and bitter. With few exceptions, they are wretched about affairs at home. Misunderstood, blamed, criticized, yes—persecuted as no generation of young people before them was ever persecuted.

The fierce light of publicity is beating about their heads. Magazines, newspapers, preachers give them no rest. The whole world wants to—and does—believe the worst. There are more distressed and shocked parents than there are con-



tident and happy ones. And people like K. R. don't help matters any either.

Oh, I know a lot of people will agree with K. R. His is a very comfortable way of looking at things. All dad and mother have to do is take his word for it that we're exaggerating the state of affairs with the young people and let it go at that. If there's no real reason to worry, then why worry? And besides it makes them feel that after all they aren't so far behind the times. Naturally, the kids are a jump or two ahead of 1876, but there's not the tremendous breach that some folks rave about.

But do you know what I think? I think K. R. is off on the wrong foot, and I believe I ought to know because I've had a large and hectic experience with young people. Fortunately, I'm not hampered by what happened when

I was a girl because my own youth isn't so very far behind. Nor am I limited by a knowledge of present day hell-raising.

I'm just comfortably in the middle.

K. R. says kids haven't changed since his day. Well, in a way they haven't. They still have ten fingers and ten toes and straight or curly hair; they still answer back and chew gum and tell lies and have tantrums. They used to indulge in fancy sparking. It's only got a new name. Girls used to go wrong, and boys used to run amuck of the police. The older generation has always ranted about the new generation going to the bow wows. Where then is the difference?

I'll tell you.

THE kids in K. R.'s day didn't have economic independence. If they got sick of the old man's nagging they couldn't tell him where to get off, and go out and get a job that same day. The jobs just weren't there. The boys? Oh, it was easier for them to get jobs than for girls, but a boy couldn't be so awfully independent even then on four or five dollars a week. And about the only employment open to girls was housework at twelve dollars a month, and there weren't any electric irons or washing machines or afternoons off in those days. I'll tell you! No, there just wasn't such a thing as complete and glorious independence for young folks when dad was a boy. Parents held the whip hand.

K. R. tells us the young people in his day raised old Ned, too, but it would sort of cramp your style when the old man handed you out fifty cents a week spending money and told you that two dresses a year were enough for any girl. And it would certainly put a monkey wrench in the works if you

had to ask permission to have company or go out.

That used to be the state of affairs. Then something happened. And it happened with such incredible swiftness, that the world hasn't yet realized the meaning of it all. From subservience and enforced obedience, youth was suddenly liberated. Factories sprang up and in them were machines that youth could operate. A new world of business was born. Wages soared and education kept pace, and for every job there were dozens of boys and girls eager and competent to fill it.

"You shan't!" "You can't." "I won't have it!" fell on deaf ears of the younger generation. [Continued on page 123]

THE "AZUREA ENJEMBLE" BY

Piver—the oldest perfume house in France—the house that has made more French perfume than any other—Piver announces the Azurea Ensemble A single perfect odeur. Incarnated in the four toilet requisites used by every well-groomed woman—cold crême, vanishing crême, powder, perfume Expressed again in all its delicacy by the two colours that symbolize it—blue and silver.



THE PERFUME—Azurea itself. Light, fresh, young, eager! A clean, clear fragrance, with a bit of spice to pique the imagination, a hint of coquetry. Never has the beauty, the temperament of the chic Americaine been so smartly—and so completely—expressed! \$1.50.

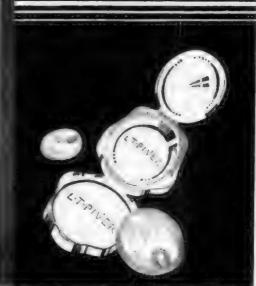
THE POWDER—Much finer than the average—finer than the best you have ever used before. Adherent, Invisible. In five perfect shades to take care of every complexion, even the sun-browned, ultra-chie at the moment.... Breathing the same Azurea perfume, till it becomes a part of the lovely skin itself. \$1.00.



THE COLD CRÈME—Just this minute launched in Paris, this crème is all that any other crème could ever be—and it is so highly perfumed that it may almost be thought of as perfume in crème form! One sinks to sleep and dreams of fragrance. \$1.50.



THE VANISHING CRÈME—Light, as specialists decree. Invisible after applying. Here is the perfumed film that forms a base for perfumed powder. The powder clings all day, and so does the exquisite fragrance. One day's crème has been changed by magic from something utilitarian to the final touch of luxury, \$1.50.



THE NEW TWIN COMPACTE—Silver, with blue enamelled tracery. A shape to slip easily into the purse—but not out of the hand. Rouge, powder in shades for every complexion, scented of course, with Azurea. And two mirrors, effectively placed. \$2.50.



all East 16th Street, New York Fondée en 1774 · 46 St. ALEXANDER STREET, MONTREAL «Oldest and largest among the great periume houses of France»

S

like

able and for of t it it to s it the 870. each

I

oot, use

nce I'm hen ind. ing.

n a oes new alge to The ion

n't

me vas ln't s a vas iny ose

lad

ed.
an
old
nd

ng

ss. om ibiat

rn. ob to

on

r. gree



You can possess an appearance of unusual beauty without the slightest suggestion of that "made up" look. The closest inspection will reveal only an alluring, transparent, pearly skin that is so subtilely beautified the use of a toilet preparation cannot be de-

No messy creams or long drawn out treatments are necessary. From the moment you use Gouraud's Oriental Cream a fascinating attractiveness is yours. Far superior to face powders as the appearance rendered not only is more beautiful but it will not streak, spot, rub off or show signs of moisture.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is highly antiseptic and astringent. It constantly exerts a healing, soothing action which protects against the contraction of skin troubles and helps to relieve blemishes, freekles, flabbiness, wrinkles, muddy skins, redness and similar conditions. Secure Gouraud's Oriental Cream today and take your first step to a "new lasting beauty." White, Flesh and Rachel. Made in

GOURAUD

"Beauty's Master Touch" Send 10c. for Trial Size

FERD. T. 430 Lafayette Street	HOPKIN		N York City
Check shade desired:	White II	Flesh II	Rachel II
Nume_			_
Street		*	
City			M 36.8

Unforbidden Fruit

[Continued from page 47]

The tone was not as frozen as the other had feared.

"Hungry?"
"Yes." This was good. "Yes." This was good.
"Vee's got some grub ready."
"Swell!"

Sylvia got off her shoes. They were wet. Starr brought her a dressing-gown and a cigarette. She won no thanks except a nod, also a good sign. The prodigal ate several toasted crackers, drank two cups of chocoover to her.

"Want to sleep in my room tonight?" Vee's cubicle was a one-girl room; Syl would be alone there. The victim of man's inhumanity to woman shook her head.

"Going to turn in pretty soon?" asked

"No."

"Want to talk?"

"It was the overdue report, of course."

Verity said in her clear and honest voice what Starr would hardly have ventured. "It

was pretty punk, you know."
Angrily accusatory, Sylvia turned on them. You said it was swell. Both of you.'

"That was to cheer you up." this to have a soothing effect. She received a glare which would have done credit to a

The freshman contributed nothing of serenity to Sylvia's mind by adding, "If a faculty believes that you're working him for a meal ticket, he naturally gets sore.

"I'm not working him for a meal ticket," wrathful disclaimer. was the ticket, in this sense, means high marks or other class favors-and perhaps Sylvia had presumed a little on her drag with the pro-

"Still, he might think so," pointed out Vee,

with a show of reason.

A show of reason was the last straw for the martyr. Her wrath broke through her reticence, in an impetuous spite of words. "He's a loathy toad. He—he kissed me. That a loathy toad. He-he kissed me. morning. After the hike. And now he makes a goat of me this way. It's rotten. It's beastly. That's what it is.

Verity, scandalized, said, "You petted with

a faculty?

"Of course I did. I didn't mean to tell, but now I don't care."

Unexpectedly Starr She had remembered what Gwen said and could imagine that austere face. burning but controllably still under the selftorture. Starr, instinctively wise in her fem-ininity, knew that when a man fell for Sylvia, he would fall hard, whether Patterson Gifford or another. But what about the girl? What had been her response to the new experience? Her response to her roommate's comment was a haughty, "I suppose you think that's funny," followed by a good-night-less departure for bed.

HOURS later the wakeful and thoughtful Starr, heard a long-drawn sigh from the other bed, followed by the pluffy swish of a rearranged pillow.

"What?"

"Are you sane again?"

"I've got sometiing I want to ask you. When Giff kissed you aid you get a kick out of it?

A low, uncertain and urprising chuckle answered her. "Did I! Oh, boy!" Then, "That's what makes it seem so rotten, his

But Starr was not primarily interested in the grievance. That she felt sure, would adjust itself. "It was first alarm for you, wasn't

"Yep. And it'll be the last, as far as he's concerned."

Starr smiled in the darkness. ou'd come to your senses one of these

Again that dim chuckle. "I think my senses have come to me. And I don't quite know what to do about it. At least, I didn't at the time.'

Starr sat up abruptly. do about it?"

"Nothing."

"That's all right then."

"Is it? Wait until I get my chance at that rotter."

WINTER had broken. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it exploded. Its shattered fragments: snow banks left in the folds of the hills, patches in tiny bays of the pond, were being dissipated by the mopping. up activities of a victorious spring sun which (sign of an ofttimes too optimistic hope) had brought bicycles out on the campus. gym windows stood wide to air out the place for the sophomore-senior basket-ball game. Sara La Lond, flushed with exercise and vivid as a young animal, came out and made for Suite Twenty, Trumbull.

Since the day of their hitch-hike, already become a classic chapter in the unwritten history of Trumbull House, a curious and confident friendship had sprung up between Sylvia Hartnett and Sara La Lond. The brilliant, laborious and usually saturnine scholar would come to Suite Twenty when Sylvia was alone there and sit talking at top speed, in high, if rather sardonic spirits, or smoking with a singular daintiness, a small clay pipe in

a comfortable silence.

Seldom did she come when the other H.B. V.'s were in. She did not like Starr-a little Sylvia suspected-and reiealousy there. garded Verity with amused but impatient incomprehension. In some unanalyzable way Sara seemed to have blossomed since that December day. Her personality had expanded; she seemed more at ease with herself and her world, and her work was even bet-Something of the old ter than it had been. nerve strain was evident in her bearing. though she sedulously tried to cover it with an air of insouciance as she approached the door and entered. All three occupants were

"Have any of you girls heard of any papers being found around the hallways?" she

"I remember there was a lot of stuff blowing around in the dark one night" said Verity "What have you lost?" asked Sylvia. "Not part of your prize theme?"

"No. Just some private stuff. Not spe-

cially important."

Was it accident that Starr and the freshman drifted out of the room on suddenly remembered engagements? Sara shrewdly It was generally believed that Suite Twenty operated a code of silent signals so secret that its very medium of communication had never been discovered by any outsider. This, by the way, added greatly to the prestige of the H.B.V. trio. Sara was sure of it when Sylvia at once accused her.

You're worried.'

"A little. Part of a letter I was writing has gone.'

"No. It was a second page, typed. must have blown off my desk when I opened my door.'



GEE

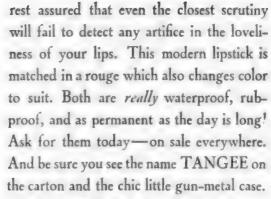
The modern way to have beautiful lips

The clever woman today is able to make her lips more lovely than ever before, with an entirely different kind of lipstick.

Quite unlike other lipsticks, Tangee changes color as it goes on, from orange to blush-rose,

Nature's loveliest color! How soft or how deep this blush-rose depends upon your own complexion,

and how heavily the little magic stick is applied. You may



Twenty court like Granke City.

The Rock City. PRICES-Tangee Lipstick \$1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Creme Rouge \$1, (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream, and Tangee Face Powder, \$1 each). 25c higher in Canada.





XUM

d in ada-n't hi:

hese 'II (new t .it 1 011

e .it

ould the

hich had The dace me.

ady hiscon-Sylprilolar 1.17

e in I.B. ittle

that

rseli

bet-

old

ing.

she

Dr.-

sh-

hat

nıany

atly Wils

ha-

TO ADD the alluring charm of "magnetisme" to beauty —the chic Parisienne gives first thought to the parfum in her poudre and rouge!

Naturellement, she prefers Dier-Kiss cosmétiques—exquisite in texture and tone -for they are fragranced with the parfum that inspires moods of love, of romance.

To maintain this charm, she carries with her everywhere the Dier-Kiss Silver Loose Powder and Rouge Vanity...scented with the same magnetic parfum!

Kerkoff-Paris ALFRED H. SMITH CO., Sale Import



MACNETISME "'Rule 3—C—Do not open door until windows are closed and draft thus guarded against'," quoted the other from the fire regulations

"That's past mending. Hope no snooper picked it up."

"Was it to Mark?"

"Yes."

"Anything in it to show it was yours?"

"A reference to our hitch-hike." grunted; the whole campus knew of that exploit. "And a date. Tentative. No names or places. But there may have names or places. been a letter of Mark's too. I can't find it anywhere."

"Not too good. I'll sniff around and see if I can hear anything." Upon which triply mixed metaphor the scholar started out when Sylvia held her up.

'Girl, are you behaving?"

"You mean about Mark?" "Darn Mark! I mean about overwork."

a day, aren't your "And sleeping eight hours a night. I could lick the world on that schedule."

"Why strain a tendon?" argued the other. got "You've Scholarship Alumnae lashed."

'Yes. Maybe. Unless—"

"Unless what?"

"There are considerations besides scholarships.'

"I don't get you, Sara."

"Oh. well. I might set fire to the chapel or pull old Miggles's whiskers or deliver a Bol-shevik address in de-

bate or have the wrong person find that

"But you said there were no names." "There was that New York date. Syl, you don't happen to be going down for the weekend of the twenty-fourth do you?"

"I was thinking of doing that very little thing; give the aged grandparents a treat.'

"Take me with you."

"Certainly I will. Get your parents to write and sign up for the green ticket to have you spend the week-end with us."
"That's the difficulty," returned Sara

"That's the difficulty, "I'mly, "My parents can't write."

Understanding this to mean that there was some obstacle to the elder La Londs making application, Sylvia inquired, "Why not?"
"They don't know how," said the finest

scholar in her class.

The other simply stared.

My father is "Don't let it shock you. a French Canuck, and wholly illiterate. My mother was a Portuguese Islander and can hardly speak English. Voila tout! could get some one to write and affix their marks, but-well, it's all false, silly pride on my part-"

'Of course, my grandmother will write,"

hastily broke in the other.

"I won't really be staying with you, you know.

"You'll be more than welcome," Sylvia assured her.

"That isn't the idea. I want this weekend to myself, if you can fix it with your family."

'Sure."

This, Sylvia reflected, after the other had gone, was probably the date with Mark which was mentioned in the lost sheet of Sara's letter. And that reminded her of something she had meant to tell her. Ida McKay had been making inquiries about the House, as to who was going away over the week-end of the twenty-fourth. That might be just Ida's prevalent inquisitiveness, or it might be something more dangerous, she'd try to remember to speak to Sara late:

How dangerous. Sara could have her, for that missing sheet contained these words, "No. I can't get away this week I can't get away this week Not before the twenty-fourth, and I ought not to come then. It's work, but I'll fix that some way.

Meantime Sylvia herself was restless and More than a week had passed unsettled. since the grilling in History Three and no word had come from Patterson Gifford She wanted to go to him and have it out. but Starr, the strategist in all affairs of the heart, opposed the direct attack. It would put her at a disadvantage.

"What do I care!" said the wrathful girl.
"I can tell him what I think of him."

"Don't you care-really?" "No," was the stout reply.

Why Smart Set

Is Different

I am sorry that I am not

able to place a copy of March SMART SET in the

hands of every Mother in

the United States.—R.H.

Looe, Oakland, Calif.

Let the Mothers

Know

"Never felt so fit in my life."

"Then apply for a transfer from his"
"But you're working ten and eleven hours course. That will put it up to him."

Sound advice and ingenious. Sylvia put in her application. In the course of routine was referred Professor Gifford. He sent for her.

"Why do you wish to transfer. Miss-Hartnett?" His tone was professional. kindly, interested.

"I don't see that I'm getting any good out of the course."

"I agree. Your work has slumped badly."

Then what use is there in my staying. unless you want the satisfaction of flunking me?"

"It would not be a satisfaction. It

"It would have might be a necessity."
"Oh, if it's a duty, of course, you'll flunk "she broke out. Why did he have self-control me," she broke out. Why did he have that power of irritating her self-control beyond endurance!

'Undoubtedly.'

His calmness was too much. Probably it covered satiric amusement. "Conscience is your middle name, isn't it? Except when you're playing some girl."
His face changed. He rose and closed

the door to the office, then stood confronting her, his eyes hardly more than level with hers. "The basis changes. Whom am Whom am I dealing with now? Sylvia, the dawn elf, s a very different person from Hartnett,

the sloppy shirt of History Three.
"I'm not a sloppy shirt." Almo Almost on that same spot she had gone to his arms. His eyes now, as then, had become hot and threatening. But his voice was still the instrument of his mockery.

"I think you are. And something of a cheat, too. Did I make love to you?" Gifford asked quietly.

"Didn't you? I suppose you mean that

I started it.' His response to this was more a grin than a smile. It began her defeat. Angrily, yet wistfully she said, "You won't let a fellow get away with anything, will you?"

"Not with the stale old man-and-girl gambit. Let's deal in facts."

His quiet brutality took her wholly aback She found nothing better to say than a murmured and rather piteous, "I think you're rotten."

"Sit down, please." She took the chair which she had occupied on that morning of the early coffee. He sat opposite her, as then. He said with vigor and conviction. "Sylvia, I'm disappointed in you. of the early coffee. Knowing you as I did, I thought you were

Poised.

That tell-tale moment before a dip

Curious eyes are quick to detect the slightest flaw that modern bathing attire reveals. So, too, with sleeveless frocks, evening gowns, sheer hosiery, and kneelength skirts. Today, women are more careful than ever to remove the least suggestion of superfluous hair on arms, underarms, face, legs, or back of the neck.

Feminine Daintiness

So much admired by everyone is preserved most easily with Del-a-tone Cream. In 3 brief minutes Del-a-tone Cream removes every trace of offending hairs. Leaves skin soft, white and velvety smooth.

Applied directly from its handy tube, Del-a-tone Cream has no equal for complete removal of hair. Snow-white and pleasantly fragrant, dainty women use it in preference to razors, pulling out

hair and all other

Del-a-tone cream

methods.

or powder has been the choice of fastidious women for twenty years. Try it and you, too, will be convinced that the Del-a-tone way is the modern way to remove hair.



Hair-free legs



Charming!
Del-a-tone gives added daintiness

FREE 10c Package in U.S. only

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair

Sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid in U.S. in plain wrapper \$1.00. Money back if not satisfied. If you have never tried Del-a-tone, send coupon for 10c package free to Miss Mildred Hadley, Dept. 656, The Delatone Co., 721 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

c. o The Delatone Co., Dept. 656, 721 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE, prepaid in plain wrapper, 10c size I have checked herewith.
Del-a-tone Cream Del-a-tone (powder)

City..... State

04

thit

c:
old
income
cht

ne.

ut. he ild

rl

hi-

n

He Sh

nd.

(1)

K

It

it

'n

1.3

li.

at li-

he

i-

at

ın

irl

k

a ik

ir

15

NOV CAN BE LOVELIER

IN A TWINKLING ... wonderful Winx makes eyes enchanting pools of loveliness—by framing them in a soft, shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes. If you want beautiful eyes that can never be denied a whim or wish, apply Winx to the lashes.

Fashion Decrees This Cream



In this dainty compact is the bewitching lash dressing, CreamWinx, which gives to lashes and rowssmart beauty. It also aids their lus trous growth. So easy to carry. 750 complete.

Some Prefer This Cake

Safe and harmless and simple to apply, this wonderful Cake Winx, preferred by many fastidious women, makes eyes seem larger, more ex-pressive. A flick of the brush, and done! 75c complete.



The Originator of the Smartest Mode



Everywhere you'll see eyes made love-lier by Winx Waterproof, the liquid lash dressing which neither runs nor fades. It is safe, easy to apply and re-move. 75c com-

Insist Upon Winx

To be sure of the loveliest lashes and brows, insist upon Cream Winx, Cake Winx or Winx Waterproof -whichever you prefer. For Winx is now the mode. Obtained where you purchase your aids to beauty

243 West 17th Street, New York City

game morally. I was wrong. You deserved everything that I said about your report. Didn't you?" Sylvia did not answer him.

"Well, I'm waiting." She maintained the silence of obstinacy

and finally Gifford said: "At least you can't deny it. But you

hadn't the fortitude to stand up and take I'm ashamed of you."

Then she struck. "Would you have roasted me that way, if it hadn't been for what happened here, that morning when I brought the coffee to you?"

HIS demeanor changed from that of the judge to that of the self-questioner. "You think I did it to prove to myself my

"Incorruptibility," she broke in.
"Or--" He had paid no heed to the interruption-"was it because it was you? A sort of perverse desire to hurt you; is that what you're getting at?" He seemed startled at this formulation. "Do I care that much?" he muttered.

'Not as much as for your own stand-

Even if I were in love with you, I would not favor you in class," he declared. "Surely, you know that?'

"The upright judge! That's your favorite pose, isn't it?'

Again he ignored the interruption.
"And I'm by no means certain that I'm

in love with you.'

"That makes it unanimous!"

Her flippancy provoked no response from him. You thought I was and you presumed upon it. There you infringed on my standard. The only one I profess and standard. The only one I profess and practice. A poor thing, but my own. That is no pose, Sylvia."

"I'm not sure that I even know what you're talking about." She was still nurs-"Is it some trick of ing her resentment.

faculty ethics?"

"I don't care a hoot for the conventional No student of history can. The moralities. eternal verities! Forever changing their aspects in the interests of whatever perishable authority happens to be in power. The turncoats and lickspittles of man's progress upward, that is what moral codes arehedges that force us to walk in a straight and narrow path in spite of our inclinations to wander.

He spoke with a kind of high anger. "But there is something higher, the light that mind hands on to mind. We've got it on our seal here at Sperry, 'Lampadia echontes.' That is the one thing that we must keep undimmed and uncorrupted. It's the only thing that matters."

He rose and strode about, flinging his arms wide, he, the restrained, constrained, contemptuous and sardonic ironist. girl thrilled at this unconscious betrayal of the fire at his heart. She dared not speak lest she break the spell. She wanted him to go on talking to her like that forever. She wanted him This was the real Giff-not the professor whom the campus worshipped-but the man whom Sylvia adored. That adoration was in her eyes as he went on:

"Look at this place. A great woman suffered and slaved and braved the ridicule of her friends and the abuse of her contemporaries to build it. Since then women have diverted their instincts of creativeness to its purposes and men have given the best in them to make it a force for thought and progress. What happens? You petty chitterlings, cheap flutterers, come here and make it a convenient sort of country club for the four years which you don't know how to occupy better. Waste and the how to occupy better. Waste and the frustration of high purposes. That is the final immorality, the one absolutely unpardonable sin.

Sylvia whispered to herself, "Giff, I love

That he should have heard it was impossible. Perhaps his hot eyes had read her lips. Perhaps his flaming soul had read His next words seemed an answer her heart. and a denial, a return to his habitual mood of quiet contempt.

"Yes, for my fine words. And I'm belying them while I speak them, by being here with you, by letting myself become interested in you as a woman instead of a pupil, by making love to you."

"Are you making love to me?" This time the words were spoken aloud and followed, fatally, by a giggle. It was pure overstrain of nerves and emotions. his face changed. The dark exaltation in it died bitterly. He drew back as if she had struck him and his tone was the ironic contemptuous one habitually used by Professor Gifford in class.

"Thank you. I'm a fool, of course. I'm talking to you like a woman and you're only a silly child. Waste!"

'I'm a woman for you, Giff."

HIS eyes burned again. He said composedly, "You are a junior at Sperry, come to consult a member of the faculty on a change of course."

I don't want to change now."

"Very well. Withdraw your application with your dean."

"Promise not to flunk me?" incorrigible.

"I'll undertake to flunk you at the end

of this semester unless you make up that report." So was he. "I sat up all night over that awful thing.

Have you been sitting up nights again?"

"I haven't seen any light in your office

although I've watched for it."
"Not there. When my wife is away, I work in the studio room at the top of my house.

She nodded. "Yes, don't you remember. I told you that I can see your light through the trees, from Twenty?"
"Yes, I know . . ." H

Had he, too, been watching and thinking?

"What would you do if I were to walk in

on you some restless night?"
"You couldn't. The outside doors are

kept locked." "Are all doors locked in your life, Giff?" She was as pleased by her allusive cleverness as she was startled at her daring. Was this Patterson Gifford, the really Professor

campus idol, with whom she was sparring? He said slowly. "Not against you, if you really wanted to come in."

At that, panic fell upon Sylvia Hartnett. She got up from the low chair and moved quietly toward the door. Gifford made no move to stop her as she stole out of his office and across the campus to Twenty.

ID Sylvia really want to become part of Giff's life as Sara had become part of Mark's through the friendship which had begun on the famous hitch-hike? Was that to be one of her big experiences at Sperry? Do girls learn things at college that are not on the schedule? Was the brilliant La Lond discovering her own limitations? Was Sylvia acquiring a new sense of values? Do girls outside of college have the same opportunities to taste life's "Unforbidden Fruit," as July SMART SET will show you that Sperry girls had? How do their experiences compare with yours?

The Improved Kotex only offers these two exclusive new features

Correct Appearance—Hygienic Comfort

These Features Exclusive to Kotex

veness
ne best
nt and
chite and

know d the is the y un-

I love

l read inswer

mood

z here ie in-

This d fol-

iromo

Pro-

vou're

ty on

cation

17:33

thing.

ain?

f my

rough

ilk in

are

Hiff?"

rness

this

ring?

you

inett

oved

e no f his

enty.

ic

- 1 CORRECT APPEARANCE—The new, form-fitting shape (with corners scientifically rounded and tapered to fit) may be worn under the most clinging gowns without possibility of detection.
- 2 HYGIENIC COMFORT Softer gauze, fluffier filler-treated by a new and exclusive process-end uncomfortable chafing and binding.
- & ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION OF THE KOTEX YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN ARE RETAINED.

SO enthusiastic were we over the Improved Kotex, when it was finally perfected in our laboratories, that we decided to anticipate your enthusiasm by putting it into production on double our former scale.

This meant, of course, new plants, new machinery, a vast expenditure of time and money. It also meant that, if you bought the Improved Kotex in such volume as we expected, the regular price could be permanently reduced 30%.

Demand makes it possible to continue at the new low price—and you are offered, at this price, exclusive features obtainable in Kotex and Kotex only!

Kotex is now form-fitting

By a new and exclusive design, perfected in our laboratories, corners are now scientifically rounded and tapered. The Improved Kotex fits perfectly, securely. You wear it without altering the fashionable, slim silhouette, and you feel a composure, a sense of fine grooming, never before possible.

Softer, fluffier, to end chafing

Ingenious methods have been found to make the gauze wrapping softer, the ab-



Doubled production and enthusiastic demand permit a price cut of 30% on the Improved Kotex—containing two new features perfected after two years' research; after consultation with 27 women doctors and 83 nurses.

and Kotex Prices Reduced

sorbent filler fluffier; to give you adequate protection without the discomforts of chafing and binding.

Nurses, doctors considered your comfort and appearance

Changes in the Kotex pad were made under the supervision of 27 women doctors, \$3 nurses, 6 specialists in feminine hygiene.

They considered, besides your good health and comfort, the vital question of appearance. They know your problems, not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view. Their enthusiastic approval is the most important endorsement of the Improved Kotex.

Kotex features are exclusive

In Kotex alone do you get these new features... and all the former advantages, too, are retained. The remarkably absorbent powers remain; the same protective area: Cellucotton wadding, which is exclusive to Kotex, has all the advantages of any waterproofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton, discards like tissue (by simply following directions), deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

Remember, nothing else is at all comparable to the Improved Kotex. Buy a box and learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort.

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super. At all drug, dry goods and department stores.

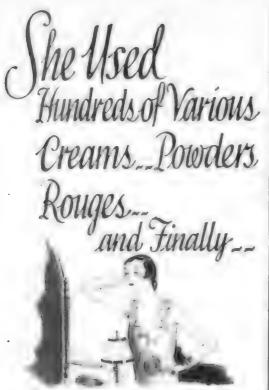
"Ask for them by name"

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois





Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.



She was forced to the conclusion that cosmetics ALONE are not Enough!

The effect of cosmetics—used over an ordinary skin-is too artificial. Correctly used, cosmetees must heighten natural beauty. Only Boneilla Clasmic Pack can bring beauty to the skin, while you relax - drawing out all impurities - creating new color, fineness and firmness by reviving blood circulation. It would require hours by any other method to even approximate the results. Does only good. That's why Andrelys of Paris, Emile of London, and other famous beauty specialists use it.

50c or \$1 at all toilet goods

Boncilla **CLASMIC PACK**



Sold over the 96-page HOME BEAUTY COURSE on Dress Methods, Livacises, etc. A chapter for the state of the formation, diagrams and the fold of the state of the fold of the state of the sta

Name		
Allies		
City	State	

Ten Commandments of Beauty

[Continued from page 31]

true." he chuckled. "Congress should be required to pass a bill on Do's and Don'ts for homely women. Why not? We have laws to beautify our surroundings and laws to suppress various nuisances. And an unnecessarily homely woman, being an esthetic nuisance, ought to be suppressed by law."

There was constructive suggestion tucked away in his sarcasm. Many women could be helped by having mapped out for them the important boundary lines between beauty and homeliness. I have used cer-tain general rules in my work which might be called, "The Ten Commandments of be called, "The Ten Commanuments of Beauty." Here they are, jotted down off-

Cultivate Personality. Conserve Your Health. Use Cosmetics Intelligently. Be Yourself.

Practice Cleanliness. Learn to Speak in Modulated Tones. Give Careful Thoughts to Matters of Dress. Take Daily Exercise.

Avoid Excessive Dieting and Drugging.

Remember Your Age.

It is a fact not to be denied that, because there are so many unattractive women, when a really pretty one passes down a street an epidemic of strained male necks ensues. And this is actually the fault of the plain sisters themselves-not in intent, of course, but in Most of them have made themresult. selves homely in their misguided efforts to be pretty.

Panic seems to smite the adolescent girl when she awakens to the fact that she is less attractive than her girl friends, or the older woman when she is suddenly shocked by the discovery that her charms are fading.

The first impulse of the young girl is to become beautiful as fast as she can. The short girl dons high heels and totters around awkwardly; the tall girl adopts flats; the girl with a large mouth puts on a microscopic Cupid's bow in screaming red, and the girl with thick brows uses the tweezers until she looks like an Oriental. The pale girl smears on the red; the florid girl gives herself a coat of white. And the result is usually so inartistic that it only serves to attract attention to the defects.

There is also the older woman who, carried away by admiration for a totally different type from herself, sets out to be something she never can be. The statuesque woman who tries to look and act like a flapper and the natural ingenue who tries to seem statuesque. Fat women try to look thin; thin women plump; brunettes decide to be blondes and blondes crave to be brunettes.

False make-up, false manners, false dressing-and they wonder why their efforts fail

HE first lesson for a woman to learn is That one of the important secrets of beauty harmony, and that she can only achieve is by being herself. Not knowing this by being herself. truth explains the multitude of women who start on a beauty quest and end by being public humiliations to their families.

The structure which Nature gives a woman is the only groundwork upon which she may hope to build improvement in her No woman can change that structure successfully, but she may embellish and improve it greatly by using discretion.

The very fact that this can be done successfully often proves a pitfall for the un-Observing a metamorphosis in woman they thought unattractive, they fail to realize that the transformation is only in the general effect.

The woman's hair, let us say, was dingy blonde, burnt out, dull, brittle and badly dressed. With proper attention she made it soft, smooth and lustrous, then dressed it Nothing had been changed, becomingly. only improved.

But the unwary friend, deciding to improve herself, has her dark hair peroxided to match the locks of the transformed friend.

Disappointment results, because even if dark hair could be bleached to look like the real thing, failure must result. Why? Because Nature didn't plan a brunette for blonde hair, and no matter how attractive she might be in other respects the bleached hair would be a discordant note. blonde hair would call for a different complexion from the girl's own. Her new powder-made complexion would call for a different shade of cheeks and lips, and so on And by the time this girl had it all matched as nearly as possible she would be utterly unlike herself.

SOME years ago I knew two sisters, who were noted for their beauty and charm. They were like as two peas except that one was a blonde and the other had dark brown To choose between them for allaround beauty would have given a pageant judge a real headache.

For a year I did not see them. Then one day they came to my studio. In features. form, even in dress and manner they were still replicas of each other, yet one was still refined while the other seemed to have coarsened. At first it puzzled me-then suddenly I understood the reason. The brunette had made herself a blonde. Nothing but her hair was changed but the result a positive descent from beauty to mediocrity.

There was a time, and not so long ago, when the quest for beauty was considered sinful. The use of face powder was frivolous; rouge, disgraceful! A mere hint that a certain girl in the neighborhood used peroxide and all the righteous women would peep over the back fence Monday morning to see how long the lace was on her starched lingerie.

But now, Shades of Venus! On every corner there is a beauty shop, frankly patronized by every woman who can afford it.

Remember the days when a girl had to steal a petal from the artificial rose that adorned her best hat and sneak to the mirror shortly before her Adolphus was scheduled? She would emerge with heightened color and glibly explain to "ma" that it must be entirely due to the rough towel with which she had just dried her face. But now the chances are that the modern mother will stop her daughter on the way out and borrow a lip-stick or powder-puff. because she can't keep track of her own while grandma is visiting.

No one but a sour bachelor would ever find fault with the efforts of woman to make herself pleasing to look upon. Heavens! Just imagine if all women at all times in all places permitted themselves to look as they do when there's no one around but the family!

The mistake made by the feminine standpatters in trying to discourage the use of make-up was in declaring that it made its users look "fast." It was the wrong note at the wrong time. The modern woman having won the vote and economic freedom was frankly determined to have other sort of freedom. And she frankly declares that good looks are a woman's best advertising, whether for a husdings

xided riend en ii e the e Tor ictive ached The com-

new o on tched tterly

who arm. rown geant

one tures. were still have sudbruthing

ago, lered rivothat used bluo ning ched

patd to that the was ghtthat

duff. n wo ever ens! all

ndade ong lern



,

very

owel

mic



badis ade it ed it inged.

e-ult

face.

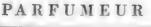














NOBILITY

OF

THREE

CENTURIES



CHADES of face powder of the same name differ—and it is this difference that makes one face powder more becoming than another-that causes one to bring out and enhance beauty to the full, while another of the same name fails utterly to accomplish its purpose.

Mr. George White, who has demonstrated various shades of

this fact to some of the most beautiful girls in America who have appeared in his revues, writes:

"I find that the



GEORGE WHITE noted revue producer, cre-aterofthe 1928 "Scandals," "Manhauan Mary" and other notable productions,

Houbigant face powder, if properly selected, such as Rachel for the brunette, Naturelle for the blonde, endow women with a degree of beauty not attainable in a powder of any other make."

In six shades and in the loveliest of Houbigant fragrances-75c and \$1,50. For purse use in the new double compact-\$2.50. For an ideal powder base, the Quelques Fleurs Skin Lotion, 4 oz.-\$1.

HOUBIGANT face powder in the POWUCI

NEW SIZE

Houbigant face powders may be had in the following shades: Naturelle, Ocre, Rachel, Rosec, Ocre Rosec, and Blanche, and in all the most famous of Houbigant fragrances.





BLONDI hair is of such delicare text are that ordinary shampoos are very apt to 1.1 its laste, durken its olar. Blondex, the special of impossing blondes only, a particulation at laste, but as last the clinic under the transition. Not a dive. No hirsh of come its Fine for scalp. Over a million users. At all good drug and department stores.

The most telling indictment to be brought against the unintelligent use of make-up is that the effect is so utterly inartistic.

"Indeed!" said a young woman who used cosmetics freely but not wisely. "If, as you say, I use enough make-up to ruin my looks, how is it that more men turn to look at me than any girl I know?"

She really thought they were all attracted by her beauty when they were only startled

by her grotesque appearance.

The strange thing about the average make-up fiend is that she seems to regard the use of soap and water with much the same sort of horror that our grandmothers felt for the use of beauty aids. From what I can gather the majority of them wash their faces with soap about once a week, trusting, no doubt, that nothing will happen to soil their complexions between washes.

They are avoiding soap and water to conserve their complexions, and all the while they wonder why their skins are becoming coarse and unhealthy looking.

THE ultra modern woman who calls herself "smart" is the most assiduous of all her sex in trying to make and keep herself attractive. Yet usually she smokes cigarettes incessantly, eats unwholesome foods at unseasonable hours and gets too little rest. If a majority of her type had competent medical advice they would learn that instead of depending on beauty parlors to gloss over the ravages caused by defying Nature they should be tucked away in sanitariums for a rest cure.

Of course men do all these senseless things too, but men take more physical exercise than women, which helps; and, anyhow, a man doesn't worry himself sick when his looks begin to go to pot.

It seems impossible to get women to seek health for health's sake, but it may be possible to get them to seek health for beauty's sake. They must come to realize that the vital secret of beauty is health. And they will realize also that health can only be gained and retained by proper living.

Take the matter of obesity. Of all the assassins which lay in wait for feminine beauty it is worst. And yet obesity creeps on slowly, giving the victim ample warning.

What a misery to herself is the average fat woman and how much worse looking all her frantic efforts to fool the public seem to make her! In her effort to cheat, she seems invariably to select immature styles and juvenile colors that give her the appearance of a waddling side show. She doesn't look half so bad when she is frankly tat

Why do so many fat women swallow the preposterous claims of the food faddists and patent medicine makers? Seemingly they would strain the credulity of a child. The answer is—laziness! They hope to acquire beauty and a sylphlike form without trouble. They believe what they want to believe. Not only does laziness produce fat, but fat produces more laziness.

That's why the average fat woman fights off the truth. You may preach till you are hoarse that her only hope lies in exercise and what effect will all your efforts produce?

and what effect will all your efforts produce?
"I've tried exercise," she will say, meaning that she has flirted with the daily dozen once or twice, then given it up because it tired her so. "And besides," she'll go on, "it's not permanent reduction, anyhow Once you start to exercise you have to keep it up all the time." If that isn't laziness what is it?

Station yourself some day at a corner of a thoroughtare like Fifth Avenue where hundreds of well-dressed women pass every few minutes. Watch carefully down the street. Suddenly from all the throng one woman will stand out preeminently, a vision

of beauty and grace long before you can discern her age or what sort of clothes or features she possesses. It is the prepossessing prelude to a closer scrutiny. You are prepared to be pleased. People may differ as to the relative merits of different kinds of hair, eyes, and complexions, but there is never any quarrel as to the appeal of a graceful woman.

Carriage! The most neglected source of feminine attractiveness in this country, with the possible exception of the national neglect

of the speaking voice!

And just as it is possible to cultivate the speaking voice until it is well modulated and melodious instead of a screech, so it is possible to cultivate a graceful carriage. Grace is one of those assets that doesn't just happen, as so many seem to think. sider the dancing chorus in any beauty show, Certainly in the ensembles you cannot dis-cern the quality of each girl's features. The effect is all in their rhythmic grace and carriage. "But isn't it natural with them?" you ask. Well, just inquire of any busy stage director if all those "poems in motion" were born that way or whether he just rolled up his sleeves and transformed a lot of awkward girls with naturally pretty forms and faces into the graceful creatures you see. And what was done for those dancers can be done for anyone who would rather walk gracefully than waddle.
"Beauty," so runs the old saying,

"Beauty," so runs the old saying, "is in the eyes of the beholder!" And so it is, undoubtedly, but not only in the eyes. It is in his ears and his esthetic faculties generally. For beauty is a harmonious ensemble, appealing not to one sense but to all the senses, some of which have been charted and some of which have not. One might reasonably say that the perceptive senses altogether form a jury to pass judgment on every woman and that, the majority approving, she has beauty.

This morning I had a woman caller, good-looking, distinctly well dressed, personable, at a distance. But when she drew near the whole agreeable effect was ruined by the heavy, vile perfume with which she had drenched herself. I say this to show that if a woman affronts just one of the senses on jury duty all the good impression made on the other senses is nullified.

Few women seem to realize that there is a psychology of perfumery and that to adopt a certain odor indiscriminately is as hazardous as ordering a hat by mail without knowing its shape, its color or its size

NOT long ago a certain perfume leaped to popularity because a favorite movie actor in a popular picture declared it to be specially seductive and hypnotic. Immediately its use became epidemic like a visitation of the flu and with results almost as deadly to feminine charm. I have heard a score of persons declare the odor abhorrent to them. It was heavy and penetrating not suited to one woman in five thousand.

There is nothing to be said against the proper use of perfumes. The aristocratic French woman shows us how it can be employed to undeniable advantage. Moderation is her keynote. That, together with the fact that the user's personality as well as her appearance is always taken into account The dainty blonde type of woman with an unobtrusive personality would no more consider any but a delicate odor, than her vivacious, radiant sister, would think of giving up some spicy, snappy combination for one of the heavy bouquets suitable only for the dark-haired, exotic enchantress.

Taken all in all it is indisputably the sheeplike instinct of many women to flock after each other instead of taking into account their own personalities that upsets the efforts of the entire sex in its eternal struggle for attractiveness.

I remember reading once that a famous



Have a facial— and let your tooth paste pay for it

If you use any one of the many good 500 dentifrices, your average yearly tooth paste bill is \$6.00. Listerine Tooth Paste at 250 accomplishes equal results and at the same time cuts that cost in half. You save \$3.00. Spend it as you choose—a facial, for instance, sheer hosiery, etc.

IN THE MOUTH Such Cleanliness! Such Invigoration!

HERE is a dentifrice that swiftly polishes teeth till they gleam, and then leaves the mouth with an amazing feeling of cleanliness and invigoration. Furthermore, that sensation lingers. It delights millions.

And no other dentifrice produces it. Because no other dentifrice contains the essential oils of Listerine.

We are proud of Listerine Tooth Paste. Studying teeth, and the mouth, for nearly fifty years, we learned much about their requirements for beauty and health. This dentifrice fulfills them. We believe it to be the finest dentifrice manufactured today, regardless of price.

Try it for one week. Note how teeth gain new brilliancy. Observe how discolorations and tartar vanish. And after tooth brushing is over, look for that wonderfully cool and clean sensation in the mouth.

Then reflect that Listerine Tooth Paste costs but 25c—half of what you usually pay for a good dentifrice. Such a price for such a paste is made possible only by modern manufacturing methods and mass production, Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.. U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

25¢ the large tube

u can nes or Descessu are differ kinds there of a ree of with eglect

ulated

it is riage.
t just Con-

show.
I he and em?"
busytion"
just ed a

retts tures those

could

is in it is.

genen-

it to been

One ptive udg-

the coodable, the

the had that

nade

re i-

to

ith-

size

d to

ctor

be redi-

sita-

rd a

rent

and.

the ratio

emerathe l-a-

unt an conher giv for

for

acthe

ggle .ou-



T IS so really delightful and natural-no wonder smart women now instinctively use this modern method of washing away annoying hairs with liquid De Miracle. So easy, so quick, so pleasant!

Just a touch of the liquid De Miracle, just a quick rinse with warm water, and your skin is left freshly clean and lovely. You see the hairs dissolve.

De Miraele is delicately perfumed and guaranteed to satisfy. Sold at all toilet goods counters: 60c, \$1.00 and \$2.00.

If you have difficulty in obtaining it, order from us, enclosing \$1.00. De Miraele, Dept. 76, 138 West 14th Street, New York City.





DULL HAIR~ DULL COMPANY ~men seem to think!

Why not be rid of this handicap tonight?

So nee lie s, now athat depressing dulliass that so it's the effect of Lively trock in pretty tike! Just

Golden Glint the SHAMPOO plus MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

doctor, being asked what he considered the most important drug in the practice of medicine, the one he would select if he had but a single choice, replied "opium."

Asked the same thing about beauty I

should unhesitatingly choose personality, meaning, of course, a pleasing personality. would not accept for one of my shows a girl without personality, not even if she had a beautiful face and form. But with personality she would be welcome according to the degree with which imperfect features were balanced by personality.

We have all of us noticed that certain autiful women fail to wear well. When beautiful women fail to wear well. first we see them we are vastly attracted by their looks. Then we lose interest. Why? Lack of personality. One can conceal almost any physical shortcoming but I defy anyone to hide a lack of individuality.

I OFTEN think that Nature in neaping a largest of physical assets on these natural "beautics," deliberately plays a mean joke. OFTEN think that Nature in heaping a At any rate they are betrayed, seemingly by their own beauty. They come to bethrough listening to flattery, that only physical attractions count. Even when they are intelligent enough to do so, they i. the no effort to develop a personality they expect everyone to try to please them, instead of trying to be agreeable to others.

On the other hand, day after day, we see the homely sister easily thrusting the beauty into the background. Again, personality, the

beginning and end of all feminine charm. The universal idea is that personality, like genius, is something the individual is born with but may never acquire. That is true only to a very limited extent. One may cultivate a degree of personality that will meet every demand, just as the earnest meet every demand. striver in any other field often leaves the natural born, but lazy genius far behind.

Of course the woman who is born with an unusual personality and continues to cultivate it has the jump on the woman who has only a negative character to begin with: and where in addition she has been favored with physical beauty she is apt to become one of the romantic figures of history

Personality in dress is a feminine weapon much overlooked. To adapt an old saying, women have form and features wished on them but they can at least choose their own dresses. And that is a boon beyond com-putation, although few women seem to know enough to turn it to advantage. Good dressing won't turn a homely woman into beauty but bad dressing will assuredly change a comely woman into a frump.

Good dressing, as every woman knows though she may not admit it to her husband, is not dependent on heavy spending. Nowadays, very effective dresses may be bought at amazingly low prices. That is why the stenographer out for lunch often outshines milady whose costume cost more than the stenographer's yearly salary

Why, then, doesn't the woman without aste seek advice from some one who has it? Because no woman realizes, much less admits, her deficiency in this respect. the milliner or the modiste. See if they haven't been forced to the conclusion that the "yes-yes" method, being the line of least resistance, is the most profitable.

The majority of women follow the prevailing mode regardless of whether it suits them or not. Mrs. Hefty, weight 175, will accept nothing but that gown so effective on Miss Sylph, the young model, while

Vera Thyn insists on that dress which is so alluring when worn by Mile. Plump.

Once at a hotel I was fascinated by the appearance of a young girl at the newsstand. She possessed that amazing coloring that belongs to the perfect blonde of th northern races. She had vivacity, poise good features and beautiful neck and arms That girl, I decided, would lend distinction to the beauty show that a friend of mine was organizing.

Then one day she walked from behind the counter, and smash went all my visions! The upper portion of her anatomy had absolutely no right to be attached to the lower. It seemed as though Nature might have been playing with a set of those cardboard puzzle pictures consisting of separate heads, bodies and legs, and had carelessly fitted the upper part of a goddess to the extremities of a baboon. She was all curvefrom the waist down, but not of the right Knobs would be the better word And all this was strikingly evident because the poor girl was wearing a fashionable skirt—too tight, too short, and too reveal ing for her particular style of legs. didn't graduate from the newsstand to the stage because legs are important.

the the

thi

ent

-ui hal

nce

am firm but

fac

and

not

adı

gra

Lite

11116

ane

ano

nin

Ha

n a

iur

une

hui

ligi

the

Ca

But it is not alone in matters of dress that women are slaves to the mode. the matter of bobbed hair. A few year-ago some radical females in Greenwich Village dared do it. The effect was hailed as The fair sex by bored masculinity. as a whole did a right about face and discovered that the bob was hygienic and time-saving. At least so they told their sweethearts, their husbands and their son-

HERE was a girl in one Broadway show, a finished dancer with a pretty face, beautiful hair, and an exceptional form Her hair was really a crowning glory.

Then the Bob Bug bit her and she lected a boyish bob, cut so tightly to th. head that, as the distracted stage manager averred, one could have seen her thinking it she had been equipped to do any such thing. At that she wasn't so bad until one hap-pened to get a front view of her. Then pened to get a front view of her. Then horrors! The wholesale shearing had un-covered a pair of enormous ears.

The wardrobe mistress had a stroke of She suggested that the ears be genius. fastened back close to the head with pieces of adhesive plaster. It worked. The effect But an hour later the stage manager dashed into the producer's office actually tearing his hair. In the midst of the big tableau number of the show, an ensemble in which delicacy was the keynote. the adhesive, softened by the heat of the stage lights had let go suddenly and the ears had flapped forward with a astounding effect on the people in the front rows. She was given the choice of wearing a wig while her hair grew in or looking for another engagement. At my last information she was still looking.

If only women would realize that it is individual, not universal style that makes for beauty. If only they would spend as much time and energy and intelligence tabs on their own good points as they do tallying up their bridge scores-they would find the game of being beautiful was one in which there are no losers. Everyone who plays, according to the ten command ments of beauty wins something-whether it be increased poise and self-confidence or

widespread admiration.

HICH of two men would you say loved a woman more—the man who was willing to ruin his carrent and the man who was willing to ruin his career and permit himself to be branded as a thief to save her reputation or the man who, having married her for love alone, was willing to take himself out of the picture completely in order that she might marry someone else? Perhaps you'll be able to decide after you have read "The Honor of Her Name" in July SMART SET

A Romance of the Sea

oy the

news. ploring

arms netton

n.int

el..nd

S1(1)-

o the

much

card oar iti

10--1

o the tury right

'C'.111-1

milli

o she o the

Take year-

Viled as

r sin

(1)--

and the.r

111.11

LG.117

orm

the lager

ու i

hing

hap-Then

1111-

Hect nanacthe

eniote.

the

no-t ront

rinz

TOT

ma-

ning

do nuld enc

one

nel

her

(•

[Continued from page 41]

for his firm. He was too shy and self-effacing to seek an introduction to the lady but one night in the smoking room he was thrown in a group with her by chance and they met.

It was interesting to watch him. His types shone with fervent admiration. "I saw you once on the stage," he managed to tell her with a choke and a blush, "and you were glorious."

Their eyes met in one of those odd flashes of understanding that only psychologists can explain. The rich young idler sensed something and immediately took her away for a walk on deck but she came back presently and sat beside her new admirer.

All of us now beheld the stirring of romance. Here was a situation. The rich wouth drank deeply of his brandy and consumed cigarette after cigarette in deep inbalations.

His attitude became sneering. "Your first crossing?" he inquired of the sudden usurper and when told that it was, he replied, "I thought so"—as though many crossings made the man.

All of us tried tactfully to turn the conversation into other channels but to no avail. He inquired his rival's business and was told he was connected with a brokerage house.

"Clerks as a rule don't get to cross the ocean," was the observation.

"It happens," was the cold rejoinder, "I am not a clerk but a junior member of the firm." There was nothing of boastfulness but more the casual statement of a calm fact.

Here the young girl interposed with, "I see no necessity for rudeness, Jim. I think it better for you to walk the deck with me and clear your head." He got up in a bejuddled way and accompanied her but not before she had bestowed upon her new admirer a warming smile. He stood and gravely bowed the gratitude he doubtless felt.

I SAW little of my broker friend for the next few days. He seemed to be keeping to his cabin save for early morning and late evening deck walking. But the dancer and her rich swain were much in evidence and he appeared to be drinking harder than ever. Several times he made himself obnoxious to passengers, boasting of his wealth and social position. And she seemed to have grown very serious and be constantly scanning the ship for a face she could not find.

So the ship plowed its sturdy way toward Havre and the incident was forgotten. It was the morning of reaching port that I came out of my cabin to seek a bit of information at the inquiry office.

Down the companionway I saw a rather furtive figure tuck a note under a doorway and whisk away with the defeness of a humming bird. I passed by and noted the name on the card at the door was that of the broker. I had recognized the furtive figure as the dancer. A week later I saw them strolling down a sunlit path at Monte Carlo that led to the sea.

And the moral, if there be any, is that even a musical revue dancer admires sobriety more than drunkenness, modesty more than wordly display and best of all manliness more than riches.

TREJURS Compacts and face powders-in a NEW ODEUR



Smart women from New York to the Golden Coast are seeking an odeur of sophistication and new allure—an odeur to mate with Modern Fashion. Tre-Jur conceived *Charvai*—a fragrance delightfully different and strangely seductive.

Like Tre-Jur's famous Joli-Memoire fragrance, Charvai may be obtained in all the newest Tre-Jur Compacts — the charming watch-case "Little One"; the new "Thinest" (exquisitely slim) — in modish gun-metal, or lacquered to harmonize with the smartest costume colors.

Tre-Jur's Face Powder is Pre-Blended

Its making marks an epoch in the development of beauty aids. The delicate airiness of a light powder, and the body and "cling" of a heavy powder, have been pre-blended. The resultant powder is caressingly smooth. It clings but does not cake. It hides the pores, but does not clog them. It banishes shine and sallowness—and lends a pearly radiance to your skin that remains for hours. Try it!



Tre-Jur Toiletries are sold at all leading stores! The House of Tre-Jur, Inc., Paris and New York!



"Little One" Compact is 50c.



HAVE PRETTY ROUND FACE AND NECK

Instead of unsightly hollows



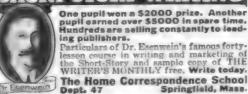
RESULTS GUARANTEED

RESULTS GUARANTEED

SCIENCE now offers you a
sure delightful way to put on
flesh where you need it. No
letting or thesome exercise
Simply apply Tirlany Tissue
Builder. It is a secret compound
if a mazing the unit way to the control
thas brought new attractive
beauty to thousands. Heillow
cheeks and temples, skinny
necks, under developed busts
round out almost at once—firm—
dainty—beautiful. Crow's feet
and wrinkles disappear as the by
e moothing tissue building oils will not irritate
der skin. Neither will they grow hair,
laranteed and your money promptly refunded
at delighted after four weeks' use according to
Price \$1.00. Send check, money order or curve will send prepaid. If you prefer send no
deposit \$1.00 plus few cents postage with
ten he delivers it.

TIFFANY LABORATORIES Inc.

SHORT STORY WRITING



You, My Beloved

[Continued from page 17]

a big round silver ball ready for me to kick here or there

Nine o'clock found me in your room. I buried my telltale face in the fragrance of a great cabbage rose which stood in a jar on the table. "Gorgeous!" I said.

Yes, the Mater sent them up this morning. Well, it's good to see you again. and sit down. No, over here." You You signed ters? But, of course, you didn't answer them!" a place next to you. "Did you get my let-

There was opportunity for a cool, "No, I didn't have time." Instead I said:

"They weren't forwarded till yesterday."

ACTFULLY you put me right with, "You little fibber! I expect you were much too busy enjoying yourself to bother. Never mind. I'll forgive you. But I haven't told you yet about my concert.'

"Giving one!" "Oh. how exciting! Where is it to be?"
"At the Aeolian Hall." You bundled a You bundled a

sheaf of papers in my lap. "Look, here's the announcement, 'Mr. Richard Brading will give a vocal recital on Wednesday, June 21, 1913, at three-fifteen'."

"I'll come and sit in the front row and

clap like fury.'

You'll have to. Hope to goodness somebody else will, too. Still, Stephen Ridgeway has promised to bring a crowd; then there'll be old John, and Daphne phoned me for a bundle of tickets this morning." "Who's Daphne?" I knew I shouldn't

have asked.

"Haven't I told you about Daphne? Mrs. Roylance, to give her her full title, rather an amusing little person, who pretends to have a certain interest in me. Doesn't get on very well with her husband."

Mentally I pictured her, this Daphne, witty, fair, of your set, having all the ad-Daphne. vantages of a married woman who doesn't get on very well with her husband!

Is he unkind to her?" I didn't "Why? like the idea of this Daphne. You got up

and opened the piano.

"Oh, I expect so; blacks her eyes every Saturday night when she asks him for the beer money," you said. "Come and play beer money," you said. something."

'I dare say she manages to do them herself most other nights of the week," I added.

couldn't resist it.

You ignored this little show of claws and brought out a bundle of songs. I played a few bars of "Pierette." broke off and wandered into the wistful, haunting melody of MacDowell's "Water Lily."
Your. "Go on. I like that thing," was,

of course, quite sufficient to drive every note of music from my brain. presence of you was disturbing enough, but to know that you were standing there, listening, perhaps criticizing, reduced me to a state of frozen self-consciousness. It was too sickening. Should I never be able to show myself to you as a moderately intelligent human being?

I got up from the piano. "I must go," I You stood over me, looking down into my upturned face, and your eyes said.

Stav.

Aloud, you declared, "It's early. only half-past ten; you don't want to go yet, do you?" The tender inflection you made of, "do you?" Another step brought you close to me. I closed my eyes, not daring to meet this dizzy joy, the very thought of which left me breathless and

"No, really I must go," I heard myself

saying faintly. Still we stood there waiting, waiting. You, for the sign I longed to give, yet dared not, while I, still dreamcrusted with convention, deemed it beyond possibility to help you an inch of the

So we waited for what never came while the angels whispered and smiled. Outside your flat my heart cried out in a surge of bitter regret for the heavenly moment that might have been, and was now so utterly Idiots that we were, both Idiots! lost. of us. Something must be done and at

Without stopping to think, with an impulse as swift as the wind, I flew back and rang your bell. Even as I waited, the hot shameful thought ran through me, supposing after all I had been mistaken-the

humiliation.

The door swung back.
"It's my latch-key," I explained. "I
must have left it here."

I allowed you to conduct the futile search, while in my heart I prayed, "Understand. Oh. understand!"

You came out to where I stood in the

dimly lighted hall.

"It's not there.

"Isn't it?" I faltered. How to get away? Suddenly our eyes met and in that swift look a flame leaped up. In a second your arms folded me; your lips closed on mine. Even I had not imagined the magic of that moment.

IT WAS shortly after this that the grave episode occurred, but you won't re-WAS shortly after this that the Warmember much about it. I told you very little at the time. I only have a vague recollection of it myself, but a very practical reminder still remains in the shape of a four inch scar on my left hand. I had been rowing with some friends. It was just be-fore landing for dinner that it took place. The lock was, of course, overcrowded. before the swing of the gates another boat terrific report of crashed into ours-a splintering wood, a sudden stream of blood and some one shouting, "Oh, some brandy," while I, ruefully regarded what, only a few moments before, had been a perfectly good right hand.

At eight o'clock the following morning they had to give me another anæsthetic. since the Wargrave doctor, being all against on Sunday evenings, had bungled his job so badly that more stitches had to be put in. I thoroughly enjoyed my convalescence. A succession of pale crêpe de Chine wrappers, a flower-filled room, the inevitable bunch of grapes at my side, Jill to make me laugh, a low-voiced, subdued aunt, and a lamb of a doctor who fathered. mothered and nursed me like the angel he And your last note burning a hole was. under my pillow and through my heart, "When can I come and see you? Isn't this too sickening to happen just when we had found each other? Sweetheart, I've been in love with you for such a long time—"
What more could any fairy princess want?

The stars? The moon? I had them all. The thought of our next meeting filled me with breathless, hushed wonder. come then, the Great Adventure, and I tiptoed gently to meet it, lest the bloom of it

be rubbed off.

The memorable day came at last, the twenty-first of June, the great day of your concert. Up and down Bond Street we paced, Jill and I, while I endured for you and with you, through the most agonizing moments. Piloted by Jill, I found myself in the concert hall, a vague medley of lights

and flowers, well-dressed men and women. We took our seats in the center of the third

"Can't you smell blue blood?" murmured Jill. "Tiaras under their hats and seed-pearl coronets. Am glad I don't have to compete with this beauty chorus; shouldn't have a dog's chance. Ah, here it comes, all dressed up like a sponge-cake."

There was a gentle claming of hands

There was a gentle clapping of hands, quick whisperings and rustlings of dresses being settled, while the accompanist rolled out the conventional first chords. I looked out the conventional first chords. I looked up and your eyes gave me an intimate look that glowed its way into my heart. Then you bowed in a way that signified, "I don't care a darn about you but as I'm here I'll sing to you." I knew there was nothing to fear for you. Your quiet gaze wandered down the hall. Your dark shadowy eyes swept up and down the aisles till they rested reassuringly on me, and flashed a message which said, "Don't be afraid for me, I'm all right."

AS I listened to the first few bars of liquid melody which poured from your throat like a golden fire that held the audience in spellbound wonder, I could not doubt that you were indeed all right. You were no longer Richard Brading, a conventional figur of a man standing on a raised platform with its fringe of flowers, singing to this gathering of smirking critics. With those first few bars of "Ich Liebe Dich" your soul revealed itself: a lamp of beauty, a primitive, naked thing, calling to your mate, imploring her, dragging the heart out of her with those words of flame and making her imperishably yours. And these enthralled, listening women, with lace softly stirring at their white throats, their pearls rising and falling in even cadence, their scented skins and the pale flowers at their breasts, heard you. Their hungry hearts breasts, heard you. Tand eyes answered you.

During the storm of applause which followed, Jill exclaimed, "You poor lamb, you're in for a bad time. A man who can sing like that—Nona, is it going to be worth

ere wait-I longed Il dream-

t beyond

of the

me while Outside surge of gent that o utterly ere, both and at an imback and the hot supposken—the

ned. "I

e futile d. "Un-

I in the

t away? at swift

nd your

n mine. of that

ie War-

on't re-

very litie recol-

practical

ad been just bek place. d. Just

er boat

ort of

f blood

randy,

a few ly good

norning esthetic.

against bungled

had to

y con-

rêpe de

m, the

de, Jill

ubdued

thered.

igel he a hole

heart.

n't this

ve had

peen in

want?

m all. led me

t had I tip-

of it

t, the

et we r you mizing

self in

lights

"I think it's going to be terrible but very much worth while," I replied. "It will certainly be awful all right, but I don't mind admitting I rather envy you. I've never met anything quite so compell-ingly attractive; there's a kind of forceful vitality about him, flint and cold steel encasing a blazing furnace. He makes you think of biting east winds and warm, cosy, ire-lit rooms. He could be hard as granite, though, and as immovable."

"I know. It's like that I see him."

"Cruel, too."

"I know."

"Oh, of course, he's in your blood; you're ripe for a life sentence. And if it's a broken heart you're after, I should think he could be relied on to do it in just that way one's heart would most wish to be broken."

"If it's a broken heart you're after—"
How often Jill's flippant little sentence has
run through my mind since those days.
Even then it struck coldly at me as a warn-

Nine o'clock that same evening found me in your lamp-shaded room in answer to your usual telephone summons. The soft warm glow closed round me in a caressing welcome; the scent from the jar of country roses, your books, pipes, the open piano, all the dear familiar signs of you I

was learning to know and love so well.
"I thought after this afternoon's reception you would have had at least a dozen invita-tions to accept, and dinners to eat," I said. "Did they rent you to atoms, those women? Let me see if your head is completely turned.

'Completely!" you answered and pulled me down to your side.



WOMEN ARE FASCINATED by this BEAUTY BATH SECRET

Fastibious women who desire a soft, smooth skin should try the marvelous Linit Beauty Bath-

It is sensational in immediate results-no discomfort-no waiting - and trifling expense!

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in a half tubful of warm water—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap and then feel your skin. In texture it is soft and smooth as the finest velvet—as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

Linit gives the skin just the right amount of lubrication. It neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, which often makes it chafed and inflamed, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit and being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless.

In fact, starch from corn is generally recommended by doctors for the tender skin of babies.

If you cannot believe that a fine laundry starch like Linit also makes a marvelous beauty bath, we suggest that you make this simple test:

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream-and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced - INSTANTLY!

Corn Products Refining Co., Department S. S., 17 Battery Place, New York City.

Armhits Try and Odorless



FEW drops of NONSPI (an antiseptic liquid) used on an average of twice a week—will keep your armpits dry and dorless—and also save your clothing from destructive perspiration stains

NONSPI, used and endorsed by physicians and nurses, does not actually stop perspiration—it de-stroys the odor and diverts the underarm perspira-t. n to other parts of the body where there is better craporation

More than a million other men and women also use and endorse NONSPI. It keeps their armpits dry and odorless and protects their clothing. They use NONSPI the year around spring, summer, fall and winter.

Why be embarrassed? Why permit costly clothing to be destroyed by underarm perspiration? You can rid yourself of this condition and its disagreeable odor by using NONSPI—an old, wind an appropriate the condition of the conditio tried and proven preparation.

Try NONSPI! Purchase a bottle from your Toilet Goods Dealer or Druggist for 50c (several months' supply) or if you prefer

Accept our 10c Trial Offer (several weeks' supply)

The Nonspi Company 2626 Walnut Street Kansas City, Mo.	For the enclosed 10c (coin or stamps) send me a trial size bottle of NONSPI
Name	~ ~ - ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Address	
City	



-to clear and soften your skin as jar creams never have!



Send for the charming little packet of SEM-PRAY beautifiers containing seven-day supply of SEM - PRAY creme, of SEM -PRAY creme, generous trial package of SEM-PRAY Powder and liberal supply of SEM-PRAY Rouge. Just clip and mail coupon below.

Sem Pray

Tide Brown of the Mark of the Common of the

The words broke from you as a faniare of silver trumpets. Your kisses imprisoned my mouth, inflaming my heart and radiating to every bit of me. The room became blurred in a warm haze of joy. I heard the broken murmur of your words of love. Thrilled with the wonder of them I stirred into the spring of life itself as the first bright grass is stirred from the earth. Pounding thoughts whirled round and round in my brain. I passed into a drifting ecstasy, so heaven-sent that it seemed no sorrow in the world could ever touch me again. But presently, with a leaden weariness overspreading me I left you and went back to my own home

"I don't wonder, with all those silly females purring and fussing over you as if

you were a pet Pekingese. Still, I'll admit you did sing tolerably well; you only

flatted four times during the whole after-noon! Don't that hurt? On the whole I

feel very honored to be invited to spend an

evening with England's future Caruso, the nightingale of Britain. Can nightingales be baritones? I always imagined they were sopranos." I got up to search for a match.

For safety, as a kind of home in this great game, I kept the conversation an-

chored to a light banter, since the mere fact of your presence left me without guard

"As a matter of fact. I did have several

more or less tempting invitations for to-

night, but there's something very boring about people you don't care a twopenny

"A most flattering explanation of my pres-

"Old silly! You don't want me to flatter

"Well, come here. What shall I tell you?

I can't tell you anything while you stand so far away. That spetter. Why, you're such a little thing, just so agh—as high as my heart—and I can't tell you anything because of the beat of it. Hear it? Oh.

my dear, you know all the real things that I want to tell you."
"No." The dizzy joy of your arms en-

"I love you like this and this and this."

or defense.

hoot for.'

ence here!

"I do."

"Rot!" "I do."

folding me.

you."

Still, I'll admit

After that I began to try and avoid you.

NALLY, when I could bear it no more, seemed to come from my toes, suggested that I was still living at the same address. Your curt, "I've been busy," sent my heart tlying down to my boots. I made a desperate pact with myself; I would not see ou any more.

And finally, when I had grown almost resigned, a sudden message arrived lifting me to the highest heaven, and there were joys undreamed of, hugged closer for their long delay.

In August we separated. You were to stay with your beloved John Grant in Scotland, and I with my aunt in Devon. In your letters you told me of all your doings. of the fishing you were enjoying, of the "seven-point-royal" you had shot, just a boyish account of a healthy, happy holiday. "Still unentangled!" you ended since I had jokingly teased you that you would return engaged.

It must have seemed more than strange that loving each other as we did the possibility of your marrying never escaped me. I could even look on it coldly, placidly, accept it with tolerance and realize that some day it would have to be.

I pictured this future wife of yours as some stately, rich society woman, who could help you in your career and give you all he material things you most needed, while your love would still be in my keeping,

safe and happy. Your marriage was clearly to be one of convenience. The possibility of our marrying never occurred to me. Nor would I have wished it.

Your love, which was to me the very breath of life, was all that I needed. I would guard it fiercely and proudly, with savage sense of protection. I would not allow one ugly thought or action to blemish its shining radiance. I wore it as a cloak of golden splendor, a flood of sunshine warming my soul, and I would take 1000 risks with such possessions. Was it not fault that I was shot through and through with romantic fire, borne on a tide of in fatuation which long years were never able to diminish?

The nakedness of those barren weeks was gloriously crowned by those blessed hour-spent with you, when because you were the selfish, careless, irresponsible, attractive per son you were, I was to learn to fall in with whatever your mood happened to be. found myself being swung along with all your whims and desires. You were un satisfying, brilliant, unstable and changing as the wind.

HAVE happy memories of all that first We did the theaters and often winter. dined together at our little Jermyn Street restaurant. You accepted many singing engagements at that time. I had the key to your flat and would be waiting for you in the fire-lit room on your return. The possibility of being discovered by my aunt often occurred to me when I slipped back home at two and three o'clock in morning, but the danger of the situation held no great terror for me. Shipwrecks. wars, floods and revolutions could not have kept me from you. I knew, of course, that had the worst happened and she had found me with you at that hour of the night I should have been turned out to starve in the true Lyceum style.

er

sh

53

-1

01

110

:('(

SCI

2.1

11 (ure

det

wh

111

era

For

(1)

1.1

-111

VIII

200

viv

-he

con

100

alw

affa

the

wai

cha

It must be remembered that this was 1913 and my aunt's upbringing was early much too early-Victorian. To her way of thinking no girl who spent long hours unchaperoned in a man's flat, even in broad daylight, could possibly be nice to know. But at night! Horrors! It was unthink-But at night! able. And I, stamed and blasted beyond recognition, should surely never be allowed to darken any door of hers again.

But it seemed at twenty, with moderate luck, one migh take chances, and although my heart beat like a drum, my feet never made a sound is I opened the front door and went over to the welcome of your lampshadowed room. Under the circumstances, one could hardly have blamed her for taking the worst view of things. In the average person: mind I should have been making straight for the devil by the quickest route.

Inwardly I had no doubts as to the ultimate future of our affair, but I was willing to let that future take care of itself I had skirmished round the edges of minor adventures, but with my idiotically romantic and imaginative ideals, I had to keep the white-fastness of my soul fragrantly pared for the coming of my gentle knight It was the thought of the real thing that held me entranced. Well! here it was. And I still hesitated in a moon-white amour of virgin pride.

I suddenly developed a taste for fashion drawing. I found I could do it and I found my sketches sold. I wanted money to buy frocks, and lots of them, so why not? To my utter surprise, I managed to get commissions from two papers, one of which ceased to function soon after I joined The other paid me when they remembered to, but showered theater tickets on me with persistent liberality.

You or Jill accompanied me on these occasions, while I sketched the heroine's clearly sibility

e very ed. with ld not lemi-h cloak nshine. ke no it n. irough

of in-er able hours re the e per a with th all e un-

anging

t first oîten Street ng enkey to ou in e posaunt back n the uation recks. , that found ight I

11.11 arly ay of s un-broad thinkeyond lowed lerate

in the

hough never lamprcumd her n the been quickthe

itself.

minor

nantic

p the prenight. that And ur oi shion nd I onev

Why ed to ie of oined nems on

frock and described lines, draperies and colorings. It was great fun. Jill and I generally used to do the matinees and drift into Fuller's for tea, where we would sit and talk till they turned out the lights. Jill and I would always have to meet round street corners or in tea shops. I was not permitted to receive her at the flat when my aunt was there.
"That girl," my aunt would sniff, "no

thank you. If you can't find a companion

whose morals are less elastic-"

AND I would flare, "There's nothing wrong with Jill's morals. I wish I had half as decent an outlook—"
"Decent is hardly the word I would have

chosen!" chosen!"
"Well then, tolerant, if it suits you better. But it really doesn't matter. The fact is you don't like any of my friends. If they had minds like exercise books and their greatest thrill was embroidery and dusting the drawing-room, you'd receive them with open arms. But because they like theaters and dancing, and having a good time generally, they're only fit for reformatories and prisons."

good time generally, they're only lit for reformatories and prisons."

"A good time!" Aunt Harriet would say.

"Well, why not? Isn't it usual? Isn't it natural? Doesn't everybody want a good time? People don't come up and say, 'Hello! how are you? Doing a nice lot of work?' They say, 'Hello! How are you? Having a good time?' Just because Jill's pretty and amusing and attracts men, you treat her as though she had typhoid."

My aunt set her mouth obstinately. "She has a bad influence over you."
"Do you find me so easily led?" I in-

quired.

"I do not wish to argue but I will not receive Jillian Harper here, and that's enough. You had better go and help Ellen peel the apples for lunch.

What, dumplings again?" I groaned. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away,"

she said.

"Well, thank heaven an onion's not necessary in this household."
"I shouldn't keep your friends away if I

approved of them."
"Heavens! If you approved of them, I should want them to keep away!"

AND so Jill and I met at Fuller's, or if funds were good at the Jermyn Street restaurant, for lunch. We talked of books, of plays, games, sex, the girl's point of view, the man's point of view, in fact seeing life with the lid off.

Jill's spirit was sterile of imagination or sentiment. Happily void of constancy she gave reign to all her instincts, which were primitive. She went where she liked, did what she liked, as often as she liked and with whom she liked, and emerged a sane, well-balanced, generous, light-hearted ure worshipper. No half ways for Jill, no demigame, no looking back. She knew what she wanted and she wasn't afraid to grab it when it came along. And it generally did.

Thoughts of the one great adventure held no thrills for Jill, whose creed was variety! For Jill there were no torturing mountains of doubt and fear, no haunting mental agonies. She had the true cave-woman instincts, a savage little bundle of impulses, vital and alluring, twinkling for life and a good time.

Men first noticed her because she was vivacious and feminine, liked her because she was amusing, stimulating and a gay companion. They loved her because she took them and their love lightly and was always elusively halfway through the next affair before they had time to realize that they were back numbers. She was a pre-war girl with a post-war temperament.

At Fuller's we would order our favorite charlotte russe, walnut cake and tea.



Still "the girl he married"

WHEN they were first married, five years ago, they liked to dance together, go motoring together, play golf together. They still like to do those things together today.

She is still the girl he married. During the years following her marriage, she has protected her zest for living, her health and youthfulness, and "stayed young with him" by the correct practice of feminine hygiene.

But feminine hygiene, wrongly practiced, does more harm than good. Using the wrong dis-

infectant may lead to very serious consequences.

Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1928

Realizing this, the makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant have prepared a booklet called "The ScientificSideofHealth and Youth." It gives the facts about this vital subject. Send the coupon now. The booklet will reach you in a plain envelope. It is free.

Inthemeantime, take no needless, dangerous chances. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant at your druggist's today. Complete, explicit directions come with every bottle.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N.J. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.



"Lyaol" Disinfectant is sold at retail only in the brown bottle packed in the yellow carton.

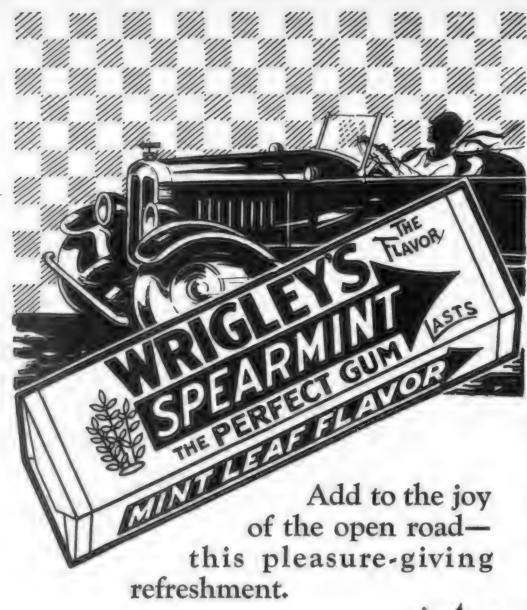
LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors, Bloomfield, N. J. Department 203

Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

N7	
NameCity	

Street.....Prov.

93



Between Smokes and After Every Meal

Vacation

ONG summer days are coming. Already one feels the call of the mountains, the seashore, the woods and lakes. And, of course, you will want plenty of extra money for your own glorious, joyous vacation.

Our pleasant spare-time, money-making plan is just the thing that will bring it to you. Last year we paid our friends thousands of dollars for their vacation funds. This year we'll pay even more. No experience or capital needed-just a few leisure moments to spend at the pleasant work of acting as our representative.

If you want-not only plenty of vacation money-but a year round spare-time income that may grow into hundreds of dollars, mail the coupon below for a complete free money-making outfit.

Dept. S. 57th St.	S-628-B, In at Eighth	iternation: Ave., Ne	al Magaz w York,	ine Co., N. Y.	Inc.,				
Witho carning	ut obligat vacation	on to me	please steady	send me yea r -rou	a comp nd spare	olete free e-time inc	money-mome,	aking out	fit for
Name									
Street		• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •						*********	
					51	tute			

"Let's sit out of the limelight today, Nona," she would say. "I had a hectic time last night and my usually flawless complexion won't stand too much illumination! Iris Rawlings gave a dance and we all got fervent about three A. M. We finished up at Dale's studio with kippers and tea and tinned asparagus cooked over the oil-stove. We dug his sister, Anita, out of bed. You remember her, don't you? A large blonde with brass color hair? She finally appeared looking like the deuce with a blue and yellow skiing suit slung over a night-dress, and red Turkish slippers, and started reciting all over us till she very nearly put out the party."

SHE was entitled to a spot of just revenge. You wouldn't expect her to be exactly mellow with joy at being dragged from her beauty sleep at that hour of the dawn. Did Val go with you or did you leave him to cool in Iris's umbrella stand as usual?

"Oh, he wanted to push me off at twelve. just as the fun was beginning, so I let him

potter away on his own."
"After coming all the way up from South Kensington to fetch you?

I was sorry for Val, whose faithful heart had borne the imprint of Jill's heels for the last year.

She lit a cigarette, and softly sang, "'Treat 'em rough; catch 'em young and tell 'em nothing.' A golden rule, my child. for quick results and no complications!"
"But," I argued, "he's a nice chap and

terribly fond of you. After all, there is an understanding."

"An understanding that there will never be anything but that. We couldn't marry for years and years, and he can't expect to keep me hanging like a bloater on a string in a fishmonger's shop."

'I suppose it's Larry now! Do you imagine yourself in love with him?"

"Can't we please each other without lov-You're always digging too deep. Can't you be satisfied to skim a little? What about you and your young man? our Hero, still pale but persistent? Have you slipped on the moral banana skin yet, or may I still stroke your hair and call you girl friend?"
"Ha!" I replied, "that will be all for

today, thank you.'

The orchestra was breaking its heart over "Un Peu d'Amour," and we listened for a few moments. Presently Jill took hold of my arm. "Seriously though, Nona, are things going well?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Fair, but not

"Why? You still see each other often?" "Every day, and then not for weeks Lately I've been doing some accompanying for him while he gives lessons; that's all right. But it's the evenings, Jill, that I can't stand. I don't see how we can go on like this much longer."

tu

"I don't understand what's holding you You've been crazy about each other for months now. Don't you trust him, or what is it?"

I pushed my plate away and turned to Jill, whose gray eyes were fixed on me with a look of wonder.

'Fear." I said.

"Fear of what? Penalties?"

"Yes, but not the kind of penalties you mean. Fear of losing him, fear of imperil ing his regard, fear of my great adventure becoming a sordid everyday episode, terminating in frowsy tea-gowns, sloppy slip pers and stuffy, unaired and satiated emotions. Oh, Jill, there can be something so cheapening, so ugly in an intrigue of that sort. Wondering. Hoping he won't tire first, feeling humiliated, and not being able to look at each other without remembering."

lawless illumiind we We si pers la out 10012

today. hectic

. 5/10 e with over a

ast relrazged of the id vou -1.ind twelve,

re the 1 heart els for

et him

ng and ip and never

marry expect

Sang.

on a ou imut lov-Can't

What How is Have id call all for

rt over rold of a, are ut not

often?" weeks anving it's all on like 1g 7 off other

im. or ned to on me

es you mperil venture e, ter of that i't tire ng able pering."

"How you do enjoy tearing your soul into pieces and watching the fragments scatter, don't you?" said Jill. "It need not be a bit like that; in fact, it couldn't be in your case. He's a man of good family, of decent upbringing; he knows the rules of the game; he understands that he would be the first. That's a pretty big responsibility for a man and one that he's not likely to forget. You love each other. You're both free. I can't think why you don't marry."

I grew impatient. "Jill, I've explained to you a dozen times, that's impossible. We couldn't marry, he and I. Everything would be against it—religion, parents, position, everything— There would be obstacles everywhere. At present he gets an allowance from his father and makes a small income by his singing, and you know my income by his singing, and, you know, my wedding dowry would be a packet of cigarettes.

"Besides, I don't want to marry him. Don't you understand? I don't want any ties, anything binding. It's got to be free, if it's going to be at all, just one long golden bit of happiness that we shall remember all our lives. And when it ends, I don't want to be found sitting among the ashes of heart-break and disappointment wailing of broken faith and vanished hopes. I want to be able to say, 'I knew it would be like that. Well, I've had my bit of heaven, thank God for it.' That's why I am trying to think it all out, with clear cold reasoning. I can't do that when I'm with him."

Jill looked thoughtfully into her teacup

and struck a match.

"And all this 'clear cold reasoning,' to what final conclusion does it lead you, O my Unsophisticated One?"

"None!" I smiled.
"That's the first word of common sense you've said this afternoon," she answered.

FEBRUARY arrived, icy bleak, with as yet no promise of spring in the air. It was four o'clock; I had been practising Bach and Liszt's "Liebestraume" all the afternoon till my fingers felt warm and supple.

Ellen had just brought in tea. kneeling on the window-seat watching the few remaining dead leaves being swirled along the hard white road. The sky was leaden gray, thick and relentless.

I turned to the more inviting sight of the firelight dancing on the silver tea things.

and a bowl of chrysanthemums, mighty bronze chaps, which stood on the white lace

"Draw the curtains, Ellen; it's a beastly

day."
"Anyway, there's hot buttered toast."
makes Ellen's belief was that a warm tummy makes a warm heart. "And there goes the telea warm heart. "And there goes the unphone, Miss. Will you answer it or shall I? Perhaps," she whispered, "it's the Hero!"

"No such luck," I laughed. "The Hero, as you very disrespectfully call him, is well tucked away in Oxford and will not return for a century, meaning next week."

I had received a scrappy little note from you a few days before, telling me that you were staying on over the week-end with your people. There was a curious sense of security in knowing you were away.

With irritating persistency the bell continued to give

tinued to ring.

"All right. I'll go," I said.

"Hello. What? Yes. we are...we did, just now...hello! I can't hear you."

There was a terrific buzzing going on, and

the operator's voice sounded as though it came from Africa. "Hello. Hell-o! Oh, it's you!" How to keep the joy out of my voice! I deliberately planted such a layer of flatness on it that it must have sounded passitionly perpendicular. positively pancakelike.

"Thought you were still at Oxford." How could a suitable nonchalance be achieved

when one was longing to dance and sing?
"Came back an hour ago. Felt rather bored there," your deep drawl drifted over the wires. "I've been ages getting you. They said there was no reply. I nearly came up and fetched you. I would have if I'd got no answer."

if I'd got no answer."

"Why?" How I had to drag it out of

"Oh, thought I'd like to see your funny old face again, that's all."

An admission for you. "Do come along," you "Do come along," you said. "I may have to go out and sing tonight but we can have a few hours to ourselves before that. I want to see you. As an induce-ment, I have some rather nice caramels."

"Ah, now you're talking," I laughed. Humming Debussy's "Clair de Lune," flew into my bedroom, chose a frock, a tawny-colored chiffon affair, more suitable tawny-colored chiffon affair, more suitable to June than February, demure in its severity of line, and sprayed my hair with Quelques Fleurs. My feet would dance. It was good to be twenty, to have lights in one's eyes, to feel so joyous that one pitied everybody else in the world since they were not going to meet the most wonderful of

You opened the door to me. A dark lean figure.

lean figure.

"Come on." You drew me in. "I've been waiting ages for you."

Usually we talked a lot of nonsense after these small separations but this afternoon you just looked at me.

"Little Funny," you said, "I had to come back. I missed you."

And suddenly you folded me in your arms, hungrily, fiercely. I trembled in terrified gladness, with the exquisite joy and pain of it. My heart was jewel-filled. Such

joy was unbearable.
"Oh, my dear, my sweet, what am I to do with you?" Primitive words of love broke from you, like birds fluttering, circling, before a storm.

LATER that night, as I crept into the flat, I heard the church clock strike two. Not

a sound came from Aunt's room as I quietly opened my own bedroom door.

I looked at myself in the glass. How could such radiance as I felt be hidden? My thoughts were starry flowers, opening

the door of my soul to greater truth, gentleness, pity, and simplicity. All the beauty and nobility of the world were mine.

Later still, just as the dawn crept in at my window, I sat up in bed and wrote you a small note which for some forgotten reason I did not send. Here it is:

"Oh, My Dear and Most Wonderful, Although I left you only two hours ago everything now seems shadowy and unreal, swamped and engulfed by a great need of you. Sleep has been completely banished and in its place has come an amazing longing for the touch of you, of your arms holding me again, for the taste of your golden kisses. Thank you for all your dear sacred words of love."

AS your golden hour of love quite perfect? Was there in its sunshine no hint of clouds to come? If there was not perhaps you have missed something for it is only the heart that goes seeking rainbows through the rain that learns the full glory of love. I shall tell you in July SMART SET how life taught my heart to say with ever increasing tenderness, "You, My Beloved."



GROW_

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows. I will increase

scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt
Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling naturallashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mile. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted... I notice the greatest difference... people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Noticeable in a Week

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

LUCILLE YOUNG, 836 Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill. Send me your new discovery for growing eye- lashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question. Price C. O. D. is \$1.95 plus few cents postage. If money sent with order price is \$1.95 and post- age is prepaid. State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D. Name
St. Address
CityState



A Girl's Glorious Vacation Days

AM a vertez gul nust gentar away ezi yey fast, variation falone, away from the A track the files of a will first the first the first the first the files of the first the first

The New A-Line-A-Day Books cover in the letters that no new so pep dar and in the sets that want fitsbooks of being the books so being the little and worth award for the mode. It was a performance of a contract wall loss the new and binds to be set.

Action both your A Line. On Book any day in the your A., and, on we defined time to the It is a complete live your dairy, the same date on the same part for far Years, at it, atting way of resultance the part and plantage the rating.

In class on leather, \$1.00 to \$25.00; with looks, \$2.00 to \$20.00. Now on a play it statement it lidepartment state, and loops or it not to add looks, direct in to use or looms also keep in new order. Mency however that sate is 1

Send coupon for FREE Booklet

Without obligation, send coupon today for NEW FREE 16-page illustrated booklet, completely describing Ward's "A-Line-A-Day B

Samuel Ward Mfg. Co.

48 Melcher St., Boston, Mass.

Withoutobligation tome set, I copy of your new, free 16-page booklet about keepin; an A-Line-A-Day to

('



FREE SAMPLE

This regular at temporare bottle of captivating UNE FLEUR perfume sent free on receiptofnameandaddress enclosing TEN CENTS for packing and postage. (Outside and postage. (Outside U.S.A.5 cents extra.

LAWRENCE, INC. Deal. J.D.

9th and Nectarine Sts.

Philadelphia, Pa.

PREPARE FOR AN CAREER

—thru the only art school operated as a department of a large art organization, who have actually produced over a quarter million drawings for leading advertisers. Where else can you get so wide an experience? Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of our successful students.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY Michigan Ave. at 20th St. Dept. 93 Chicago, Ill.

The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw

[Continued from page 11]

son, too, which must have made it still harder on him to be poor although I can't recall ever having heard him complain about it. It took constant stinting to rear his family on the income he made. He smoked cheap cigars-he who dearly loved good tobacco and had been a planter and a warehouseman. He wore his clothes until they were slick and threadbare. Of course we had an abundant table. Everyhody down our way ate well in those times, for food was marvelously plentiful and wondrous cheap. And my brother and my sister and I were as well-dressed as any of the children with whom we played and went to -chool and to Sunday-school. My mother, of some constantly virtue miracle which only mothers know, saw to But in all other regards my parents, as I now realize, had ceaselessly to scrimp and save and plan to the end that the family might hold up its head with the rest of the so-called leading families.

My father had one extravagance, though. In the year, there was a single day when he spent his money with a lavish disregard. That was the day the circus came to town.

He believed that every boy and every girl should go to the circus and, at peril of milking his purse dry, he annually practised what he preached. He took his own children to the He took along those children of the neighborhood, rich and poor alike, who by one reason or another lacked for adult chaperonage on that tremendous occasion.

If there was a voungster whose pious people, through religious scruples, denied their offspring permission to go to the circus, my dad would contrive somehow to smuggle that hapless kid out from under the parental eyes and include him in our party and pay for his ticket and take the consequences later.

If there was a youngster too poverty-cursed to pay his own way in, he knew where he could find a good angel with a half dollar to spare. I've seen my red-haired, hot-tempered daddy herding a procession of twenty or more thrilled children up to the old blue ticket wagon.

But I'm getting away from the yarn I meant to tell. I've told it before as an anecdote, but it seems to me that it was more than merely material for an anecdote; I claim it

AS I was saying, a few paragraphs back, John Robinson's Circus was among us. For the afternoon performance my father had a long file of us under his volunteer guardianship—three of his own brood, perhaps ten or a dozen more children, and, for added strength, two elderly ladies wh. at the last minute had invited themselves to accompany the group.

One of them, old Mrs. Lawson, lived diagonally across the sheet from us; the other, old Mrs. Roan, lived just around the corner. She was a wir'ow. Mrs. Lawson's husband was up Ten .essee River as engineer on a She, the senior of the pair, was exceedingly deaf. She carried one of those old-fashioned, flexible ear-trumpets of black rubber with a tip at one end and a bell-like aperture at the other. Her crony, Mrs. Roan, spoke in a high-pitched, whiney, far carrying voice.

On a blue painted plank, with the old ladies at one end of the line and my father at the other and the row of fascinated boys and girls in between, we watched the show. The time came for the crowning feature of a circus of those times. Perhaps the reader is of sufficient age to recall what this was.

lvi

GO

133

terj

side

var

the

Ral

Dog

Dr

righ

"Le

each

calle

thin

beat

Gra

folk

11311

crec

can

G TOVO

-he 11.31 give

she

iou

Elephants and camels and horses would be close ranked at the foot of a spring-board Along a steep runway, which slanted down to this spring-board, would flash in order. one behind another, almost the full strength of the troupe. The acrobats would tumble over the backs of the animals and alight gracefully upon a thick padded mattress. The clowns would sprawl on the backs of the living obstacles. Always there was one clown who, dashing down ...e runway, would suddenly halt and fling his peaked cap across and then turn back. There was another, dressed as a country woman, who, as he semersaulted, lost a pair of bifurcated white garments, while the audience whooped with delight.

HIS season, though, a culminating treat had been provided by the management. the lesser gymnasts had done their stunts. Now to the head of the runway mounted the premier tumbler. He stood there, grandly erect in his rose colored fleshings, his arms folded across his swelling breast and his head almost touching the sagging tent roof. The band for the moment stopped playing. The ringmas ter mounted an upturned tub and proclaimed that Johnnie O'Brien, foremost athlete of the world, would now perform his death-defying and unparalleled feat of turning a triple somersault over wo elephants, three cameland four horses! For many this announcement had a special interest; they know Johnnie O'Brien w s a native-born son of our town.

So an expectant such fell upon the assemblage. Mrs. Lawse surned to Mrs. Roan and in the silence her voice rose as she asked

What did he say

Mrs. Roan brought the blunderbuss end of Mrs. Lawson's ear-trumpet to her lips and. through its sinuous black length, in a voice so shrill that instantly every head was turned towards the pair of them, she answered

"He says that pretty man up yonder with the pink clothes on is going to jump over all those animals without hurting himself!"

On the earthen "ring-back" in his baggy white garments, squatted one of the clowns On the instant he leaped to his feet, ran to the head of the largest elephant and in both hands seized that creature's long black dangling trunk, which now, as everyone saw. looked most amazingly like Mrs. Lawson's ear-trumpet, and raising its tip to his mouth he shrieked out in a magnificent imitation of Mrs. Roan's falsetto notes

"He says that pretty man up yonder with the pink clothes

If he finished the sentence none heard him From every side of the arena arose a tremen dous gasp of joyous appreciation and, over topping and engulfing this, a universal roat of laughter which billowed the tent. Stronmen dropped through the seats like ripened plums from the bough and lay upon the earth choking with laughter. The performers rolle! about in the ring.

And through it all Mrs. Lawson and Mr-Roan sat there wondering why the band d' not play and why the pretty man in the pink tights up at the top of the runway seemed to be having a convulsion.

HAT chance has the man who is still unmarried at thirty-seven of marrying happily? Does the average bachelor enjoy his freedom or does he envy his married friends? If the question intrigues you, as it does most menand women—you will find Norman Davey's honest answer from his own experience in July SMART SET doubly intriguing in its frankness

120

The r is of

ald be bound down order. rength cover etally lowng ob-

who ldenly 1 then l is a le the

treat ment, Non. · prethree f olded lme-t id tor mi.ii the

unce kneu m of e as Roan -ked

nd of and. irned with er all

nnin to both dan-111.5 son: outh

him 11.11 NI ro a ron ened

oller! Mr-(1.

pink elti

ivinu triple amel-

aggy

n ol with

[Continued from page 36]

Thrill Girl

of those who woo in public places. "When jumped off the ambulance and saw you lying there in the grass, you looked so tired, so much like you needed somebody to pick you-up and take you home that I just couldn't help wanting to have you and take care of you. And I fell the rest of the way in love with you in the hospital."

"But my face was all covered up. couldn't tell what I looked like."

'Oh, faces don't matter so much; it's what's behind them. I could tell from your hands and voice alone that you were the girl for

On Michigan Boulevard, along where the Gold Coast begins to grow tarnished, there stands a tiny model home erected by an enterprising building-material concern. tell you that those interested are welcome Young couples dreaming over their first house, middle-aged couples sighing

for a last house, turn up the brick path.

Dreamiest of all the young couples were
Howard and Monny. She looked about inside with gurgles of delight as he accepted various booklets from an engaging hostess.

There was another young couple in the sulted living room. There was something vaulted living room. familiar about that girl's back.

Grace!

"Monny!"

"Where have you—"
" and didn't hear that you had been in the hospital until we got back, yesterday."
"Honeymoon? Why, Grace! How per-

she was one of my high school chums, Ralph. I'm Mrs. Bowden now, Monny. Doesn't that sound— Oh, how do you do, Dr. Dehaviland. Well, I'll say you're enaged to the sweetest girl in Chicago. Meet

Mr. Bowden, my brand new husband."
"Dehaviland." mused Ralph. "Oh, I've got you now. Didn't you play quarter-back at Oak Park High School the year I played

right-end on Senn?'

"Did I? Are you 'Buzz' Bowden?"
With a smile Grace turned to Monny. "Lost: one perfectly glorious husband. Now for heaven's sake tell me all the news."

The husband and the husband-to-be progressed to the ecstatic state of hanging on each other's necks and almost tearfully recalled the most minute details about the third quarter of the game in which Oak Park beat Senn High.

The girls dropped an extra pace in the rear which signified that confidences were about to be exchanged.

"Monny, you're looking better," observed

I'm feeling better. Howard's internship is up in April and I graduate in June. I think I'll hang my diploma up over the kitchen sink, it'll be such a help in keeping house! But my folks want me to finish school, so I'm doing it just to please them. Lord knows they've done enough for me."

How's our old gang?"

"What gang? . . . Oh, you mean-" Morny paused to laugh once, shortly, a laugh of incredulous self-surprise. "Honest, Grace, you can believe it or not, I haven't seen, heard or thought of them for ages."

"Why, don't you go on hot parties any

"Will you stop being terrible?"

Grace smiled sweetly at the red and green revolving lights atop the Wrigley Building as she asked, "But what about that kick you wanted in life? Do you mean to say you've given up hunting for it?"

"Yes," said Monny, "I have because—"

she squeezed Grace's hand very tightly-"I've

found it!"



F you want to make your hair easy to | and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and lustre, this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and brush it through your hair when you dress it. You will be surprised at the result. It

will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave

manage and add to its natural gloss and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will stay any style you arrange it, even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.



Send This Coupon and Try it FREE 28-G-20

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.



The SINGLE **STANDARD**

Adela Rogers St. Johns

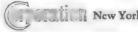
Here, at last, is a frank study of the problem of the single standard vs. the double standard; this novel, written by a woman who is a recognized student

of modern life, retains those elements of plot and suspense which make reading thrilling and adds to them an analysis of conduct that arrives at a startling conclusion.

Price, \$2.00

Wherever Books Are Sold





Mary Eaton, Famous Stage and Screen Beauty

Maybelline Co., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Having tried many forms of eyelash beautifiers, I unhesitatingly recommend "Maybelline" as the best. It is harmless, easy to apply, looks natural and its instantaneous beautifying effect is truly remarkable.

Sincerely, Mary Eaton.

Maybelline

4750 Sheridan Rd., CHICAGO MAYBELLINE CO.,







Greater Love Hath No Woman

[Continued from page 65]

Her sobs died slowly. She leaned her head over my hand and spoke hurriedly.
"I must tell you," she said. "I can't "I can't

stand the loneliness of it any longer.

"It's about the man I love. A about class feeling," she said bitterly. see. I am a Canadian with French blood in me and English. My father was a seacaptain and a well-educated man. My mother had been a teacher, but my father died when I was young and she could not give us the bringing up that she wanted.

"To make ends meet she became a seamstress, and we girls had to help her. Then, in my second high school year, she died. There was nothing for me but to get a position. I have worked ever since," she "I had the usual girl's life. went on. For a time I went out to parties. I was a favorite with men, especially with college boys, and I danced and flirted and smoked and drank. But I grew weary of it. was only one thing I wanted of life. Finally when a man fell in love was love. with me. I fell for him. But he threw me

"My pride was wounded; I was disillusioned. I thought that there could be no real love for me in the world. I grew sick of everything and could not bear to be with my friends or my family. So I left Chicago

and came to New York.

"I took a room down in Greenwich Village and started to hunt for work. I found nothing; my money ran out; my became shoddy. I spoke to my landlady about my troubles and she told me to talk with the young man in the room next to mine

'He's an architect and he knows a lot of

people,' she said.

"I told her I would but of course I didn't He had the large room and I, the hall bedroom. Once I heard him as he opened his door and said good-by to someone. His voice stirred me strangely; it was deep and strong yet soft. I had never heard a voice like it before. I wanted to go in and see him but I couldn't. I sat in my room wishing for a miracle.

IT HAPPENED. One night there was a knock at my door and he came in. He was different from every other man; his eyes seemed to see right into me and to know me; he was dark, robust and looked a lit-tle like a gypsy. I felt as if he had been there waiting for me all my

'I'm Derry K., your neighbor,' he said. The landlady has spoken to me about you.

You're looking for work?'

"'Yes,' I said. I was ashamed of my shabby clothes and I felt awkward but I added, 'Won't you sit down?'

"He seated himself and we talked about my past experience. Finally he suggested I go to a certain agency.

"'What is your name?' he asked.

" 'Carolyn B,' I answered.

"'Carolyn,' he said. 'That sounds like

"I had never cared for my name until at moment. Then I loved it.

that moment.

"He invited me into his room and I went. A fire was burning in the hearth and the room was big and beautiful. large work-table covered with papers, and there were many books and pictures in the room. We sat and smoked and he told me about himself.

"His father was dead; his mother lived in a little town in Massachusetts; she had none too much money. She had put him through school and Paris with difficulty. Now he was working in an architect's office.

"The next night I took dinner with him: and from that time on we dined together every night.

"I had found a job in an office as a clerk and I made just enough to live on. As I learned to know Derry better, I knew I was falling in love with him, and it choked me. I couldn't yet believe in love again; I couldn't trust this new feeling I had for Derry. The pain of it silenced me.

One evening when we danced together to the music of his phonograph, he looked into my face.

"'How beautiful you are,' he whispered

'Is it love?'
"I nodded. 'Carolyn,' he said, 'I'm glad When my ship comes in, we will marry

The tears sprang to my eyes; my heart leaped, and as he kissed me it seemed that something in me broke through. Since then I have known the meaning of a great

"THERE was only one shadow over us. He was frightfully jealous especially of my past, because I had once been engaged. One night one of my men friends in Chicago was in town and called me up. I could not avoid going out with him, for he was an old friend and had news of my sister. wards Derry stormed about it. that there were times he thought I didn't care much for him and that there was something in me he could not trust. didn't sleep all that night. I felt heartbroken. Then the next day he begged forgiveness and we were happy again.

"At that time something happened. was returning home from work one summer afternoon and had just turned down our The slanting sunlight fell on the brick houses. Everything looked bright and gay. I felt happy. In five minutes Derry would have me in his arms. But just then the door of our house opened and Derry came out with an older woman. I knew at once she must be his mother.

"Derry seemed embarrassed when he in-

(1)

n

1111

th,

dir

li-t

tim

-ur

iell

hat

tha

troduced us.

"She and I looked each other up and down. She was an aristocratic looking woman, hard-faced and very proud. I saw that she was withering me with a look

Class! I was a business girl! we sprang from blood equally good, but

what did it matter?

"She nodded stiffly. Derry tried to peak lightly, 'Hope I see you later,' and then they were gone.

"The street swam about me. feverish and dizzy, but I managed to get to my room and sank outstretched on the

"An hour or two later there came a knocking on my door.

The door opened; "I did not answer. Derry knelt beside me, as he took my hand and held it to his lips. He was weeping silently. I half rose and drew his head into my arms.

'Forgive me,' he begged. 'Oh, darling. I am a terrible cad. I don't know what came over me. I suppose with my mother still feel I am a child and act childishly have hurt you terribly; I know it. For give me. I wouldn't give you up for the

"I tried to forget that terrible evening; I tried to forget the truth. But every now and then it stared me in the face and I knew I was a coward not to give up Derry I saw that his path led into a world I could not enter. Sooner or later, the moment would come when we'd have to part.

"It came. He had been in a competition

h h m: ozether

elin: I red me ore her

ispered n glid

howel

y heart seemed Since a great

ver us. ially of ngaged. Thicago uld not an eld After-Ie - u l

didn't ust. hmartbegged ain. ned. I

ummer vn our on the tht and Derry st then Derry Derry L knew

ip and ng Wo I sau

ook. Perhaps d. but ied to r.' and

to get on the ame a

pened. ad into

darling v what mother ldishly . For for the

vening: ry now and I Derry

I could noment

petition

attend it. He met fashionable people there who were wealthy, had beautiful homes and rede about in fine motor cars.

"I BEGAN spending evenings alone. Derry explained that it was only for a time. After we were married, he said I would go along and we would do some entertaining ourselves. But I noticed that he got more and more forgetful of me. He seemed preoccupied. He seemed a little dazzled by his statess. His caresses grew perfunctory; his kisses seemed a bit absent-minded.

My heart ached as I sat alone at night

waiting to hear the front door open and his feet upon the stairs. I grew numb with my sorrow. I felt that a break was sure to

"Perhaps, though, I would have gone on. but Derry met a young woman, the daughter of a famous architect, who fell in love with him. He told me about her. She was brilliant, beautiful, charming. I was lealous. I wanted to tell him that I would not let any other woman come between us. Then one evening I heard her voice.

The phone was ringing in the hall and I answered it.

I salkweight.

"Is Mr. K. in?' asked a woman's voice.

I could hardly speak. That voice was a revelation to me. It was charged with teminine seductiveness. It was beautiful in its way. It was the voice of a world which was not my world. I could read in it a possessiveness: she said his name as if it belonged to her.

"I called Derry; he was twenty minutes
t the phone. Of course I did not listen
but I was in a blaze of jealousy.

"He knocked at my door. 'I must go.
Carolyn,' he said. I threw my arms about
his neck. 'What does she mean to you?' I asked him.

He looked at me in amazement.

Nothing. She interests me, that's all.'

"Interested him! He must be finding me dall. I tried hard to be game. 'Derry, are you going out tomorrow night?' I said.

"Tentative engagement. Why?'

"Derry, I want you to give tomorrow path to me.'

night to me.'

"'But, dear, if it's for my work-

"Just tomorrow night, Derry."
"He was growing impatient. He said a little harshly, 'Oh, all right, Carolyn.'

"ALL the next day I stayed home in my room, fighting jealousy. My heart grew tender with love for him. I knew the love that was for the sake of the loved one; the love that gives and gives all. The love that

"I was very quiet when he took me to dinner. I held his hand across the table; I

listened to his excited words.

"We went back to the house. In his room I sat watching him. He was so dear to me. Finally I said to him:

"'Derry, do you really love me?'
"'Why do you ask? You know sometimes I think you don't love me. I'm not sure about you. Ever since that Chicago

"'But, Derry,' I smiled, 'that's long ago.'
"He was about to speak, but desisted. It
was as if he were going to say, 'You are
lying.' My heart quaked with a strange

'Almost involuntarily I said, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down

his life for his friend.'
"He stared at me. 'You are deep. What does that mean?'

"'I don't know,' I said.

"'But what I do know,' he went on, 'is that there is a sort of wall between us.'

for a big public building and he won it. "But then things happened. He was invited out to dine at the home of a great architect with whom he was to be associated. He had to buy a dinner coat to lit. He had to buy a dinner coat to be associated. He had to buy a dinner coat to be associated. He had to buy a dinner coat to be associated. He had to buy a dinner coat to be associated. He had to buy a dinner coat to be associated. He had to buy a dinner coat to be associated. He had to buy a dinner coat to be associated. He had to buy a dinner coat to be associated. He had to buy a dinner coat to be associated. He had to buy a dinner coat to be associated. He had to buy a dinner coat to be associated. He had to buy a dinner coat to be associated.



how they're kept free from corns

GILDA GRAY'S Dancing Feet

Those whose feet earn fortunes treat them with zealous care, as a singer does her throat or a painter his hands. That's why hosts of stage stars, dancers and athletes endorse Blue-jay as the safe and gentle way to end a corn.

For what other way could be so safe and sure? No guesswork. Each plaster has just the right amount of medication. The plaster removes shoe-pressure at once. So the pain goes immediately, and the corn follows shortly after.

You'll be delighted with the new refinements in the new Blue-jay. A new creamy-white pad and a more flexible disc. Now at all drug stores. For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

THE **new**

Turn Spare Time Into Gold!

Right in your own neighborhood there is a pleasant, profitable, ready-made business awaiting you-a business that will bring you immediate cash rewards, that requires no experience or capital, that will not interfere with any of your regular duties.

Hundreds of men and women, and boys and girls, have found our money-making plan an ever-abundant source of funds. They have built homes, raised families, bought automobiles, and secured the luxuries they wanted largely through money carned as our representatives.

What they have done and are doing, YOU CAN DO TOO. Your leisure moments are gold—don't waste them. Mail the coupon for instructions and

a complete free money-making outfit AT ONCE!





Dept. SS-628, Int'l Magazine Co., Inc., 57th St. at Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

YES, I want to turn my spare time into gold. Without obligation to me, please send the details of your easy money-making plan immediately.

Name.		٠	٠		٠	0					٠						۰	6				
Street.				۰			9	d				6	d	٠	٠	٠	٠			٠		0



W. H. Guscott, Ohio, carned \$300 in a single month.

Every woman should know This Face Powder Secret



Two Kinds of Face Powder To Choose From

No one face powder blends with all types of skin-so Stillman has made two kinds of powder.

One-"Stillman Oriental"-clings wonderfully to the normal and excessively dry skin. It does not smart, will not irritate or flake. Is distinctively different from other powders. An entirely new formula that soothes the dry 6kin and keeps it soft and natural.

Forthe oilytypeof skin—"Stillman Bouquet"
—spreads smoothly, and clings, too. Will not clog the pores, which is most important for this type of skin. Blends perfectly, removes all skin shine, making your complexion flaw-less and irresistibly natural.

Generous samples of both powders, exqui-sitely perfumed, will be sent you in the pop-ular Stillman Twin Packet upon receipt of six cents in stamps to cover mailing cost.

With the Twin Packet you receive a special FREE introductory offer coupon on your first box of Stillman powder and an instructive folder telling you how to care for a normal, oily and dry skin.

MAKERS OF STILLMAN FRECKLE CREAM

The Stillman Co., 145 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill. Please send Stillman Twin Packet, instructive folder and special introductory offer. Enclosed find six cents in stamps to cover postage cost. White Flesh Rachel
Name
Address
CityState

EARN UP TO \$250 month SALARY



AS A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR No Selling -- Healthful, Outdoor Work Travel As Your Own Boss.

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET

Div. 6. Buffalo, N. No Hunting for Job After Graduation

00	*****	4
6 8	SUPERFLUOUS HAIR!	
\{	nu-art	
	Destroys it - with the roots.	VILS
Cin	No pain. Harmless. Guaran-	Fig.
6/2	teed. Only \$1.00. Good stores or use Special Offer coupon	K
	DELEIN, INC. Dept. 453, Mark X	13
Calls	South Orange N. J. if C.O.D. I III	
Alay	Send me FREE, as a special offer, a 50c, tube of DELFIN Massage Cream; a 25c, tube of DELFIN Deodorant;	
44.0	a 25c. tube of DELFIN Deodorant; and a six months supply of Skin Tonic. Also NU-ART for which 1 enclose \$1.00.	9
	Name	NUS
300	Address	A
(%)	City & State	40
5 1	resto! it's gone!!	(PT

"'Perhaps it's due to your new friends," [suggested.

Tush!' he exclaimed. 'I'm busy and all

that but that's nothing.'
that but that's nothing.'
Tush! ne carrier and the would not hurt me for the world. He was a gentleman and he was kind. He would marry me as he had promised. But I would be merely an

encumbrance to him.

"Derry,' I said, 'come over here.' He came and sank on the floor and I ran my fingers through his hair. 'Remember this. Derry,' I went on, 'remember above all, that I want you to be great and fulfill your life. I want nothing more than that, except one thing, that you be supremely happy. For, you see, Derry, I do love you.'
"'You are honest and true, Carolyn,' he

said, 'and I believe you.'

THAT night, as we said good night, I held him close in my arms and kissed him again and again. Then it seemed im-

possible, what I was going to do. It seemed as if a knife were twisting in my heart, and I fainted.

"When I came to, he was leaning over me in my own room. 'What is it?' he asked.

"I smiled at him. 'Nothing, darling. The heat,-and worked too hard today. Don't worry. Good night.'

"I lay that night in utter darkness. My soul was a place that was black. And then when I slept I dreamed. I had read the story of the Greek girl, Iphigenia. How the demanded that she be sacrificed and how she was command of her father. I dreamed that I was being led to the sacrifice. Maidens were chanting and strewing flowers in my path, and then at last I knelt and bowed my head, my neck bare for the knife. I arose at dawn in a trance. I hardly knew what I was doing.

"I went past his door with my valises, and on the street found a taxicab. I went over to another part of town.

'My dying began. I held one job, then After a couple of weeks, my failed me, and I became sick another. failed me. strength As soon as I was well enough, I found an-I did not want to see people.

I did nothing. At night, I dreamed of him. "Sometimes I thought of going back. But one time, full of this thought, I saw him on Fifth Avenue with a young woman. She was beautiful, gay, smartly clad. I slipped back to my room and my darkness.

I had not eaten for several days. I was too weak today to look for work. I could live with the loneliness of my no longer This evening I went out groping while the rain beat upon me. Then suddenly I saw the way, and darted out But not dead," she said bitterly and sighed,

"not dead. I must go on and on."
I tried to control my voice. "Yes," I said, "and now you must stay quiet here for a while. I have an appointment. I'll be back before long. San will bring you your dinner."

Half an hour later I was talking with Derry. I had found his new address in the telephone book, and, praise fate, he was at home. He was all that she had said: handsomely dark, simple, thoughtful.

At first he listened to me rigidly.

"Why do you suppose she left you?" I

"Why?" His voice was agitated. "I never fully trusted her. I don't think she loved me the deepest sort of way, the way I need. There was a Chicago fellow—"
It was then that I told him her story.

When I ended he was pale, like a man stricken with death.

His voice had awe in it and his eves filled with burning tears. "But I love her, I love no one but her. I have hardly been able to work. It was a blow that almost broke me. I could only drink to forget and work like mad. Even so, I was stricken.

'And you see her love for you?" I asked. He stared at me. "Doctor," he said, "on our last night she said, 'Greater love hatl.

Why

Smart Set

95

Different

There is an

aura of glam-

our about

SMART SET

that makes it

most alluring

and that's why

it's different

from other

BeatriceKrow-

ell, McKees-

Just Spread

that Aura

port, Pa.

magazines.

no man'- Ah, surely," he went on, "Greater love hath no woman-' than she.

I let him in with my key He stood in my doorway, his face white, his body trembling, his arms out.

She looked up from where she sat in the big brown smoking gown. She rose weakly and clutched the weakly and clutched the chair. Her eyes blinked as it she were trying to see if she were awake. And as he ad-vanced she fell into his arms. Their lips met.

That is the story. And, of course, Carolyn was all wrong about the class matter. She was born a lady. That is, a character of real inner re-finement and beauty, with that key to the best manners and consideration for others She has made him a good wife. They are happy

to

m

ca

he

sta

.id

Th

an

ba

Dete

shi a l

no

for

his

der

COL

lov

inc

the

En:

he gaio atti

bla

mai div

I said in the beginning that this case was in a way a parallel of that shown last month, the refusal of a man to marry because he was against marriage. In this

case, the motive, however, was sacrifice, the last sacrifice of love, which, mistakenly, a woman thought would bring happiness to As so often happens, neither her lover. trusted the other enough, neither had a deep enough insight to see that the other's love was true, and the end would have been death for the woman and a more or less thwarted life for the man had there not been the accident of my intervention.

Another case, I think, which shows what a doctor's practice includes. Many cases. he has, that have little to do with medicine. and much to do with the heart and soul. Carolyn was brought in to me because she had fainted after attempting suicide. the cause was not starvation, as it seemed. but a broken heart.

MY INDEX cards have many another case as fascinating and strange, glimpses, as I pass through them, of joys and sorrows, disasters and triumphs in the jungle and heaven of the human heart. Sometime I may write of these cases. I am sure they will interest, perhaps fascinate you, as they interested and fascinated me.

O they seem silly and childish—those high school boys you know? No "savoir faire" and that sort of thing? Haven't you longed for a date with an oldish man—one, oh, at least thirty, who could chat of Europe and looked so distinguished in a dinner jacket? Haven't you? So did Sally and she found one. And what happened? She'll tell you in July SMART SET

'as at hand-

... k she 11,11 tory

m.in

13" I

her; been most orget 11.11

hatt. hath ker y, his trem-

where

rown rosc the as ii if she e ad. arm-. id, oi

ronz She is. a with innerthergood

nning Wall n last mar this e. the ıly, a 10 either deep love been r less

e not what Cises. licine SOU se she Yet

nother mpses, rrows e and ime I they they

No ith ind

Should Wives Have Men Friends? NED WAYBURN

[Continued from page 24]

b.cn married twelve years. The man is nity: the wife, thirty-eight. She is beau-When tital, and she is attractive to men. other men make a fuss over her, her hus-band glows with pride. Jealous? I hardly think so. If he is, no one knows it. He is devoted to her—so much so that she is the envy of all the women who know her. She has many men friends and she is successful in keeping them as friends—that and no more. Every once in a while one of the men she knows will imagine himself in love with her. She refuses to see him again until he is completely recovered from his heart

Talking with me one day, she discussed the question of having men friends.

When I see too much of women I feel stuffy," she explained. "I need the society of men to be happy. I can't stand female bridge parties and teas. I hate women's chatter. I adore my husband, but I'd be bored to death if I didn't have men friends. Some people think I go out with men to keep my husband interested in me and to make him jealous. That isn't the reason, at all, although I do think the more a woman is admired by other men, the less likely is her husband to let his attentions to her

A WOMAN owes it to her husband to be as beautiful, as charming, as entertaining, as alert and intelligent, as it is in her power to be. If, through friendship with men, a wife can gain in physical charm and mental strength, who can say that be-cause she is married she must devote herself exclusively to her husband and stagnate because of that devotion?

I know many women to whom the admiration of men is absolutely essential. They wilt without it. Unless they have men to admire their beauty, they have no beauty. They are drab and lifeless. Their sparkle and their animation are gone. Their has and their animation are gone. Their husbands would soon lose interest in them.

I know others to whom the mental stimulus obtained from intelligent men friends is so vital that without it, their minds become dull and inactive. They are bored with life. To live successfully and to develop themselves to the utmost they need the companionship of intelligent men of diverse interests.

A woman's husband should be the last person of all to protest against her friendships with men. But it is only natural for husband to be jealous, you say. Pooh! A man or a woman who is jealous is not in love. Real love has no room for jealousy. A man truly in love with his wife could not be jealous, for love denotes perfect faith and confidence and considers only the happiness of the loved one.

A man who marries a girl who is gay and attractive and who has been accustomed to the friendship of many men doesn't really love her if he tries to shut her up in the house and to limit her outside activities to "hen" bridge parties. After a year or so, he will be shocked to realize that his wife is no longer the girl he married, that her gaiety has given way to nagging and her attractiveness has become drabness. He will blame it all on her and in a short time their married life will be nothing but a series of quarrels, finally ending in separation or

If he loves her unselfishly such a sequel never will occur. He will strive for her

less, or that she is any less a good wife and mother.

One of the happiest couples I know have been married twelve years. The man is herself solely to him. He will want his wife to remain the charming girl he married and he will not, through his own selfishness, deprive her of the opportunity of remaining that girl.

A man of forty marries a girl of twenty He is engrossed in his business. He works hard all day and in the evening he wants to spend his time quietly at home, reading. He no longer wants to go out and dance and make the rounds of night clubs.

H IS wife is young. She has not yet reached the age of the fireside and a book. Because she wants gaiety and excitement doesn't mean she doesn't love her husband. It is the exuberance of youth. Why shouldn't she, then, go out to teas and dances in the afternoon with men her own age, or several evenings a week go to the theater or to night clubs with them? There is no reason, at all, if it makes her happier and more content. The fact that a man and wife have opposite interests should not interfere with their love for one another. Let each go his own way and the happiness of each will result in a happier marriage.

What is worse than having to live with an unhappy or discontented person? Yet many husbands find themselves in that situation simply because they will not permit their wives the freedom of having men friends. Their wives love them too much to go against their wishes, but their unhappiness and their discontent find expression in querulous nagging and a warped point of view toward life. Is it any wonder the atmosphere of so many homes is depressing?

The home is not enough to fill satisfac-The home is not enough to fill satisfactorily the life of the average girl who marries today. She has been engaged in business and has become accustomed to the companionship of men. Her interests have spread out in many directions. It takes more than the price of lamb chops and the making of lamp chades to interest have the making of lamp-shades to interest her. She must have outside companionship and out side interests if she is to be a good wife. To have women friends is not sufficient for her. Chatter of dressmakers, ruffles and flounces, the latest hats from Paris and choice bits of gossip about Mary Brown and Ethel Jones will not hold her attention She needs more stimulating conversation than that if she is to thrive. She needs the friendship of men.

Whether they be friends of the days before marriage, or friends made afterwards,
is unimportant. Let the married woman
who needs male companionship have as
many men friends as she wants. Let her have luncheon with them; let her tea with them and dance with them, go to dinner and to the theater with them, so long as she can do so without neglecting her hus-

band and her home.

But it isn't safe, you say. It is dangerous for a married woman to have men friends. Platonic friendship between men and women isn't possible. The married woman who has men friends is bound to be unfaithful to her husband. The men she knows won't be content with friendship. They will demand more.

Rot! The woman who is going to be unfaithful to her husband will be unfaithful anyway. Nothing can stop her. Whether she has freedom or hasn't it will make no

difference

But such women, fortunately, are in the



America's Foremost Dance Authority, who staged the best editions of the Follies and over 600 other Musical Shows and whose inspirational direction contributed so much to the success of Marilyn Miller, Ann Pennington, Gilda Gray, Fred and Adele Astaire, Mary Eaton, Ada May, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers, Oscar Shaw and many other Stage and Screen Favorites, offers training in

EVERY TYPE of DANCING for STAGE and SOCIAL AFFAIRS

At a Surprisingly Low Cost

YOU want to become a stage dancer. You arecasting eager eyes toward popularity,

health, success and, naturally, Stardom.
Yet preparation for a successful dancing career includes far more than learning how

Yet preparation for a successful dancing career includes far more than learning how to dance. You must not only be trained according to proven, practical, up-to-the-minute methods—but your personality must be developed. You must know how to "put yourself across." You must be schooled in the type of dancing to which you are temperamentally and physically suited. In short, you must acquire Showmanship.

If anyone can spot your unsuspected talents for Stage Dancing and develop them to their utmost—if anyone can advance you from mediocrity to Stardom, . . . Ned Wayburn is the man!

Why? Because Mr. Wayburn has had years of experience in discovering and developing hundreds of nationally known Stage and "Movie" Stars. Because his success as a producer and director of musical show "hits" is unparalleled in theatrical history. Because the sum of all this genius and experience is behind the unique method for training stage dancers that he offers YOU. . . a method that assures his pupils every opportunity for most profitable and happy engagements.

So be practical. Invest your time and money on training of known merit. Come to the Ned Wayburn Studios. Learn how Showmanship is applied to dancing to bring Success. Class or private instruction. Children or grownups.

Call or write today for beautiful, illustrated 56-page FREE booklet which tells all about Ned Wayburn's Method of training, For information regarding Mr. Wayburn's Home Study Course in Stage Dancing, write for Booklet WG.

Reduce or build up safely. Join Ned Way-burn's day or evening classes in "Limbering a nd Stretch-ing" and mod-ern simplified stage dancing.

NED WAYBURN Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.

1841 Broadway, (Entr. on 60th St.) Studio wa AtColumbusCircle, New York, Openall year round 9 A. M., to 10 P. M. Except Sundaya (Closed Saturdays at 6P. M.) PhonoColumbus 3500

BROWNIE NAME CARDS Latest Handy Size. 50 Perfect Name Cards and Case 35c.



Size 134 x 234, Choice of old English, Plain, or Script Types. Address Telephone

With Novelty case and Fancy box. Send Stamps, Coin, or Money Order Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money refunded, Agents Wanted.

BROWNIE NAME CARD CO.
103 Mai 1 St., Coventry, R. I.

Appeal that wins

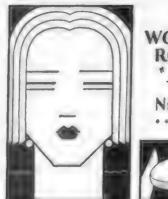
At your Dealer-or mail coupon.

Phantom Red

Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 123,
54 Dey Street, New York

I enclose 10c for beautiful Vanity Size Phantom
Red Linestick and Mary Philibin's "Make-up Guide
for every type of Face." (Another 10c brings
Dainty Model Phantom Red Rouge Compact.)

Address



This. WONDERFILL ROSY DISC **NEEDLESS** ·· HAIR ··

Just as easily as using a powder puff, you can now remove needless hair from face, arms and legs! The secret is Wonderstoen, a dainty, rosy disc. You merely hold it lightly in your fingers and rotate it over the skin. It "erases" needless hair, whisks away every trace of fuzziness, and does it pleasantly and instantly. Wonderstoen is dry, odorless, barmless. No pasteto mix, heat or spill. No blade or lather. Nothing to soil clothing. And it leaves your skin soft, smooth and beautifully white. Wonderstoen is so dainty, so simple it can be carried in your bag, ready for instant use. At drug and department stores, \$1.25.

OFFER! Try Wonderstoen and bedelighted. Remarkable as it is, it costs only \$1.35 by mail. To convince you, a coupon, with a money-back guarantee, is provided. Just mail it with \$1.35 and Wonderstoen will be promptly mailed to you!

Free Booklet on request

Mail to BELLIN'S Dept. Sc	Wond 500 FIFTH		
	or which please send a		
If not satisfied, I	can secura it and my	money win	DE ISSUMAÇO.
Name	tan return it and my		De serandes.
	Can section it and my	money will	



The Russell Patterson School Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 22 CHICAGO, ILL.



minority. So why, because of them, say that no married woman should have much friends? If a married woman has men friends it does not necessarily follow that she must be untrue to her husband. too often a woman returns to her husband after dining or lunching with a man friend, grateful to Providence that her husband is as he is and glad that by some kind twist of fate she is not married instead to the man she has just left. Contrast with other men usually operates in the wife's favor.

THAT there is a certain element of danger in a woman's having men friends there is no doubt. Just how much danger there is depends upon the individual woman and the strength of character she possesses. She must have herself constantly under control and must be more than careful of what she says and how she acts. She must see to it that her men friends do not read more into her friendliness than she intends. She must never intimate that her husband doesn't understand her or she will find her men friends more than willing to assume the rôle of sympathizer.

To keep her friendship on a Platonic basis a woman must be actually in love with her husband, of course. Her love for him and his for her will be great enough to bring her through unscathed. It is true that Platonic friendship is a difficult thing to maintain between men and women. But, when the woman is in love with her husband and is loved by him, it should be comparatively simple for her to have Platonic friendships. The emotional side of her nature will be satisfied and the thought of love will not be uppermost in her mind when she is with other men. Consequently, she is not reading love meanings into everything a man may say to her.

Some of the finest friendships I know of are between married men and women. They enjoy each other's society but there is no question of unfaithfulness or of disloyalty. They simply find a mental companionship which their own marital partners are unable

to give them.

The ideal state, of course, is for two persons to be so in love with one another that they have no need for any other companionship. But only in rare instances is this possible. The average married man is away from home all day. business he has contacts and interests which play no part in the life of his wife who is left at home with her domestic duties. She, as well as her husband, must have outside interests. Naturally, she turns to male companionship.

Having men friends makes a woman more companionable to her husband, and, what is perhaps still more important, makes him appreciate her more. Men are strange creatures. They talk a lot about wanting devotion and attention from their wives, but when a wife makes too big a fuss over her husband he is likely to grow tired of her.

The woman who has men friends need never worry about her husband taking her I am inclined to believe that for granted. her friendships have the effect of keeping him on the "qui vive," for he realizes that although he is her husband he is not by any means the only man in her world. He knows that association with other men gives his wife standards for comparison. sequently he must always put his best foot forward. He knows that other men are forward.

making an effort to impress her favorably: he must do likewise.

In this day of easy divorce I think it is especially essential for women, and men. too, to keep up their friendships. young people, very much in love, but unprepared for the task of marriage, are rushing into it today. For a year or two they live in one another. They lose track of their friends. Then comes a divorce and they find themselves at loose ends. They are practically alone, much more alone than before their marriage. The girl is without the men friends she had before her marriage, and the man is without his women friends. Life is easier for him for he still But has his business interests and contacts. for the girl who has given up her business life to devote herself to marriage the situation is hard. She wishes bitterly that she had continued to have men friends

Perhaps if she had had men friends, the divorce would never have occurred. Through the companionship of men she might have gained a broader point of view and had greater patience and sympathy with the problems of marriage.

I do not believe in divorce. If two persons are hopelessly incompatible. separation may be necessary, but never The good of the couple should divorce. be sacrificed to the good of the state. For one couple which might have just cause for divorce, two dozen others will follow suit and plunge headlong into divorce for no good reason.

There is nothing wrong with marriage but everything is wrong with the way the average young couple approach marriage. Marriage is a very definite and exacting profession but young people today are not being trained for marriage. Instead, the boys are being raised to make business suc cesses and the girls are being educated to make good matches. No attention is being given to the most important thing of all making a personal success of life through marriage.

SUCCESSFUL marriage hinges on po-fiteness. Too much stress is being laid A success. upon faithfulness. It is easier for a woman to forgive infidelity in a man than rudeness and discourtesy. Ask any woman which she would prefer as a husband—the man who was courteous, kind, thoughtful and considerate. but had philandered; or the man who was disagreeable, rude, inconsiderate, but faith ful. Most women would choose the man who was unfaithful, yet courteous. Courtesy. consideration, cleanliness and a certain respect for the other person's feeling are absolutely essential to a happy marriage.

Women want attention and consideration shown them. That is, undoubtedly, one of the reasons women need men friends. Friends don't dare to assume the prerogatives of rudeness and unkindness which many husbands seem to think is part of the matrimonial rôle.

The majority of divorces today can be traced, I believe, to neglect of the little graces and kindnesses that make the wheels of social life run smoothly. Politeness is just as essential in the daily life of marriage as it is at a social function. When people realize this there won't be so many divorces.

Husbands who treat their wives with courtesy and consideration and who accord them praise and admiration need never worry about their wives' men friends.

Have you ever known a woman who has tried it? Have you perhaps tried it yourself? Did the experience make for success and happiness—or failure and discontent? Dr. Louis E. Bisch has talked with dozens of girls and women who have lived their oun lives with varying degrees of success. He will tell you in July SMART SET what he has learned from them about this new freedom?

What Do You Like Best and Why?

PRIZE CONTEST

4^S ANNOUNCED in the May issue, SMART SET wants to know what you like in each of four numbers of this magazine and why.

Editors are always anxious to please you; the more they give you what pleases you, the better they like it. SMART SET is published to please you. So it wants to know, from you, exactly what you like best and why.

SMART SET is giving you a chance to tell what you like best in this issue and in the issues of May, July and August.

You are asked to select the one BEST feature, article or story, that appears in EACH of four issues—May, June, July and August.

Do not send in your opinion until after you have read the August issue.

In order that everyone may have a fair chance in this contest, copies of the four issues may be read in the office in New York City or Chicago free of charge.

Here's how you may win: Jot down right now the name of the story or article in this issue of SMART SET that you like best and tell why you like it. Then, when you get the July number, do the same thing and follow a similar plan with the August issue. You stand a better chance of winning if you follow this plan. If you wait until you have read all four issues of the magazine, you will probably forget just what it is about a story or article that makes you like Do not send in your opinion until after you have read the August issue.

After you have made your selections, one from each of the four numbers, write a letter of not more than 1,000 words, less if possible, to the Editor, 119 West 40th St., New York City, telling what you liked best in each issue and WHY you liked it. This contest will close on August 20, 1928. The Editors will act as judges and no letters will be returned. All or part of the prize letters will be published. For the best letter entered in this contest SMART SET will give a prize of \$50.00; for the second best \$30.00; for the third best, \$25.00; for the fourth best, \$15.00; and \$5.00 for each of the ten next best.





Your Eyes (Not a Cosmetic) Gives lashes natural upward curve. Eyes look larger-bright eyes brighter, soft eyes softer. No heat or cosmetics. Apply a gentle pressure an instant with soft rubber pads. Handles in Apple Green, Baby Blue, Lavender, Cherry, Old Rose, Ivory, Department, drug stores, beauty shops or direct. Send \$1 or pay postman. Guaranteed. Kurlash Co., Inc., 133 N. Clinton Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.





W. BUCHSTEIN CO., 610 Third Ave., South Minneapolis, Munn.

Hy;

n is

liny 1:-1:-

1.01

, of and El.ey th: in

h- nt (11) 11 -11]]

Dut 11,0 --11111-

-1:

ottah

have

h.d 11:0

two

ible,

ever

าดแโป

e tor suit

rriazo

. the

riazi. ictina t. 11 -t

tl: -111

ed to henn2

all

rough

r po g laid oman

lene--

h -he 0 1/1 1

erate. o w is faith

who

n re

e ab

ration

ne of iend-.

rogawhich

of the

in be little

wheel:

ess irriage

people

orces. with

accord

never

1171

)id Dr.

eir

GENUINE (Brand New) 13 Off Regular Price



HERE'S your chance to secure that Corona you've wanted on the easiest terms ever offered! Complete in every detail; two color ribbon, back spacer, beautifully designed, manufacturer's guarantee Recognized the world over as the finest strongest, sturdiest portable built. During the Great War the Corona demonstrated its superb durability in every army. Its ability to stand up and deliver satisfaction under the most trying circumstances and unbelievable abuse has made it the choice of war correspondents, reporters, feature writers.

Yours for 10 Days FREE Send No Money

Firefield the jet this personal writing partable to protect on any year. Use it 10 days, the "Submarks in torne, a little scleenly typed but is it turns out. That if if the orice "isk to me, traveline. Small, a impact, helicity when the Days out but is, not ris, bells as per but learning when you an have the Corona at such a low price or on such easy ferti-

Carrying Case Included —If You Act Now

I dispete representation instructions free to the care Sand to many out the compon. With the 1 to the left proceed and sand you the terms of the sand of the sand to the sand out the sand of the sand of the sand out the sand of the sand of the sand out the sand of the sand of the sand out the sand of the sand of the sand of the sand out the s

Mail coupon now.

Mailing this Coupon Brings You a Brand New Corona for a 10-Day Trial

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CORPORATION, 196-360 E. Grand Ave., Chicago.

496-360 E. Grand Ave., Chicato.

Size of Complete P.O. R. Ch. 2. On arrival I II.

Literature of Complete P.O. R. Ch. 2. On arrival I II.

Literature of Complete P.O. R. Ch. 2. On arrival I II.

Literature of Complete P.O. R. Ch. 2. On arrival I II.

Literature of Complete P.O. R. Ch. 2. On arrival I I. Ch. 3. On arriva

1 ' 1 Bs

Tired, Tender Feet

Dissolve a heaping tenspoonful of MU-COL in a quart of lukewarm, water, soak the feet in the solution, aponge the ankles and lower limbs. This treatment just before retiring, will bring relief and comforting sleep.

Many prominent Chiropodists recommend MU-COL. Economical. Powder form. Dissolve and use as required. Costs less and lastslongest. Handy fortravelers.

MU-COL

Non-poisonous hygienic powder. At Druggists, 35c, 60c, \$1.20 or The MU-COL Company 167 East Tupper, Buffalo, N. Y. Send for Free Sample

Love at First Bite

[Continued from page 59]

I'll pay the hundred. Bring him around, and let me make sure."

"Be sane," said the voice. "If you want

the dog, bring a hundred up to Lee Park, right by the monument, half hour from now," and the telephone clicked.

I tried in vain to find out who had telephoned. I began to have doubts. Would I recognize Dusty? Boston bulldogs looked a lot alike. About the only way I could be sure was if he bit me.

Besides, there was the thought that here was proof to Margie that I had nothing to do with this second disappearance.

She received me and my story coldly.

"I'll go with you," she said. There was no objection, as far as I could see. Lee Park was close to the center of town. Nobody would try anything rough there. I argued with her half-heartedly, but in the end she went with me.

PROMPT to the minute I braked my car by the monument. There was nobody in Five minutes passed—ten. Still no Margie was stirring wrathfully when a figure was outlined against the light of the drug store across the street. He kept his face in the shadow of his hat, and approached the car. Evidently he had been watching us from the drug store, to make sure we had not brought officers with us. "Lookin' for a dog?" he asked.

"Yes!" Margie answered.
"C'm' on." he said. "Leave th' car there."
Still in the shadow, he strode across the park, and at the street on the far side, hailed a taxi.

Our companion got up front with the I could not hear the address tavi driver. he gave. Margie did not speak; nor did I.

I did not like the looks of the neighborhood in which the taxi stopped. Margie, however, stepped out entirely unafraid There was a muttered colloquy at the taxi, a long moment of making change, and then the roar of the motor as it sped When the taxi had disappeared, I liked the look of things even less. I lagged for a quick look around as our guide mounted the steps and unlocked the door.

He switched on a small electric light in the hall, and moved into the shadow.

"All right." he said. "Let's have the money."

money.

"Let's see the dog first," I demanded.
"Oh. he's here, all right," he said, and, opening a door at the other end of the hall, he took hold of a chain. Dusty was on the other end.

"Let's see him. closer," I demanded.

"Don't you think I know Dusty!" asked Margie. The stranger, however, still kept his head bent in the shadow of his hat as he unsnapped the chain.

Margie bent over the absent one, throwing her arms about him. When I looked up from the tableau, I found out why he had unchained Dusty, for I was looking into the business end of a gun.

"I'll take that hundred, now," the dog ief said. "Also those rings she's wearin' thief said. an' yo' watch, and any other spare change

you have. Let's have it!"

"All right, Doc," I said. "If you've got us, you've got us."

I emptied my pockets on the floor in front of me and turned to Margie.
"Let's have your rings," I told her. "All

of 'em- and everything else valuable you

She gave me one look of scorn, then friendliness of her tone.

that much!" I said. He wasn't, to me! without another word she obeyed me "All right. I'll keep him, then." "Give me your handkerchief," I ordered wait a minute. If it's the right dog, her. Then to the stranger, "I'm tying her. Then to the stranger, "I'm tying them into a bundle for you." "Tha's right," he warned. "You'll get more by helpin me."

finished tying the compact little bundle.

"Here Dusty," I said softly. "Beat it!" I placed the bundle in Dusty's mouth and smacked him sharply. There was an instant's sparkle in the pup's brown eyes as he looked up understandingly at me. Then he was gone like a shot through the open back-door.

The stranger whirled after Dusty and brought his gun down. There was a flash. a report, and his arm jerked with the recoil. "Run, Margie, I'll hold him!" I yelled. I tackled him. We went down in a heap.

110

h

die

lee

u

hit

ha

.11.

fac

he

t (i)

(H)

the

In

dot

tos

to

110

th.

the

Instead, she jumped for his head. twisted the gun from his hand and swung about just as I heard the door to the room behind me open. There was an instant's glimpse of a face with a scar from lip to eve and of a blurred something descending

I do not know how long I was out. When I regained consciousness I was tied up, lying half on the floor, half against the Margie was tied and seated in a rough chair, across from me. On the bed was the stranger, and I did not like his looks. He was smoking, and his fingers trembled as he lifted the cigarette. I kept trembled as he lifted the cigarette. I kept my eyes nearly closed, reconnoitering through the lashes.

Voices came to me through the partition I lay against. "Dog stealing!" said an angry voice. "That's the sort you've got us holing up with! Every crook above the dead-line 'll be laughin' at us when we get back to God's country!

'How could I pick?" said another voice. "Pete, here with a hole in his shoulder, and every tin-star in three states tryin' to get Way I see it a snatch at that reward! you're lucky you had anywhere to go till Pete could travel.'

"All right, then, Brains! What you go'ner do now? This dog thief you've got us boarding with has got those kids in yonder. They got a good look at Al's face and you know there's been pictures o' that scar in every paper in the country. If we hold 'em, the hayseeds'll tear this state wide apart lookin' for them. You may feel like bumpin' them off, but no hot seat for mine, thanks! What you go'ner do?"

"Do? That's easy. Pete can stand the gas cart now. We'll call in our landlord, feed him some sort o' cock-and-bull, and beat it. With any sort o' luck we ought to be five hundred miles from here when the tin-stars get him, and we should worry! They already know who did that safe job!"

I heard footsteps outside. The knob irned, a hand beckoned mysteriously turned, a hand beckoned mysteriously through the door. The stranger left us and went out.

COULD hear only a word or two of the Colloquy that followed—not enough to know what they were saying. Eventually the man returned, and through the partition I could hear the sound of preparations for

Still I kept my eyes closed. If our guard did not know I had recovered consciousness there might be some way to escape.

Minutes passed but they seemed hours. Margie stirred, and I watched her through half-closed eyes. Suddenly she spoke and there was a shock to me in the warm

"You aren't afraid of dogs, are you? You weren't scared at all when my friend tried to sick the dog on you."

The man looked over at her without a change of expression, and went on smoking. Margie refused to accept the rebuff.

"I did make a mistake in paying you too much reward the first time, didn't I? They told me I did. Would you have taken him again if I'd paid less?"

"Th-huh," he said. "So you recognized me, did you?"

ed m.

ordered

s right. helpin'

t little

t it!" I

ith and

an in-

Then the open

ity and

a flash, ith the im!" I

wn in a

Swung

ic room

nstant's

lip to cending.

inst the

d in a

the hed

like his

fingers

I kept through

artition

n angry

us hol-e dead-

et back

r voice

ler, and

it you

've got kids in

I's face

o' that

iay icel

eat for

ind the

ndlord. ill, and

ught to

ien the

e job!

riou-l us and

ugh to

ntually

artition

ons for

guard ousness

hours

hrough ke and

warm

knob

ead.

Margie did not show the alarm she should have at her slip. "Oh, yes," she told him calmly. "We're old friends, now—really! And your friends are coming back for you, aren't they? Since you'll be gone so soon

what difference does it make if we're frank?"

I began to get it. Margie was talking as tast as she could, and far more loudly than there was any necessity to talk. Then I heard it again—the slightest of sounds out-She kept on, holding the guard's at-

"THAT was a clever trick of my friend's, wasn't it? To have the dog carry all our valuables away. I didn't know what he was doing, either; the only other idea that had occurred to me was to hide my rings by dropping them in-"

She stopped. The stranger got to his feet she stopped. The stranger got to his feet suddenly that he shoved the bed back. "I never thought of it!" he told her. You thought he was giving that stuff to me, and o' course you hid what you could. Dropped 'em down th' bosom o' yo' dress, didn't you? We'll just see!"

There was a leer on his face as he lurched toward her. Bound as I was I got my leet somehow together under me and stood up. I launched my body at him but he heard me. His fist caught me and slammed me down. He bent above me, raised his heavy boot, and stamped it in my face.

I clung for a while to consciousness. I saw him turn again to Margie but as he laid his hand upon her there came sudden pande-monium: a crash as the door was torn from its hinges, men poured into the room,

mem with faces that vaguely I seemed to remember and, curiously, a smaller, brown form that looked like Dusty was with them.

My clothes were wet with the water they were throwing into my face when I came again to myself. Sheriff Tom Kent was facing my and a souple of his deputies were facing me, and a couple of his deputies were

bending over me.

"Sheriff Tom!" I exclaimed, wondering if I were dreaming. "What—how—did you get here? How did you know where to

Sheriff Tom snorted.

KNOW! My, Lord, boy! First o' all the hotel clerk down by the station phoned us there was a taxi driver tryin' to change one o' the bills everybody had been notified to look out for as havin' been stolen from the bank in that safe blowin' last week. In he was right, too; it was one o' the tolen numbers.

We had this taxi fellow in my office, and he was tellin' us 'bout bein' paid this bill by this fellow here, when there came the scaredest' telephone message I ever got. The dog had just got to her house," nodding toward Margie, "with all her jewelry and pocketbook with yo' name and papers in it. The folks knew somep'n had happened to you all. When the taxi driver heard the descriptions, he knew it was you he'd taken with the man that paid him the bill, and that's how we found out where to come

"We was a comin' out the highway, when that big tourin' car come out the side load. They wouldn't stop, and we blew off their tires. When they saw the riot guns they stuck up their hands and we'd a' got here sooner, if it hadn't been for that."

He rubbed his hands complacently.

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please Wear what you please Do what you please Take no risky medicine

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more

shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. can now have all these benefits in your own bath.

Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a work's wagetien. joyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your

Try Fayro at our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is \$1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for \$2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want



HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fages baths reduced my eight II found in 8 days. I feel better this I have felt for year."

"I reigh to pound be and teel wanger and deep better. Farm a romderful."

"M: death chin , and hed in the magic of Favro lath."

"My hip were always too prominent world I commenced Fayro bath. I have to till peared."

"Thank you in Faire. I let II towns in three weeks, teel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhead my thick aribles have always been a soric of onlines ment. Favro bath have reduced them beautifully. Thank's avery mach."

For obvious reasons, names are not quitted, but every letter published has been authorized and notices and ad-dresses will be given on request.



If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail

13	yro,	Inc.						
12	Loc	nst	St	Pi	ttsh	urch.	Pa.	

Send me i full sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman \$2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Vame		
------	--	--

Address.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.



In addition to our NEW LOW PRICE. I will send for your approval one of these Standard Watches, general ed for a lifetime of satisfactory service, not only by the Santa Fe Watch Company, but by the Great Illinois Watch Factory. So accurate, Government officials carry them; so perfect and beautiful, jewelers say they are worth 15 to 15 more than we ask for them. I will send you one to see WITHOUT ONE PENNY DOWN—allow you to wear it 30 days FREE—then sell it to you on easy payments.

Why Not Own a 21-Jewel Santa Fe Special Watch?

Y i will never miss the few cents a day that will make you own one of these watches. SEND FOR WATCH BOOK illustrating in beautiful colors hundreds of designs and combinations in cases in the POCKET WATCH, MEN'S STRAP WATCH and LADIES WRIST WATCH. You can have your namer monogram and any emblem you may desire engined in the Case to suit your own ideas. Write that for Free Watch Book, and make your selection it once while this offer last.

FREE! A Limited Offer: With every Santa Fe Special, a beautiful gold chain or strand of exquisite pearls. Write today. Mail Coupon for both Watch and Diamond Catalog.

Santa Fe Watch Company Dept. 6125 Thomas Building. Topeka, Kansas

Mail	Santa Fe Watch Company,
Coupon Today	Pept, 6125 Thomas Building, Topeka, Kansa
	Please send prepaid and without obliga- tion your Watch Book Free, explaining your "No Money Down" Offer on the Santa Fe Special watch.
/ No	me

. . State

City.

PRETTY ANKLES S AND CALVES P ALMOST IMMEDIATELY	3.75 er pair
R. WALTER'S Special extrastrong Ankle Bands, will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them. They fit like a glove. Can be worn underany kind of hose without detection. You cannote the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day deriving then extra beneat of the support.	
Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Hands for \$3.75. Inv by check or money order (mocash) or low jountness. Send inkle and Calf measure to DR. JEANNE S. S. WALTER	Walter's reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and

"Five thousand reward won't be so bad for a night's work," he began, then popped his fingers in sudden recollection. wait a minute!" He felt in his pocket and

extracted another paper.
"I forgot!" he said. "You kids were lucky. There was another reward. A thousand more for information leadin' to the capture. You kids get that—how do you want to do. divide it?" and he handed the paper to Margie.

She smiled, beginning to shake her head; then her eyes glinted in sudden merriment.

"Neither Howard nor I get it, Sheriff om," she said. "It's Dusty's," and she Tom," she said.

bent down and gave the paper to the pup,

And then the wildest, most inconceivable of things happened. Dusty, the arrogant, the irreconcilable, took firm hold of paper, padded over to me, and hoisted his front paws to my knees. Gravely he laid it in my lap. His stub of a tail waggled, and then I'll swear he seemed to look up at Sheriff Tom with a hidden moaning as he walked over to the door and left us. Margie's eyes met mine. "Humph!" said Sheriff Tom, "looks to me like that dog's got mo' sense than all the rest o' us!" He led the procession out and left us alone together for a moment.

Are We Becoming Social Hoodlums?

[Continued from page 55]

Sunday afternoon early in the spring. The few who do look back upon their wildness with regret realize that they have cheapened themselves and give up wild party-ing.

Although the habit has become general in all levels of society, I believe it hits the fastest pace in the young married country-Bored with home life and club crowds. each other they crave speed, intrigue, and wildness. Thus banded together as a group of excitement eaters they stop at nothing short of murder. A party I attended very recently convinced me of that.

HIS party started out as many do over a high-ball after dinner. Neither my host, -, nor his wife, M---, had planned ny excitement for my special benefit. But two very attractive couples drove up

in a five thousand dollar speedster. They had had a few drinks down the road. These two couples like my host and hostess, were nice people. They were from very fine old Jersey families. The men were graduates of famous universities. The girls had traveled and studied abroad.

"We've been looking for trouble all evening," one of the girls said.

"It has been found right in this house,"

- said.

"I'll say! And how! What a brawl we pulled here Saturday night after the country club! It's a wonder you had any house left after that golf game in the library," exclaimed the other girl.

"We only broke the three south windows, two pictures, and some bric-a-brac," de-clared J—. "Mac bet he could drive three balls off a rug, through each one of those south windows. I bet I could do

the same thing-

This conversation continued about twenty Then the balloon went up!

"I've got a new way to play strip poker, said one of the girls. She grabbed a pack

"We played it at the Harrington's last night. It's a whiz. If you get a card above a nine spot you take off something. Jewelry's out. It's got to be clothes. There's a king for you Mister Man," she said, and flipped the king of hearts at me. Off came my coat.

-'s wife drew the ten of spades and

yanked off a slipper. Her big police dog suddenly bounded into the room. Ggave him the ace of diamonds. Off came Big Boy's brass-studded collar.

"You're naked, go hide," G- said. And so started a strip poker game that wasn't a game at all. Just an e everybody to act like hoodlums! Just an excuse for

Within ten minutes we were literally all down to a few stitches of respectability.

- drew a card that called for him to remove his only remaining garment. was a trifle slow in complying with Gorder to play the game. As a result his last stitches were all but torn off in the

ensuing rough-house led by the girls.

The window shades were all up, and a married couple driving past rushed in to connect up with the excitement. The newcomers, R- and B-, yanked off their clothes without waiting for cards. Their big idea was to catch up with the strip poker party. They did—and how!

- impulsively decided to do a veil dance on the front lawn. Our host accommodatingly moved the Victrola to the porch and put on a record. The rest of us dressed in the weirdest assortment of stuff imagin-I wore a lamp-shade for a hat, and a maid's apron out of the kitchen. B jammed a derby over his ears, and dared anybody to say he wasn't fully dressed!

The veil dance done, everybody pulled on beach and bath robes and drove a milea-minute to the shore where we went swimming in the Scandinavian style. The water was freezing, but it didn't cool our Scotch

got away for his New York office two hours later than usual next morning. but his only concern seemed to be if I had

enjoyed the wild party.

I have never been hypocritical, and I'm not going to be that way now. I am not fed up with wild parties because some turn into strip poker parties. I didn't shut my eyes in embarrassment at the Jersey party

It's the way these parties invariably end that's at the bottom of my reaction against them. I hate to think that wild parties are destroying our capacity for all social pleasure and entertainment except bacchanalian revels and brawls.

T'S NEXT to impossible to give a quiet party these days at which interesting and attractive people can get together and give each other something in the way of real social value. If you ask one or two people to stop at your house for a few minutes to have a cocktail they are just as likely to be there at three in the morning. We cannot control the party craving today; it controls us.

th

.1

no

.tn

13

Just to show you what I mean, last Christmas I invited three men and three women to my place for a few cocktails before we all went out to dinner together. I emphasized the "no wild party," but there wasn't a chance. Each of my six guests brought along some friends. That's the way it goes nowadays. Your invited guests take the liberty of dragging their friends to an affair on the grounds that a party is a free-for-all.

e run. eivable rozant. tert his he laid ed and up at a he eft us. or's got

He led

.: ne

hin: to ult hiin the

and a in to e nenff their Their a vell accom-

e porch dressed maginit. and darea re--(1) pulled a milewim-Scotch

orning. nd I'm im not ne tum ut mi party olv end against ties are l pleas-

analian

s office

a quiet ing and nd give of real people minutes ikely to

in. last d three ocktails ogether. ut there guests the way sts take s to an lv is a

So my quiet little party quickly turned of these people. But you know how it is to a brawl against my wishes. At the when you've got a few drinks aboard! Reople don't bother about introductions. into a brawl against my wishes. At the risk of being thought inhospitable, I served only three rounds of cocktails. But this is an age in which people think nothing of asking for drinks in your house and taking them if they are not served. The crowd helped itself to liquor.

Within twenty minutes the radio and victrola were broken. Then S—, one of the uninvited guests, took the steam plug out of a radiator, yelling, "Look out it's going to fog!" This was supposed to be funny.

A geyser of steam shot out, and the living to m was thick with the warm wet mist before I turned the radiator off. I realized that the man who had caused all the trouble was going to give me a lot more unless he snapped out of it. I suggested a cold shower for him but that was my mistake. Apparently swims and showers have the same effect on some people. S—— seemed himself after the icy needles hit him and I effect on some people. him believing everything was all right.

BUT the next moment he dashed into the living room, and did an Indian war dance attired only in a bath towel. Everybooly cheered when he said the shower had given him a new lift, and I was afraid the whole crowd would try this stunt.

Of course, a man has got to be very ginned-up" to do what S—— did. But there was more than liquor behind his Indian war dance. He wanted to create a sensation and he knew that he could get away with this wild sort of stuff. The crowd would stand for it!

I don't know how my quiet little Christ-mas cheer party ever ended. I suppose, after all, people must eat once in a while. Eight of us found ourselves in Reubens' restaurant about eleven o'clock. One of the girls threw a plate at a waiter while others zipped heavy cardboard menus all over the place until the manager threatened to call the police. I went home after dinner but the party drove downtown and carried on until five in the morning. Next after-noon one of my guests of the day before said I had missed a wonderful time by going home.

great doings down at "There were great doings down at Charley's. We played tag on the fire-escape ladders. Mary broke her arm. Four people passed out cold, and we wrecked the place, she boasted and boasted is the right word.

There were two engaged couples in that crowd and I watched them closely. I am always curious to see if modern men and girls in love digress very far from the ways of lovers of a few years ago. I like to see if they, too, have become "broad-minded" about each other.

If some one had not pointed out the two engaged couples I never would have been able to pick them out. Both the men and girls were flirting to beat the band, and carrying on as wildly as anybody else.

However the proportion of engaged couples at the modern wild party is very low. Perhaps people no longer broadcast the fact that they are engaged for fear announcement would hamper their good times. Perhaps being engaged is not as popular as it used to be. Perhaps the engaged couples atom any or the couples of the coupl

gaged couples stay away from these parties.

My friend B— told me recently about
one of these excitement hunts after which all the people involved were expelled from a well-known club and that is just about

as bad as being arrested.

"The whole darn' thing started out of nothing," B- said. "It was a rainy night and I was just going to have a few cocktails before dinner with a man, dine at my club, play bridge an hour, and turn in.

"After three Bacardi cocktails my com-

panion got party-itis. There were only about twenty people in the club because it was such a wet night. We only knew five

J--- dragged everybody up to his room and we were still there cocktailing at ten.

"One of the girls did a dance for which almost anybody could be sent to Atlanta for life. Then somebody got the big idea for a swim in the pool in the men's locker room. Women were strictly forbidden in the men's However nobody worried about lockers. rules and nobody stopped to get a swimming

"I can guess the rest." I said.
"Yep! There was a stamped p! There was a stampede for the Everybody divested enough to make swimming a pleasure. But, some one, not quite as big a hoodlum as the rest of us, snapped off the lights in the tank room.

There was a dash for the pool. Splashes, gurgles, cries! The water revel was on.

"Then the terrible thing happened. lights flashed. A member of the club's board of governors came into the room. He ordered everybody to dress and leave the place. Next day B—— and his friends were expelled from the club."

Then I told B—— how I attended a pirates' ball last summer at a Rhode Island club. The affair started with dinner on

Saturday night. It was such a riot that at four A. M. Sunday nobody wanted to go home. On the suggestion of the host ten of us started in cars for a place near Boston to visit a man no one knew except my host. After being pinched twice for speeding we arrived at a big beautiful estate.

A milk wagon was just leaving the place as we entered at five-thirty. Two of the boys tied the driver up, stole the milk wagon, and drove all over the vicinity de-Two of the livering milk to every house we saw.

It was all done in the spirit of a wild party prank. Nobody meant any harm. But the driver reported the affair to the police, and we were actually arrested on about four different charges. Fortunately our host-to-be was influential. A few fines, payment for the milk, and a tip to the driver finally settled things without anybody having to go to a barred cell.

I could describe other wild parties by the dozen.

BY WAY of contrast to these wild parties I went to a dinner dance in Connecticut recently which I will long remember as an affair that produced one hundred per cent social entertainment and pleasure without going wild.

I do not doubt but that the usual number of affairs were taking place at this party but they were conducted with subtlety. The dancing lasted until three o'clock. But the party was over then.

Why was that party such a nice affair? Why didn't it run wild? Were the people on this party different from the people who go in for wild parties?

No! For many of the guests were people who had given some of the wildest parties imaginable. There had been plenty of liquor available. Everyone who was on that party agrees that it was just one of those miracles that happen every now and then.

But the Connecticut party gave me something to think about. It made me realize that our wild affairs are not giving us genuine good times. They are cheating us of all the attraction that "nice" people possess in their more refined moments.

The wild party habit is affecting us the same as dope affects its users. It leaves us nervous, restless, fevered by insatiable cravings for more excitement, and actually makes us unhappy. This is why I'm fed up with wild parties, and I honestly believe that Street everybody will eventually decide to cut



A Charming Figure Easily Acquired

BYTHIS amazing system (the result of the Weight Control Conference held in the N. Y. Academy of Medicine), you can weigh what you want and take off or put on weight where desired. Approved by physicians. Endorsed by thousands. Following the 30-Day Program will enable you to take off at least 10 pounds and convince you that you can be youthfully slender, perfectly formed.



This Program (complete with daily menus, exercises, instructions) is given you by the makers of the Health-O-Meter Automatic Scale that makes weight control easy and safe, warns you if you are starting to gain or lose.

Procurable at most department, hardware, physicians supply and drug stores.

ZANOL

HEALTH-O-METER

Continental Scale Works, Dept. 60-F 5703 S. Claremont Ave., Chicago, Ill. Without cost or obligation to me, send me your 30-Day Weight Control Program.

7	Vame.

Address

WE PAY \$6 a Day

Products, Toilet Preparations, Soaps, Laundry and Cleaning Specialties and Household Supplies Nationally advertised from coast to coast. Not sold in stores. Fast repeaters. Big Income every day. Exclusive sale. No capital needed. Big money for spare time

Ford auto absolutely Free to workers. Write for particulars.

American Products Co.

397	American Building, Cincinnati, Ohio
dı	000 OF DATTON GRAMI
91	UMMER COTTAGES \$180#
G	ARAGES 8700 UP
Ma	iny Sizes
AII	Designs- Materials
	adi - Cut Pay Freight
Th	eALADDINCO, Mail this Coupon!
Bay	City, Mich Wilmington, N.C Portland, Ore.
,	Summer Cottage Catalog Garage Catalog 573

FRECKLES

Removes This Ugly Mask

I'm's relanger the slightest need of feeling . to . it is a partial to remove the homely

seeds of a control of Others from any drug reformer to all of it to record to the Hill Favor gun to dis-graph of the Lepton of the vanished service. It is also, it is not that as onnee and the control territorskin and pain 1 ,, 1 , , , 1 .

fi source so or i lib tree, the Othine as the it is by marite a men. back if if the transfer to the Me



Rectangular Wrist Watch

Latest Solitaire Ring LIVE white, nery sparkling "Har-him Dismond" and in platinus. tyle, richly engraved, latest de-liberaring Horbins Ho-share field of front and of daz-ter bases of the William

Big Special Advertising Offer

TO ADVERTISE HARBIRN DIAMONDS. WE WILL GIVE THE ABOVE DESCRIBED RECTANGULAR WRIST WATCH. ABSOLUTELY FREE. WITH EACH HARBIRN DIAMOND RING PURCHASED ON OUR MOST LIBERAL PAYMENT PLAN.

SEND NO MONEY

GUARANTY WATCH GO. 154 Nassau Street Dept. 58, New York

MEN and WOMEN! Restore Original, Youthful Hair Color With YOUTHRAY—Quickly! New, different, absolutely harmless. Positively restores original color. Succeeds where others fail. Beneficial to Hair and Scalp. Ends dandruff. Makes hair grow luxuriant. Used by thousands. Unconditionally guaranteed to satisfy.

NO DYE! No one will know you use it. Applied to scalp—does not tain. Acts on color gland in hair root. Forces Nature to color hair in natural way from inside. Will not wash off. Doos not affect wave, at scalp as hair grows. My tonching up.

No after-graying at scalp as hair grows. No touching up. No after-graying at scalp as hair grows. No touching up. FREE TRIAL! Strove YOUTHEAY at our risk. Send 2c at many today for booklet. "The Hair Beautifol," and particulars of FREE Trial Guagates Ofter. Send NOW, Ray Laboratories, 648 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 26As Chicago

The Right to Love

[Continued from page 53]

People like my employer are ashamed of him. He disgraces the neighborhood. What sort of a man is your stepfather? Trust me. Tell me why you came here.

I looked into his kind, honest eyes, no longer laughing but filled with anxiety and I told him what had happened since my stepfather had taken me away from school.

"I'm glad he isn't really your father. I suppose your father was an altogether different kind of man.'

'His name was Hargrove," I said, "a New York Hargrove and my mother was a Seffenden of Philadelphia.

They disowned my mother and won't recognize me." I began to feel that I was in danger. All my vague fears grew stronger and more definite. I told him how the Mexican servants spied on me. He could see my fears. He made no comments until I had finished; then he said:

'That stepfather of yours is a pretty lowdown specimen according to my way of thinking. Of course he is going to sell you to the

highest bidder, you see that, don't you?
"Not without my consent," I cried.
"Poor little kid," he said softly. "W "What a lot of things there are about this evil old globe that you don't know!"

He looked at me for a long time as though trying to find out the real me.

'If you go up there tonight, don't drink anything. Keep your head.'

I never take anything except a liqueur with coffee.

"Don't take even that tonight." He rose to his feet. We had been sitting on a marble garden seat under early roses. There was a depression about Alan Carden's manner.

"Leonie," he said, "I may be the biggest tool in the world and you may be the greatest actress in it. If you happen to be the greatest actress I most certainly am its supreme fool.'

"I don't know what you mean," I said and wondered why I wasn't angry with him. "I hope you don't. This is the best way

out; it leads to your rear entrance."

MY STEPFATHER came in at four. His face was flushed.

"We're dining tonight at the mountain-top mansion of Earle C. Binner, whose fortune is conservatively estimated at fifty millions.

don't want to go." I insisted. "I'm sure shall hate him.'

"Don't be a fool." he answered. "I've accepted for you and you are going. He's crazy to meet you. Just be your natural self. He doesn't believe your type exists any more. He's tired of modern, cigarette-inhaling, athletic girls who swap smoking-room stories. He'll fall hard.'

"And then?" I said and tried not to show my horror.

Then your manager comes in, pulls all the old bromides and makes them live again. And, believe me, I'll make him pay for what he said to me at lunch. Those millionaires think they can insult poor men and get away with

He believes all men have their price."
"What does he think of women?" I de-

"He has even a lower opinion of them, so it's up to you to disabuse his mind. Don't touch anything to drink. I said you never drank and he said I lied. You've nothing to I said you never I'll look out for you. worry about. time I'm selling the genuine article.'

"Selling?" I cried. "What do you mean by

"Just a way of speaking," he answered. As I dressed for dinner, I wished I had some woman to confide in. I wondered what Alan had meant by saving I was a great actress. It could only mean he didn't believe in me. He would think I had been laughing at him all the time, that I was an adventuress leagued with the adventurer, my step-

Earle C. Binner was a heavily built man with a large, white face and scanty hair. He had large soft hands and pale eyes that stared at one almost insanely. His face was hard at one almost insanely. and fright inspiring. I tried to show no emotion. I could at least prevent him from knowing how scared I was at the way he held both my hands and stared into my face, with la-own only a few inches away. Then he turned to my stepfather.

"You're not such a liar as I supposed."

MY STEPFATHER trowned. Wardour is not used either to your manner or your way of speaking."
"We'll test that out later." sneered Binner was a good. I've made a STEPFATHER frowned.

"I'll say the make-up is good. I've made a special cocktail for the little beauty.'

"Thanks, I don't care for one. My refusal seemed to astonish him but he seemed to think it was all part of an arranged plan originating in my companion.

At dinner he hardly took his eyes from my face except to lift his glass. He ate almost nothing. I knew I was puzzling him. Was I really "jeune fille" or was I an actress trying to persuade him? Once he began to tell a story that I suspected would have a risque ending but my stepfather stopped him.

"I think," said my stepfather with dignity "that on reflection you will see that a young lady carefully brought up need not endure the sort of story you tell to other kinds of

"Perhaps you are right," he conceded, "but they all try to fool me. Women are so darned smart." Then he turned to me. I thought I had never seen a face with so much of the lower animal in it. "This house and its contents are for sale and I'll tell the envious

world I've had a lot of eager bidders."
"I don't wonder." I said, "it is a beautiful

"The main attraction is," he continued. "that I go with it." He frowned when he "that I go with it." He frowned when he saw the horror in my eye. "What's the mat-I could be mighty good to ter with you? you. Leonie.

As he said that, from the outer hall came the sound of raised voices. At the door I saw a tall man in evening dress pushing aside the little vellow butler.

It was Alan Carden, the consulting chautfeur, now arrayed in the hight of fashion He looked around the room with a smile on his face. I had never seen any one more at ease. He did not smile or show any sign of recognition when his eyes fell on me and yet, in my heart. I knew that but for me he would not be there. I had never in my life been so astonished. Directly I saw him I lost my terrible nervousness.

"Ah. Binner." he said as he came to the where my host was standing and d at him. "I hope I haven't come in scowled at him. at an inconvenient moment, but I happened

to be passing—"
"Passing!" Binner sneered.

"Yes, passing," Alan repeated, "so I thought I'd drop in and bring you a message from Your men have cut down Miss Weldon. some trees on her property line and she is

1111

Bit

help

"She's not the only furious person," Binner cried. "Let her see her lawyer and don't let her bother me. And her lawyer will have something else on his hands. You forced an entrance here and I'll prosecute. I've got witnesses here that you assaulted my butler."

"An unprovoked assault," my stepfather "My daughter saw it also and

wasn't an assault."

Alan bowed and smiled. "Thank you," he said. "You could convince any judge and jury in California."

I wondered why he kept up this pretense of not knowing me. Binner scowled at my remark and glared at Alan.

Alan still smiled cordially. "So in the great-

ness of your heart you forgive me and invite me to have a drink. Thanks, Binner. I will and if you want me to feel even more at home, you'll introduce me to your guests." He pretended to be astonished at Binner's manner. "What! You won't? Then I must do it myself." He turned to me smiling. He took my hand. "May I present Alan Carden to Miss Leonie Hargrove? Charmed."

I SAW my stepfather look at nim angrily. He was wondering how this stranger could know my real name was Hargrove. The trespasser went on with his introductions quite seriously. "Mr. Carden," he said, "would you care to meet Mr. Wardour? No! I really can't blame you." He turned his back SAW my stepfather look at him angrily on my stepfather and began to talk to me.

Binner and my stepfather were whispering together. I could see that Binner was apparently blaming my stepfather who was protesting that he was not to blame. Perhaps

Binner guessed that Alan had met me before. "Leonie," Alan whispered, "listen very carefully to what I have to say and don't let them suspect it is anything but idle chatter. I've looked this situation over and I've got it right. Binner is as dangerous for you as strychnine."

"I know," I whispered. "I was horribly

afraid."

thin: lven.

st(;)-

He

tur. I

hand

(111) 1-

11077 -

116 1 11

h 1...

irnel

·M1--101,

nne

uli .

ut he

inzed

n niv Inios'

Win

tr

o tell Teque

mity

oun.

ndure

(1- 11)

** 111

arnol cht l

i the

(O)

viou-

utiful

nucel.

in le

nd to

came

111.5 le the

haut

shion

ile on

ore at

gn of I vet.

vould

en so

t m

o the and

me ir

nenerl

ought

down

he i-

inner

i't let have

ed an

e got

tler."

ather

and

I'm going to get you out of this somehow and take you to a woman who'll protect you. I've got to go in a minute. I can see that, and as I stand at the front door talking, bolt out of it and run as fast as you can to the right. Run till I catch up with you. Don't look scared. They mustn't suspect anything. Don't hesitate. Girls have come to harm in this house and have never been avenged. My dear, for heaven's sake, trust me.

When Binner and my stepfather came toward us they were so angry they did not see my agitation. They were raging at this cool, imperturbable man.

'If you prefer to be thrown out," Binner hegan, "I can promise to have the job done satisfactorily. That's your affair." He rang a bell. "But if you prefer to take the hint, here's your opportunity. I give you fair varning that this is going to cost you more than you've bargained for." My stepfather came to my side. I could see he was suspicious.

"How did that man know your name?" he demanded. I did not answer. I was getting

ready to follow my amazing instructions.

Alan Carden was still calm and smiling.

"Binner," he said, "you're not an ideal lost, are you? I was just asking Miss Wardour to motor to Santa Barbara tomorrow and you interrupted us but fortunately not before she had accepted."

"I don't know who you are," snapped my stepfather, "but she won't go."

Then the butler came. He was not alone. On one side of him a man servant carried Vlan's light coat. On the other small and carried his hat. There Alan stood smiling and carried his hat. There Alan stood smiling and though there were five to one inworried although there were five to one gainst him. I was sure now that Earle Binner was insane when he was angry or overemotional. His pale eyes looked fiend-

'Now start something!" he snarled at Alan. "I have." Alan said, still perfectly unconerned, "and I'll bet you anything you like to wiger that I carry it through to the finish."

When the butler saw that no violence was oming he sent the other men away and helped Alan with his coat. Then he flung open the door and as he did so I leaped

will testify to it as well as myself." through it. I heard the noisy excited cries of certainly will not," I cried, "because it men and then the door was slammed and Alan was beside me. He picked me up as though I were a feather.

"Don't be frightened." he laughed. He seemed to enjoy what almost scared me to death. Then he began to climb down the side of a steep cliff. "I built this goat path myself when Miss Weldon owned this place. Binner would break his neck if he tried to follow and the others don't know of it. They think I drove away. My old bus is parked in a mass of Bougainvillea."

When we were on level ground he put me own. I made him although he did it redown. gretfully. "I coul-forever." he said. "I could carry your ninety pounds

"Where are we going?" I demanded. I was getting very nervous. By law Mr. Wardour was my guardian and he would probably

tell the police.

Alan would be arrested and I should be ven back to my guardian. Although I given back to my guardian. Although I trusted Alan perfectly I couldn't understand why he was a mechanic by day and a man of fashion at night. I knew I wanted the protection of a woman and I didn't think employer, the stern, exclusive Miss Weldon, would care for me. Women would think of

me as purely an adventuress type.
"We could say we were engaged," Alan suggested. "Most old maids have a romance

in their pasts."

"But it wouldn't be true." I said.

Alan sighed. "I'm afraid not. Still we've got to get out of reach of that man, Wardour. He's worse than Binner."

"You're laughing at me," I protested.

He stooped down and kissed me. "You poor little frightened darling," he said, "of course I'm not laughing at you but it may turn out seriously if Miss Weldon won't champion us."

"You'd no right to kiss me like that," I

protested.

"I can't do anything right tonight," he id. "I know I shouldn't have kissed you but I've wanted to from the moment I saw you looking down at me under the car.

MISS WELDON was reading in a very lofty drawing-room. She was tall,

thin and rather forbidding.

"What a way to enter a room," she cried as Alan dragged me in. "And who is this quite too attractive young lady?" I knew in a moment she disapproved of me.

"Aunt Rachael." he said, "I want you to protect her." So she was his aunt! "May one ask why," she snapped. Alan told all he knew about me but she

smiled as though to pity him for his credulity. "My dear Alan," she said, "hasn't it occurred to you that everything has been planned just to capture you? You're as rich as Binner or will be when I die, and a million times more desirable. The girl is pretty, I admit." she said. "She even has an air of good-breeding, a suspicion of race."
"Her mother was Agatha Seffenden." Alan said. "That may explain."

You should have seen the sudden change in Miss Weldon. She peered into my face. "That's whom you reminded me of," she

said at last. "So you are poor Agatha's child. I loved your mother but she disappeared and lived under a name we never could find out

in some place in Italy, wasn't it? Why are you not with your Aunt Emily?"

"They've cut me off," I explained.

"In confidence," Miss Weldon explained.
"I detest Emily Seffenden and always have."

Her eyes sparkled. "It will be a great triumph to flaunt your loveliness below. She shall adopt you legally, if necessary." She umph to flaunt your leveliness before her. pose you two are engaged?"

Alan looked at me imploringly, afraid not," he sighed.

"Silly boy," I said, "I accepted you hours

They Used HELLO Look at Me NOW The story of a woman who found the way out

"I WEIGHED 167 pounds less than four months ago. Today I weigh only 138 pounds. Yet I always ate plenty of good, satisfying foods. I didn't roll on the floor, or wear hot, sticky rubber garments, or take drugs or pills, or give myself exhausting sweat

"My figure is just what I want it to be, I can wear the latest styles now. And I'm stronger and healthier. I keep house, play, or dance without getting tired. My heart and lungs are fine. My complexion is clear. I feel just like a new woman

complexion is clear. I feel just like a new woman "And it was all easy. I just followed Annette Kellermann's simple, sensible methods. You know that Miss Kellermann has not changed her weight by an onnee in over 16 years. Her methods of reducing are approved by physicians. I know what Miss Kellermann has done for me—my weight has gone down nearly 30 pounds. If you want to reduce safely—and to grow stronger and healthier while you reduce, simply write for Miss Kellermann's free book, "The Body Beautiful." She will give you advice on reducing that is worth more than you now realize."

Miss Kellermann will be glad to send you, free, a copy of her book. "The Body Beautiful," she will also tell you about her method of reduction—a sane, sensible, scientific way that takes off your weight and at the same time increases your energy and strength. Simply send the coupon below or write a letter. "There is no obligation Annette Kellermann, 225 West 39th Street, New York City, Suite 406.

Annette Kellermann, Dept. 406, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Dear Miss Kellermann Kindly send me, entirely without cost, your new book "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in Weight Reducing.

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin. in the privacy of your own home. Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet.
We teach Beauty Culture

D. J. MAHLER CO., 926-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.



109





End Catarrh This Easy Way

Get directly at the cause. Reduce the inflammation of mucous membranes and catarrh quickly disappears. Hall's Catarrh Medicine relieves the inflamed condition of delicate linings of nose, throat and car passages and gives Nature a chance. If you have nasal catarrh, catarrhal deafness, catarrhal bad breath or frequent colds, start taking Hall's now.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Combined Treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, enclose 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 206, Toledo, Ohio



My Haunted Honeymoon

[Continued from page 68]

the table! A journalist present at what was to be an intimate, almost family, affair! didn't like that idea.

Ten minutes later I stood behind the closed door of the priest's small parlor, my heart beating as it had never beat before, not even when I was going "over the top" for the first

At last I lifted the latch and for a moment I had only a blurred vision of those gathered there, so violent was my emotion at meeting Madeleine Ferrat.

During the course of the trial she had been dressed in black but tonight she had put on a white muslin frock and she looked like a child: very young, beautiful and appealing among the men surrounding her. These were Mon-sieur l'Abbé, who held her hand in his; Maitre Boravert, huge and red-haired, the great barrister to whom she owed her freedom: a short, gay-looking man about forty, wearing a quaint brown wig that made him look older than he was, obviously Leon Patou; and last, not least, Lance Darrell.

"And now, my dear child, here is our good friend, milord Maclisie!"

MADELEINE FERRAT fixed her blue eyes on my face. I stammered in ch, "My congratulations, madame." French, And then, all at once, my heart leaped, for in very good English she answered

"I thank you most gratefully. Your pres-ence at my trial was a great help to me. Somehow I felt-I knew-that you believed me innocent!"

"I did indeed," I exclaimed. "But how is it that you speak such beautiful English?"

"I was a governess in England for two years after the War." she answered. "Our iamily was ruined, my two brothers were killed and a friend advised me to go to England. I was very happy there. I have often wished, lately, that I had remained in your generous country instead of coming back here to meet with sorrow, shame, and de-Her voice lowered and became almost

Suddenly the old priest voiced what the other Frenchmen had been thinking "What will you do, now, my dear child? What are your plans?"

"I've had wonderful offers to appear in the Paris music-halls," she answered. "I even had an offer cabled from America. Isn't that amazing? But I have refused them all, of

Monsieur Patou said quickly, "I, myself, am the bearer of an offer from the manager of La Journée to tell you that he wants you to write a series of six articles dealing with your sensations during the trial and that he will give for them twenty-five thousand

francs. half in advance."
"A fortune," said Monsieur l'Abbé. "Surely you will not refuse that offer, my child?"
Her eves filled with tears. "I may be

Her eyes filled with tears. "I may be forced to accept it," she said and her voice quivered. "But, oh, what would I not do to forget it all?"

My heart swelled with pity for her and indignation against Monsieur l'Abbé. After coffee had been served Madeleine sud-

denly arose from the table.

"I will ask you, gentlemen, to excuse me. am very, very tired and I told my old aunt should be back early."

"May I escort you to your aunt's house?" asked in English and her wonderful blue eyes flashed a grateful assent.

It was long after eight and the Grande Place was empty; everyone was indoors eating his evening meal. Even the café was deserted.

But as the door of the Presbytère opened,

men, women, and children appeared as if by magic from the houses overlooking the wide stene-paved square. Each was apparently magnetized by the slight figure of Madeleine Ferrat and they all hastened toward the door of the Presbytère, around which they formed themselves into a circle.

I took Madeleine's hand in mine and I turned myself about so that my figure more or less concealed hers from the cruel gaze of the little crowd.

"Is there no back door to Monsieur l'Abbe's house?" I asked. "I am anxious to have a short talk with you about your future plans."

No. we cannot avoid going across the Place. But once we are through the gate of my aunt's property, we shall be safe from prying eyes," she said in a whisper.

She took my arm and together we walked in silence through the line of onlookers across the Grande Place, up a narrow, steep, stony way, which terminated at the great iron gates of the parklike garden for which we were bound.

The gates were locked and we waited, with a band of children staring eagerly at us, till a woman ran out of the lodge, opened the gates, let us in, quickly locked them again and without even saying the usual bon soir.

disappeared into her little lodge.
"Let us go down this way," Madeleine whispered and with a slight pressure on my arm she indicated a path to our left.

For a while we walked along in silence. then all at once. I exclaimed in a low ardent

"Madame Ferrat, I am going to suggest that you do something which may seem very strange, even repugnant to your sense of what may be fitting. I implore you to think well over what I say before you say no."

Then I stopped, overwhelmed with con-flicting feelings of fear, of hope, of suspense and longing.

"I don't know how to say it," I said. Then, slowly and impressively I uttered the words, "I want you to become my honored. cherished wife, as soon as the legal formali-ties make our marriage possible."

FELT her recoil. She dropped thy arm but I seized her right hand and held it in mine, tightly, as I went on in a voice broken with emotion. "I know you do not even know my name, so great a hash did that good old priest make of it! Yet, it is the name of a man who has come to love you with his whole

I stopped for a moment. Then I heard her say in a quavering voice, "Is not your

love the form of pity that is akin to love?"
"No," I said. "In my case pity is not akin to love. I loved you from the first moment I saw you standing there in the dock facing so fearlessly and proudly all those brutes. I adored you when you were in the witness-box being heckled and tortured by that cynical devil. But one thing I will say. Had we met happier circumstances I might have waited for months before speaking and had you said no then, I should have waited as Jacob waited for Rachel."

She objected in a whisper, "But you know

nothing about me?'

'I know everything about you," I exclaimed. "There was nothing about you that those lawyers did not either drag out of you or out of your friends, and your enemies, too.'

And then I stopped, for I remembered with a sunken feeling of jealous rage the Italian count whom she was said to have loved and who had betrayed her so cruelly.

Madeleine Ferrat began to cry, long drawnout, piteous sobs that wrung my heart. I dropped her hand and put both my arms

Day FREE TRIAL

ORRECT **YOUR NOSE** Beautify Your Face

> Shape your nose to perfect proportions while you sleep, work or rest.

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

guarantees SAFE, rapid, permanent results in one to six weeks. Your age doesn't matter.



an by

rently

deleine

and I more

aze of

Abl & nave a

olan-

si the

ate of

irem

calked acros-

stony Cale-Were

titu.

is, till

d the

3 5045.

eleme

n my

lence

irdent t that

L'ery

what well

Dt'llst

5.111

d the

ored.

mali-

arm

it in

roken

knou

d old

chole ieard your

akin

icinz

zod-

nical

met

have

had

da-

nou

that

VOU

ered

Ital-

oved

Wn-

ırm-

ANITA CO., 695 Anita Building. Newark, N. J.

Absolutely painless. No metal or screws to harm you. 60,000 doctors and users praise it.
Write TODAY for new
World TODAY for New Wood 1923 "The Nose and its Shape"

-IN 90 DAYS! it! My students are broadcasting-or money, MAKE ME PROVE IT! stem does away with years of ork. YOU WANT THE PROOF! I send it. Write me now. D. M. SUTTLE, Director ILLINOIS SCHOOL OF MUSIC 1110 Hunter Bidg.

earn to Dance

This New Easy Way You can learn all the modern dances-charleston, Black Bottom, Vajencia, Can-jer, French Tango, St. Louis Hop, Latest Waitzes, Fox Trots, etc., at home easily and quickly. New chart method makes lancing as simple as A.B-C. No music or sertner required. Learn anywhere, any-ime. Win new popularity. Be in demand it parties. Same course of lessons would not \$20 if taken privately.

Send No Money 16

FRANKLIN PUB. CO. 800 N. ClarkSt. Dep. B-304 Chicago

ORM DEVELOPED



My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing exercises, pumps or other dangerous absurdities. I send you a GUAR-ANTEED TWO DOLLAR

TREATMENT FREE 14-DAY

If you send a DIME toward expenses.

(A Large Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included.) Plain wrapper.

IS IT WORTH 10e TO YOU! If not, your dime back by first mail. Address now, with ten cents only,

Madame C. C. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

-Be Popular-CRYSTAL GAZING

Magnus Works, Box 12, Varick Sta. New York, Dept, SMS-6

GOV'T. JOBS

\$35 to \$70 Weekly. Men and Women, 18-55. Home or elsewhere. Big list of positions and "How to Qualify" mailed FREE. Write OZMENT'S INSTRUCTION BUREAU, 409-B, St. Louis, Mo.

around her, girdling her gently. "Darling," I whispered, "perhaps you would rather wait awhile? What a brute I am to have spoken tonight!"

She looked into my face; we could just see each other's woe-laden eyes in the faint evening light.

"No, no, you have been noble but you have not thought; you do not understand that my name is now covered with infamy.

My lips were almost touching hers but suddenly I straightened myself, though I still held her to me. "Again I ask you, again I implore you to become my wife," I said.
"And how about the past?" She asked and I believed that she was remembering the

Italian she had loved.
"The past?" I said. "The past shall never be remembered between us. Of course, I hate the thought that the mean Don Juan is still in the world with you and me, curse him! But I'm going to forget him.'

SHE said, "Believe me, my friend, you have no reason to be jealous of him. It is true I thought I loved him but you must remember the kind of man that I was married to."
"Now." I said and put a great restraint

upon myself. "Let me take you to your aunt's house. Madeleine, and let us tell her at once, tonight, that we are engaged to be married.' We turned round and were soon back in

the avenue which led to the chateau.
"Kiss me." she cried, "kiss me! Was ever

man as generous as you?"
And yet when our lips met, it was as if

were kissing a dead woman, so unresponsive and cold she was. Yet, I was better pleased by her lack of feeling than I would

have been by ardent response.

Five minutes later she turned the handle of the front door into the long, low chateau and admitted me into a dimly lit corridor. We walked down it in silence but when close to the farther end, she lifted a tapestried curtain and I followed her into a beautiful and stately room on whose pale gray panelled walls hung faded pastels of Madeleine's ancestors and their lovely wives.

As we came into the room an old lady rose from a hooded chair near the empty fireplace. It was the Marquise de St. Prie. She was dressed in a black silk gown; a lapel of lace framed her thin white face and gray hair. "Madeleine?" she exclaimed. "Who is this

gentleman?"

'My fiancé, Sir James Maclisie. We are to be married in Paris as soon as the legal for-malities can be accomplished."

"And where will you live after this sudden

"And where will you live after this sudden marriage?" asked the old lady.
"We shall live in Scotland where my fiancé has his family estate."
"In Scotland," repeated the Marquise in a deliberate, satirical tone. "That is the country of Mary Queen of Scots. I have sometimes thought, of late, that you were very

like her, Madeleine."
"I hope," I said, "that you will come and stay with us in Scotland, Madame la Mar-

Her grim face softened when I used the old regime mode of address, and she gave me, the man who was so soon to be her grandnephew by marriage, a long, measuring look. 'I am old, sir, too old to travel," she said.

She bowed as if to signify that the audience was over, and I bowed also. I stood for

a moment uncertainly looking at her.
Then I started for she gave a high, eerie laugh. "I wish you joy, Don Quixote," she exclaimed. "My grand-niece, I trust, will prove grateful for your chivalrous deed! May you never repent having given her your mother's name."

I turned on my heel, too angry to speak, and Madeleine followed me. Together we walked down the dimly lit corridor in si-lence. But when near the front door she whispered:

"How I hate her! It was she who made

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN—The Muscle Builder Author of "Musca Building," "Science of Wrestling," ecrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," El

What Do Women Want Most?

Women want he-men for their husbands and sweethearts. None of this chorus-man stuff for the real girl. She wants to be proud of his physical make-up, proud of his figure in a bathing suit. She knows that it's the fellow that is full of pep and vitality that gets ahead in this world. He's got the physical backbone to back-up the mental decisions he makes. He'll win out every time.

Look Yourself Over! How do you shape up? Are you giving yourself a square deal? Have you got those big rolling muscles that mean health and strength inside and out? The vitality that gives you the ambition to win out at everything you start. Make that girl admire you first and foremost for a real he-man and the hardest part in winning her is over

I Can Give It To You In 30 Days

I Can Give It To You In 30 Days
In 30 days I can do you over so that she will hardly know you. I'll put a whole inch of solid muscle on each arm in 30 days, and two whole inches of rippling strength across your chest. I've done it for over a hundred thousand others, and I can do it for you. I don't care how weak and puny you are. I like to get them weak and puny, because it's the hopeless cases that I work with best. It gives me a lot of real joy just to see them develop and the surprised look in their eyes when they step before the mirror at the end of 30 days and see what a miracle I have worked for them.

You'll Be a He-Man From Now On!

And it's no temporary layer of muscle I put on you It's there to stay! With those newly broadened shoulders: that perfect neck and great, manly chest, you can maintain your self respect in any society. Every woman will know that you are what every man should be—a forceful, red-blooded he-man.

I Want You For 90 Days

If at the end of 30 days you think you have improved, wait till you see yourself at the end of 90 days. Then the friends you thought were strong will seem like children by comparison. I'm not called the Muscle Builder for nothing. My system scientifically builds real muscle faster than you ever imagined.

Watch Them Turn Around

Notice how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. And you can be that man. Remember, I not only promise it, I GUARANTEE IT. Now don't put it off a minute. Get going to new happiness and real manhood today.

Sendformy Muscular Development 64 Pages and New Book Muscular Development _IT'S FREE

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and malling and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send to-day-right now before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 5006 305 Broadway, New York

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN Dept. 5006, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—Please send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.) Name

Address .

The Story of



OTHER contributors to June Cosmopolitan include Theodore Dreiser, Peter B. Kyne, Percival C. Wren, Irvin S. Cobb, Ring W. Lardner, Sir Philip Gibbs, Meredith Nicholson, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Katherine Mayo, and many more equally famous . . . You will find the most interesting writers in Cosmopolitan because there they reach the largest audience of intelligent readers in America.

A Modern Mephistopheles

DR. ARTZ

by

ROBERT HICHENS

who wrote

"The Garden of Allah"

THE recent Steinach and Voronoff experiments in rejuvenation have attracted world-wide attention.

Now Robert Hichens has written a remarkable novel about a medical Mephistopheles who perverted this almost God-like power to further his own selfish ends.

This is his most brilliant novel since "The Garden of Allah." Begin it in June

Hearst's International Combined with OSMOPOLITAN On Sale May 10th



Someone who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a fully equipped De Luxe Model Nash Sedan, or full value in cash if preferred (\$4.685,00). In addition to this Nash Sedan we serive away, absolutely free, a latest model Chevrolet Coach or its cash value (\$505.00), a Brunswick Panntrope Phonograph, a Six Tube, Single Dial Freshman Radio, a Corona Portable Typewriter many other valuable prizes and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash.

Solve This Puzzle

The numbers in the squares to the right spell two words. The alphabet is numbered. A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, etc. Can you make out what the two words are? When you do this, send me your answer right away. It may mean winning the Nash Sedan or \$1,400.00 in cash.

5

\$315.00 Cash For Promptness

many other valuable prizes and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash, we are also offering a Special Prize of \$315.00 in Cash for Promptness. First prize winner will receive \$1,400.00 in cash, or the Nash Sedan and \$315.00 in cash. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded each one tying. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle and send me your answer together with your name and address written plainly. EVERYHODY REWARDED, Address

323 So. Peoria St. Chicago, III.



Line Lone

Line

ART AND SCIENCE OF SINGING.

Line

Li



on America for less than \$12.00. Heautifully engraved case and dial Send No Money. Pay on delivery \$3.99 plus postage. "FEDCO" U. S. Swiss Agents, \$61 Broadway, New York City, Dept. L386

Special Vacation Offer

6 Months of SMART SET

for a single dollar

	~~~~			
1111/ 5/1	S-C. SMART	t Lalth.	Mercy New	York.
YES text -ix when had	1. 50%	I SEI to I crel se	*1. Tw	for the
Value				
Ad lress				
City			State	
Constan	past 19: 25		6 months;	foreign

my miserable marriage. And oh, she has been so cruel to me ever since. Thank God. I shall never see her after I have become your wife."

She came out into the darkness with me and once more she clung to me with a piteous feeling of gratitude. Once more I kissed her cold, sad lips.

She left me at the gate and I went away feeling that the whole world was a glorious place

And then something happened which, however long I live, I shall never forget.

The window of Monsieur l'Abbé's little sitting room overlooked the Grande Place and tonight it was very hot and the window was wide open. With no thought of eavesdropping but simply because I wished to enjoy for a few moments my secret joy, I stood outside on the stone pavement by the door. I could hear everything that was being said inside the room on my right.

The first words I distinguished were uttered in the old priest's voice, uplifted in anger.

"Though you are my guests. I tell you trankly you are hypocrites, every one of you."

I shrugged my shoulders; I supposed they were discussing the eternal subject of politics. But no, the three Frenchmen were not talking of public affairs, for I heard the journalist, Patou, remark, in a rather shamefaced voice, "I agree that the brute, her husband, was undoubtedly better dead!"

THEN they were talking of Madeleine. I moved a little nearer to the open window. I heard Maître Boravert speak, "No one can doubt that! I had to be very careful what I said yesterday afternoon, for I naturally did not desire the jury to imagine that any woman would be justified, as I feel sure our lovely friend was, in ridding herself of such a beast."

I moved a little nearer along the pavement, for I longed to know what Maître Boravert believed to be the heart of the mystery.

The great advocate's object had been to secure an acquittal, not to prove how the poison had been administered to Ferrat. But he must have had some theory; perhaps the enigma was about to be solved.

"There's no doubt at all as to what happened," said the famous barrister. "A lovely young girl, highly born, but of an impoverished family, is forced into a marriage with a rough, uncultured, and very peculiar-natured chap, for, my friends"—he lowered his voice a little—"there were things revealed to me by the maid, who adored her mistress, which my client refused to allow me to divulge. Ah! human nature can be a very ugly thing.

"Then comes on the scene a fascinating foreigner. Count Torello," Boravert continued.
"But, alas for him, Madeleine is virtuous!
She loves but she refuses to fall. Luckily for
her, the gloomy old house in which she is
living her mournful life with an overdevoted,
though most penurious husband suffers from
a plague of rats. Is a certain suggestion made
to her by her Italian lover? That, my
friends, will never be known. For my part,
I am convinced of it. Italians are used to
the thought of poison. I should never be
surprised to learn that he forced arsenic on
her. What he said was that, instead of asking the farm bailiff to get her the stuff, which
would have been natural. Madeleine asked
the Count to buy her some rat poison, and
then—"

I could see Maître Boravert shrugging his huge shoulders.

"And then, gentlemen, we know what followed. Ferrat goes off to Paris on business and his wife, I admit at his request, promises to send him a cake for his fête day. Like so many men of his type, he is, if coarse-natured and hard, extremely sentimental—"

Again he paused but not for long. "We come to the crucial point of the story! Our

# **Freckles**

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Creambleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.

# Stillman's Freckle Cream 50 Removes | Whitens Freckles | The Skin 50

The Stillman Co., 74 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, II	1.
Send me your FREE booklet on skin treatment	Ł.

Name Address

Cim

State.

# Accounting

Accountants command big income. Thousands needed. About 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in U.S. Many earn \$5,000 to \$20,000. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge unnecessary—we prepare you from ground up. Our training is supervised by Wm. B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., assisted by staff of C. P. A.'s. This Book for valuable 64-page book free, LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 650-H Chicago

Yes, You Can—Anybody Can make a lot of money right at home and, what's more, have real fun doing it. We show you how, we furnish everything necessary on an easy basis.

Costs Nothing to learn about our plan; all details are given you free. Write today for beautifully illustrated idea book telling all about our methods which have made so many women independent. Learn how easy it is to make from \$10 to \$25 per week in the most delightful home work you can imagine.

Don't miss this opportunity! Write Now. It's FREE

"We FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Our Dept. 69-G, ADRIAN, MICH.

S

S

e



#### TROUBLES Poslam Often Ends Pimples in 24 hours

Pimples, black heads, eczema, rashes and



f amazing success. Buy Poslam at druggist, only 50c., or let us prove u free that Poslam will clear and the boar skin.

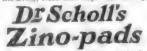
**FREE Proof Sample!** 



MYSTIC DREAM BOOK Tells what

#### CALLOUSES

Quick, safe relief for callouses and burning on bottom of feet. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores -



Put one on — the pain is gone!

For Free Sample, write The Scholl Mfg Co., Chicago



DALE MFG. CO., Dept. S-1, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

### Stop Using a Truss Free-Trial Plapao-Free



STUART'S ADHESIF PLAPAO-PADS are surprisingly different from the trues—being mechanico-

chemico applicators — made selfadhesivo purposely to keep the
musele-tonic "PLAPAO" applied
continuously tothe affected parts,
and to minimize painful friction
and dangerous slipping. No
atraps, buckles or apring at
tached. Soit as velvet — easy to
apply—ineagensive. For almost a
quarter of a century satisfied thousands report success without delay Grand Prix
pm work. Processo of recovery natural, so no subsequent
is, Trislo" "PLAPAO" will be sent ab solutely
rite your name on cupon and send TODAY.

The Canada Ridg. St. Louis, Mo.

PLAPAO CO., 55 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Address Return mail will bring Free Trial PLAPAO.

lovely Madeleine makes the cake, not in the presence of her maid in the kitchen, but, under the pretence that she has a cold, in her own bedroom and at night. The various ingredients are brought to her there including a mixing bowl. True, she has the cake baked in the kitchen the next morning but though she has a cold, she not only put it in a box herself but actually takes it to the post. I found all these very suspicious circumstances devilishly hard to deal with, I can assure you, for there are always two or three intelligent men on a jury.

I couldn't stand any more of this. I gave a loud, imperative knock on the front door.

WITHOUT a word I brushed by Celestine and strode into the little sitting room. I looked defiantly at the little company and I said in my slow French, "I have the honor to announce to you that Madame Ferrat has consented to become my wife."

I felt that my eyes were blazing.

The two Frenchmen rose from their seats. Simultaneously they had glanced at the open window and, with the quickness of apprehension which belongs to their race, each had realized that Maitre Boravert's cynical remarks had been overheard. They murmured conventional congratulations after which they left the austere little parlor and went out of

As for the old priest, he was tearfully exultant. At last we two Britishers escaped from him and Darrell followed me into my

bedroom.

"What does all this mean?" he asked. faced him but made no answer. mad, James! Far better give half your fortune to that poor soul than marry her," he

"How dare you call my future wife a 'poor I saw your devilish grinning face Soul'I when that Judas was telling you how his client—his client, mind you—was a mur-deress! No, Darrell, you can't hunt with the hounds and run with the fox any more! From now on you and I are enemies

Six weeks passed by. The fullest, most exciting, and by far the happiest six weeks of my life. At last I was again in Scotland, in the ancient castle of which I was so proud.

My wife, my adored Madeleine, and I had arrived yesterday on next to the last day of our honeymoon. I had consented to her suggestion that we should spend that last day in our future home. It had been by my wish that, instead of adopting the old-fashioned Victorian bedchamber which had been that of my father and mother, we should occupy what was known as the Queen's Room, a splendid apartment which, according to tradition, Mary Queen of Scots had occupied with Bothwell in the early days of their ill-fated romance

Suddenly I awoke out of a deep sleep, to hear the stable clock ring out the chimes of four in the morning. Turning, I instinctively put out my arm across the great four-poster Madeleine was not there. I felt a slight stab of fear, the fear which comes when one feels that he has at last reached an unhoped

for pinnacle of joy.

I loved my wife far more than on the night when I had asked her to marry me. we had been wedded three weeks I suddenly knew that I had won her. Yet the new Lady Maclisie did not look either as well in health or as happy and care free as I

longed for her to look.

Even last evening, when we were sitting opposite one another in the dining room of the castle with the portraits of my ancestors looking down at my bride, there had come over her face a look of strained anguish. And when we had moved into the room which been my mother's sitting room, and which was to be hers, she had lain her head on my shoulder and said, "Beloved, I feel the time has come when I ought to tell you some-thing of my past life."

I answered instantly, "No, Madeleine! We made a pact that the past should never be mentioned between us and we will not break

She looked up into my face with a sad searching look, and she saw there what I had never allowed her to see before, the suffering which the thought of that Italian traitor caused me. I felt she was trying to say, "I wasn't thinking of him; I never think of him." But instead she said, "It shall be as you wish James. Even I am beginning to forget-

But now, as I lay alone in our great bed my heart was filled with foreboding. came across me a terrible sensation of fear

In the eerie light that comes just before the dawn, a white-clad figure was moving slowly across the great room and for a few moment-

believed it to be a spirit.

Then, all at once. I chided myself for being a nervous fool. Of course, it was Mad cleine. 'Not Madeleine walking with her usual quick birdlike movement, but Madeleine creeping along slowly, walking in her sleep

I sat up in bed and watched her. Suddenly she stopped before a curious little piece of eighteenth century furniture containing a

tiny ewer and basin.

What was Madeleine doing?

She lifted the ewer and placed it on the floor. Then I saw her bend over the little Then she seemed to be kneading something in the basin.

In my desire to see exactly what my wife was doing, I raised myself very quietly for fear that she should hear my movements.

need not have feared. Madeleine was wholly absorbed in her phantom task

LAY down again but I remembered then that she had told me how she had lived through each terrible moment of the trial. dreaming hideous nightmares and going over and over again what she alone knew had never happened.

A ray of the newly risen sun filtered through a chink in the thick blood-red curtains and lighted her pale face. With a cry of fear she awoke and put both her hands over her eyes.

I saw her turn with timorous movements toward the great bed; then I heard her give

a quick convulsive sigh of relief.

Swiftly she walked across the wide room and crept under the bedclothes. I felt her shivering, maybe with cold, though it was a summer morning. Presently she put out an icy hand and touched mine.

'Why am I so cold?" she moaned. "I feel so tired, darling, so tired and yet curiously at

peace.'

I was filled with an agonizing doubt. Should I speak or "forever after hold my peace"? I made up my mind to trust her.

"You have been sleep-walking, dearest, and in your sleep you went over to that basin and--

"I know." she cried. "It was as if I kneaded that cake again. I feel as if having done this even in my sleep has swept the cobwebs from Do you think such a thing as that my brain. is possible?"

I answered in all sincerity, "Possible? Why you, yourself, tell me that what you did just now has cleared your mind, your memory of all that perilous stuff-

"It has!" And in her voice there was a lilt of joy that had never been there in my knowledge of her.

Had her subconsciousness forced this strange confession from her? Was it a confession or was it merely an enactment of an often imagined scene? I could not tell. I only knew that from her mind had slipped a great burden. She had freed herself of a past that had overshadowed her. In one way or another, I knew she had come clean. She had escaped from herself and her memories.

I turned and gathered her in my arms. "Dearest," I murmured, "the past is past; your future is my own."

e.il.

ad

1.11 inc

110

1-1:

11'91 terre.

11.1

the

1111

nt-

be

ad

tini inc 1199

ud-

iere

the

1110

ling

ine

1-1

hen

ial.

ver had

red

ur-

cry

nd-

nt-

give

((11)

her

18 31

an [cel

at

ubt mi

her

and

asin

ded

this rom

that

Vhy

just

v oi

15 3

my

this con-

ian

only reat

that

cenhad

rms.

ast;

[Continued from page 23]

done for anyway. Like others who had had their shining days, like the hero of the picture itself. I would disintegrate, lose all shame, all pride, become a genteel bum. What of it?

But the picture must be finished first! It was and Barbara announced that in her next picture some one else would be ladding man. That was the final blow.

That evening I had my chauffeur drive me over to Barbara's house in Beverly Hills. I was tipsy and had some fantastic scheme for confronting her and convincing her that I loved her and she loved me. I got out on the road, climbed the wall of the estate, and worked my way from tree to tree in the clear moonlight. Something was happening in the house, something very festive. There were Lapanese lanterns strung about the swimming

peol. Dancing on the lawn! Music! I watched from behind a bush until I saw Barbara. She was dancing, and she danced divinely, with a square-shouldered, quiet voung man.

HEY danced to the edge of the lawn and disappeared. Rage gripped me, murderous and cruel. They were wandering down a path; I followed. They turned off, where there was a little monlit nook with a rustic bench in it. And there the man drew Bar-bara into his arms and kissed her.

I leaped upon him, yanked him off and sent him staggering backwards. Barbara gave

"Don't ever dare to kiss her again!" I shouted.

The young man was so taken aback that he did not move.

"Who is this?" he asked.
"That," said Barbara, in a voice that made me shiver, "is the weakling and coward, the actor named Roy Wayne.'

"Roy Wayne!" the young man said. "Why,

I was quite sober now.
"No," I said. "I'm sorry."
I turned to Barbara.

"Forgive me, if you can," I said. "I shan't see you again."

The next day two things happened that set Hollywood talking. An announcement of Barbara's engagement to a young business man named Lent appeared in the papers and abruptly terminated my career as an actor. Old Grube, who owned the company, stormed at me. The contract had three months more to go, and he wanted to renew it for five years; was I crazy? What sort of fool notions was I up to? Look at the money I could make? Yes, he'd sue me for breach of

"Sue and be damned," I said.
I knew he wouldn't. You can lead an actor to a set but you can't make him act. I was through!

I planned to sell the house, my cars and my furniture, my antiques, horses, dogs everything; send most of the money to the family and keep just enough to live on.

When this was done I moved to a little plot of ground in Sage Valley, fifteen miles out of Hollywood where I had a little cabin along the mountain road. A few other cabins were strung along the road towards the peak.

And so I, who had spent my life in a growing glare of publicity found myself suddenly without an audience. I could stretch, yawn, let stubble grow on my face, get fat or wear s. I could trust my man servant and I went under the name of George Kearny, I was sure no reporter would

# The Man Who Reduce

Where You Want to Reduce

Discovery of infiltrating oxygen reducing cream -quickly and safely banishes double chins, and slenderizes big hips, fat waists, legs and arms

ANY woman or man who wants to take off fat on any part of the body can now do so quickly and safely. There is no question about this. It is a proved fact

The discovery of oxygen reducing cream was purely accidental. A great New York doctor asked three of the ablest Colloidal Chemists in New York to try to find a remedy for chronic skin troubles. (Colloidal chemistry is one of the latest developments in chemical science.) These Colloidal Chemists prepared an infiltrating cream which would liberate oxygen when absorbed through the skin. They discovered that whenever the part to be treated was fat, this excess weight quickly disappeared. Reducing tests were then made on fat people with amazing results. One woman reduced her neck one inch in a few treatments; another two inches. Still another took off twenty-nine pounds in six weeks. Equally successful results were had in reducing fat waists, arms, legs and big hips. So safe is Viaderma, as it is called, that it has the approval of chemists and physicians who oppose all other methods of quick fat reduction Viaderma is a golden brown cream, which is rubbed grapidly on the skin

Viaderma is a golden brown cream, which is rubbed rapidly on the skin. You see the cream disappear at once, leaving a clean white foam on the skin surface. The penetrating cream carries oxygen to the fatty tissues and in a few days' time this oxygen gradually melts away the excess fat. You get definite results from a single jar which contains an 18 days' supply. Get full information at once. Mail coupon today.

Colloidal Chemists, Dept. 123 27 West 20th St., New York City Without obligation, please send me complete information about Viaderma, oxygen reducing cream.

·····



No Medicines, No Starvation

Diet-

No Dangerous

Exercise

## SABO PAINLESS HAIR REMOVER WRITE THE WORDS



State

Only instrument that removes superfluous hair permanently and painleady. No drugs. No chemicals. No a needle. Entirely automatic. \$3.00 brings it parcel post with money back guarantee. Descriptive literature free.

EDAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY 3122 Scranton Rd., Cleveland, O.

FOR A SONG

We Compose Music

Our Composer Wrote Many Song Hits

MONARCH MUSIC COMPANY

236 West 55th St., Dept. 197

# WORK FOR UNCLE SA

\$114000 to \$330000 a Year

POST OFFICE CLERKS CITY MAIL CARRIERS RURAL MAIL CARRIERS

#### Railway Postal Clerks

STENOGRAPHERS BOOKKEEPERS

INCOME TAX AUDITORS

Address



Mail Coupon today sure DO NOT DELAY









incomes the first year. Train in your spare time by the LaSalle Problem Method, under the supervision of expert salesmen. Low cost; easy terms, 64-page booklet, "The Modern Salesman, Ambassador of Progress." free. Send for it today.



LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 650-5 Chicago

WEDDINGS Genuine Engraved
TATIONS — VISITING CARDS and ANNOUNCEMENTS washington, D. C.

ferret out my hiding place on the mountain.

For the first time in my life I got to know what earth meant. In khaki and wool, smoking my pipe, I dug in the little garden, planted potatoes, strawberries, beans and peas, trimmed the rose vines, and stopped now and then just to look at the valley and the great mountains and the sky. It was good.

I bought all I needed from the traveling grocery shop; did all my own housework, and put in the evenings walking out in the cold crisp air or with a book at my fireside.

Soon I was physically fit, browned and agile, and I slept the moment my head hit the pillow. Simple, primitive things were remak-I was full of energy

But my heart and my soul! I understood why in the Middle Ages disappointment in love had driven men and women into the cloister to forget the world. Barbara I could not forget. She was my soul and lived in me. I dreamed of her and woke with my eyes wet. There came a ghastly loneliness at times, when I had to fight myself to keep from going to her.

SEVERAL months passed. My only human contacts were with the contacts were with the grocery-shop man and a few of the people who lived further along the road and sometimes stopped for a word or two. But there came a morning when I awoke with a curious feeling of uneasiness. It was inexplicable. All I knew was that I telt an unaccountable loneliness and fear, as though this new life perhaps was getting me.

I decided after breakfast to walk it off. It was ridiculous. I had never been healthier in my life. I walked briskly, climbing towards the peak, but the fear did not leave. Suddenly I knew. I had been alone too long: I needed to talk to some one. It was near the mountain top that I noticed a rude sign by the roadside. It read, "Fresh Strawberries and Roses."

On a sudden impulse I turned off the road and took the footpath. It led to a gardenatch in back of which stood a little shack The door was open. I whistled and a man appeared in the doorway. He was of medium height and his head and face might have been that of a great scientist. His rather heavy and jaggedly cut hair was white; his eyes were dark and large; his nose, strong and well shaped and there were deep creases at the ends of his lips. In spite of his clothes, which were mere rags, he appeared noble and formidable. I stood amazed at finding such a man in such a place, and was the more so when I noticed that his manner was unaccountably shy as he came towards me

I asked. You have fresh strawberries?' He turned at once, went back into the house and returned with a gourd in which a handle had been cut. It was brimming with berries

"How much?" "Ten cents.

I paid him the dime and he evidently exected me to leave.

But the thought of going back to my cabin appalled me. I did not know how he would take my question, but I asked it.

"Do you live all alone?"

He spoke shyly, but was not unfriendly. "Yes-I've lived alone for twenty years."
"Twenty years!" I echoed. "I've done it for four months and it's getting me."

He nodded slowly. "Yes, I understand."

I told him about Barbara, about the drinking, about my career as an actor, and then of "Your story is my retirement to the valley. mine," he said, "don't let mine be yours.

"I was once professor of astronomy in one of the eastern universities. I was a quiet, studious man. I had many friends and was not without fame. And then I fell in love with one of my pupils. I was infatuated, and cared for nothing but to have Sybil smile on me, but she played with me as a cat plays with a mouse.

"My colleagues warned me. It did no good.

I was desperate. One night I was found drunk on the campus. The whole university knew it, and the president asked for my resigna-

"When my occupation was gone and my name was under a cloud, the woman for whom I had ruined myself sent me packing. I came here.

"At first it was wonderful and healing came to me, but it was good only up to a certain Then came the time of fear of being I should have gone back then. could have remade my name, won back my place, made a comeback.

"Don't get into that condition. Go now." "What if I can't?" I said. "What if it's already impossible to act any more? The very thought of taking a star part appalls me."

He laughed softly "It's not impossible."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because you are an actor. Born one." He gave the word "actor" the opposite meaning from that which Barbara had given it. What he meant was, "You're an artist; you're gifted.'

Something thrilled in me. I felt again that sense of adventure I had had in those glorious days of fresh achievement when I began my

"I'll try," I said. He held out his hand and I clasped it in farewell.

It took me several hours to screw up enough courage to go into Hollywood.

Nevertheless I set out, and by getting hitches along the road, I reached the booking late in the afternoon. went to O'Keefe's desk in a daze. Apparently no one had recognized me.

"Why, Wayne," he cried, rising and taking my hand.

"Yes," I said quickly, "I'm coming back, O'Keefe. I want to be an extra."

He dropped my hand and his "Why, you simp," he shouted. " "Old Grube has been scouring the country for you. Are you fresh from the nutworks?"

I felt helpless. Who would understand the fact that my nerve was broken? I turned on him, walked out, and hitch-hiked my way back to my shack.

BUT when I was dropped at my door, I saw a roadster down the road stop and turn back to town. I shivered. Had O'Keete trailed me?

The next morning I rose early, had my breakfast and went out into the garden to work. What else could I do but work? tried to gather myself together to face what ordeal might come. Every little while stopped and listened for the chug-chugging of motor car. It must come, I knew. And it did come, about ten o'clock. I felt faint and sick with fear. Finally it came into sight. I stood, watching it, my garden shears in my hand. It was a large and costly limousine. It stopped right before the house; the chauffeur opened the door, and Barbara stepped

I grew cold all over. I was not healed; I would never be healed. This woman was my fate or my doom. Oh, wonderful one!

She looked at the house, at the garden, and then at me. "A nice place," she said, lifting her eyebrows, but showing no emotion. "How did you find me?" I asked.

"O'Keefe told old Grube, and he told me. Will you, In fact old Grube sent me. "come to my house tonight and talk asked.

I looked at her uncertainly. "I don't know that I can-" "Can what?" she asked sharply.

"Act again. "Why not?"

"This hermit business has made me shy."
"I'll send my car for you," she murmured.
She turned to go. I followed and helped her into the car. I felt her hand in mine, a it was enough. The car turned and went. I felt her hand in mine, and

116

h la B h

I forgot my fears. The day was full of | rushing sweetness

But as evening fell, suddenly cold and with a full moon riding high, I became fearful again. Why had I left the world and come here? What did going back to Barbara here? mean? Wasn't I sticking my head in the lion's mouth again?

Her car came and I got into it. In spite of my misgivings I became excited.

Then as we drew up before Barbara's house, that rushing sweetness of the day bore down on me again. I climbed the steps, rang the bell. I entered the large living room where she sat before the fire.

She motioned me to a chair. Then she gazed at me steadfastly.

My last picture was a dud," she said.

"Why?" I asked. "Do you remember the snow scene in Lathless'?" she asked.
Yes," I said.

lrunk

knew

igna-

l my i for

king.

came

rtain

being

k my

1011."

sal-

very

osite

given rtist;

that

rious

ı my

hand

tting

king

t to

one

tak-

back.

fell. rube

An An ks?"

I the

d on

way

ir, I

and

cere

n to ? I

what

le I

g oi

id it

and

t. I

1337.

sine.

aui-

ped

d; I

and

ting

me.

she

talk

hy.

ped

me.

"If you'll act that scene over again, you'll

AT THE thought of acting, my heart quailed. She had not understood; my saying I couldn't act had meant nothing to lar. I was frightened. To hold lovely Barbara again in my arms—I was beginning to feel drunk again.

"Where shall we do it?" I asked.

"Begin in the garden; then come here."

Then she put on the same fur coat, and we stepped out into the night by a side door.

Barbara went to one end of the garden. She turned in the moonlight and came stag-gring, struggling towards me; and as I saw her come blowing out of the imagined storm and started towards her, my soul laughed. It was like something clicking. I, an actor? To my fingertips. A star? Yes, yes. I had lost nothing. My nerve was back. How marnothing. My nerve was back. How mar-velous of Barbara! She had made me do this to prove to myself that I was as good as ever.

But then, the next moment I was lost in the part. For she came up to me, scarcely able to step.

I looked down, saw her black pumps. To What terrible love for me! Her eyes plead I picked her up; her fur against my face: I staggered into the house with her.

Before the roaring fire I set her down on the couch and knelt to take off her slippers. The firelight was in her eyes, and as I

looked at her, the disheveled hair, the silken outstretched legs, the half-shy eyes, I grew strong with love. She leaned towards me. -peaking with her husky sweetness.

"Roy, darling. We are alone." Alone! Ah, months of heartache, of longing, of homesickness and here this wonder was beside me. I gathered her slowly to me; our lips met.

"Oh, stupid one, stupid one," she was say-z. "can't you see?"

"Why your last picture was a dud?"

"Oh, can't you see, Roy, that I am begging torgiveness?

As I heard these words, the world grew light for me. I swallowed a bitter sob.

"You mean, Barbara, that you love me?"
"Without you," she said, "I am nothing. I have been nothing since you left. I loved you sooner than I knew I did. But I hated so many actors; I hated your popularity. I was jealous, envious, proud. The day after you left, when no one could find you, my heart broke. I am proud no longer. If you will act with me again, it is you that shall be the star, as I just proved that you could be." We both wept together and then laughed

iway our tears

Had we married before I fled from love our marriage, like so many others, might have been unhappy, but the months of my loneliness had changed me, as the break in Barbara's pride had changed her. Because he showed us how to avoid that unhappiness one of our best friends is the hermit.

# "Don't make a monkey of yourself"

#### cried Bob as I sat down at the piano

IT was love at first sight when I met Helen. Unfortunately, she didn't feel the same about me.

"You need a little publicity." Bob said when I contoled my troubles. The very next day he had a long talk with Helen.

"She's crazy about music," he told me later.
"So I conveniently forgot you can't play a note and told her you are an accomplished pianist." "But Bob .

"Not a word! If you're asked to play, just say you've sprained your wrist!"

That evening we were all gathered around the

"Won't you play something?" cried Helen.
I miled add replied that it would be a pleasure! Beb spring charged to an element. Don't make a markey of verice!!! It will pred exertelly.

In tend of replying I boson the first notes of Berlin's Russian Ladlads. Or and end played until thousderous apparate of the kine to his.

Tab cited amazed, "When did you learn to play?"

#### Learn to Play by Note

Mandolin Saxophone Cello Piano Ukulele Organ Violin Cornet Banjo Trombone or any other

I landed. "That Pre-Demonstrate in Lesson in Music I sent for last sum nor bowed me have easy it was to learn without a feeder, so I fook to a m plete outse. That's all."

plete cearse. That's all."
This stery is typical, You, too, can beam to play your layoute instrument at home, my sent space time, this easy new way. I first you are teld what to do then a picture stens you how to do it then you do lit yourself and her? if. There are no first some scales—no lab it us.

exercises. You play simple, tamillat inclodies by note right from the start

#### FREE BOOK and

FREE BOOK and
Demonstration Lesson
Our wonderful illustrated free demonstration
lesson explain all about this remarkable method. If you really want to learn to play, take this opportunity to make your dre mis come true. Now: Such the coupon and send it before it's too late. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 4276 Brunswick Bldg., New York.



U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC. 4276 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free booklet, "Musi, Lessons in Your Own Home," with Introduction by Dr. Frank Gamblemonstration Lesson, and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the tell-wing open of the

	Have You	Inst. :
Na ne		
Aultes		
City	51,,10	

#### A Shapely Foot is a Joy Forever BEAUTIFY YOUR FEET



trouble?

Write for full particulars Dept. 93] C. R. ACFIELD

1328 Broadway, New York

Agents! Amazing New Jone Stroke Window-Washer One device makes window washing 75% easier. Washes, dries, polishes windows in a lifty. Women wild about It! No more ladders to climb, no mussy rags nor sponges to wring. Hands never touch water.

MAKE \$90 A WEEK EASY

Every housewife wants It. Fascinating demonstrator. Sells fast. Make 100% profit. No experience needed. We show you how. Send for Rubber Products. Direct from Akron, the Rubber City. FREE Outfit to hustlern. WRITE QUICK.

KRISTEE MFG. CO., 1106 BAR ST., AKRON, OHIO.

# When Fat Departs

new beauty comes, new youth, new health

Excess fat is a blight to beauty, to health, to longevity and youth. Any man or woman who fails to correct it limits the joys of life.

But get the results in the right way. Not by abnormal exercise or diet, for such extremes are dangerous. Combat the cause. Modern science has found that it often lies in a gland deficiency-in a gland which assists nutrition. And physicians the world over now treat obesity by supplying that

When this discovery was made, a great American laboratory embodied that help in Marmola prescription tablets. They have now been used for 20 years millions of boxes of them. Users have told others, until the use has grown to nearly 5,000,000 tablets a month.

All can see the results in every circle. Excess fat is disappearing fast. Almost every-

one has friends who will say that the reason is Marmola.

There is no secret about it. Marmola employs just what the best physicians employ to correct this abnormal condition. The complete formula appears in every box. And a book explains the reasons for each good effect. This to prove that the loss in weight is natural and helpful.

Do not change habits in a radical way. Simply take four Marmola tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. The way is easy,

pleasant, scientific, real.

Start today, for your own sake, and watch the results. Learn what others have learned in the 20 years of Marmola. Your whole life may be changed by this test.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1.00 a box. Any drug-gist who is out will order from his jobber.

#### RMOLA Prescription Tablets The Pleasant Way to Reduce

#### "Oh-What Joy!"

The Pimples, Blackheads, Large Pores, Freckles, Wrinkles and Ugly Blemishes

#### GONE - -

Because They're Off



#### READ FREE OFFER BELOW!

READ FREE OFFER BELOW!

Worry no more over your "terrible" skin and complexen." Forget your tral nes with lotions, clays, courts, powder transent, storated pats and "coverage." Throw many very rubber transes, plasters, and be rity rubbes into Recause—here's where you get erow, true shot! Your blackheads, pimples, large point trebles, tan, sallow complexion, surface workles, black has, and signs of opproaching age, go, definitely. "The curse they're OFFe?

Most ast and made covery in the history of beauty offers. All expanded in an arcivitz rice book called "Beautiol New Sain in Three Days." Learn how to have the repent doctors below charged enormous pares for Make your own sign and employed the form the doctors being a large model and advisority has in nev!

The reads of men and weren are now deing it then solves in the quart of their own hours, without the kine whelves in the quart of their own hours. They are with a new off, velvety, char, spethes, weath has also en tree, ne k, arms, hands or any part of the large while a hook is the product of their own hours. They are the try while a new off, velvety, char, spethes, weath has also en tree, ne k, arms, hands or any part of the book is the lately free to read as fithis magazine. Adding Mayo, Beak, Dept. K-26, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

#### Don't Scratch

Thousands of sufferers from skin troubles have found welcome relief from itching in ZEMO, the antiseptic treatment for all skin afflictions. All druggists, 35c, 60c and \$1.00.

FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS



No reason why you shouldn't. Easy Lessons show you how. S days' free trial in your own home. A year to pay.

THE whole world seems different when you learn to play and now you can play the most spectacular of all instruments—the Dengan Xylorimba. No long waiting. No linger or lip exercises. No tiresome practice. Startto play viry in I day even if you can't read note of music rightney. See you'll be the "hit" of every party. Maybe, like the Musical Hallmans (Reading, Pa.) you'll make \$65 n week sparetime.

Our Big FREE Book tells all about the free trial offer, the easy lessons, the wonderful payment plan. No cost or obligation—send in coupon today. payment plan. No cost or obligation—send in coupon today.

J. C. Deagan, Inc., Dept. A-164, 1770 Berteau Ave., Chicago Send me, without obligation, full details of Free Trial offer and easy-payment plan of the Deagan Xylorimba.

# Why Can't I Stay Married?

[Continued from page 48]

could ever succeed in keeping two such loving hearts apart! Thus we wrote, and thus we firmly believed. But for all that it was two months and more before we met

My father and mother sailed for America in the autumn, leaving me, at my own earnest request, with some relatives in London, to sample the life of freedom I had always been longing for. This freedom was not given without the usual head shakes. admonitions and misgivings.

I hadn't been a free, young spirit six weeks before Eric came down to London, and without a word to anyone we were married at the registrar's in St. Pancras!

AT THIS point, even now, I stop to take a deep breath. I, married to a potential minister of the Gospel. I, a New York product starting out on the sea of matri-mony with a divinity student! How pathetically absurd it all seems in retrospection. Yet that is what I did, and felt sure I could get away with it.

Our marriage lasted just forty-three hours! Not a minute more. And each minute was

an eternity.

I left my husband at two o'clock in the morning. Acting quickly some may say? But I had to do so, or stay on and be forever miserable!

An erratic course of behavior, most people will think, this running away from a tie

of so short a duration.

it were all to happen over again, should no doubt know how to deal with the situation more leniently, at least, even laugh-I should of course leave, even as I did then, but probably with a kindly morn-

ing explanation and farewell.

went directly to my brother's flat in West Kensington, and two days later he put me on the boat at Southampton. But before that my husband had paid a visit to his place to inquire for me. And all the time he was doing so. I stood behind the door, in the next room, shuddering at the very sound of his voice. of him and the thought that he might suddenly pull open the door, discover me there, and demand that I return to him was terrible.

Fortunately for all concerned, this did not happen. I sailed peacefully enough for home, with a tear in my eye and a tremulous laugh up my sleeve, at the memory of my experience in the land of matrimony!

Six months later, to satisfy my parents, I consented to go back to my husband and try all over again. But from the start I knew it was useless. We were hopelessly at odds from the very first day. Eric was the product of his upbringing; I, of mine.

There was no common meeting ground. After three harassing weeks I left for good, left for liberty and new hearts to conquer, by way of Paris and various other fascinating cities, that I had always longed So sure of myself was I, that just to see. before leaving. I assured Eric that I never would live with him again, and that if he refused to divorce me I should be compelled to take desperate measures to make him. I lingered in France for some time, seeing and learning much. I fell madly in love with a romantic young student, who died a year after I met him.

His death and my terrific grief changed me overnight, into a thoughtful, tragicyoung woman, so much so, that not even the news of my accomplished divorce brought me any emotions of hilarity. course, it was good to be free, and all that. I should never, never marry again, no matter how attractive the man. I wished to be alone, to dream alone, to fight on alone!

I had not reckoned with the tenacity of a certain young man from South Carolina, however. A very attractive and persistent gentleman, who in the long ago had captured my imagination, if not my heart.

Again I reckoned without my host, for just as I was beginning to feel securely unmarried, once more, he suddenly appeared in Paris! And before you could say, "Jack Robinson," we were married! Yes, in spite of all my vows to the contrary.

He was a writer; I was interested in his

work, in everything that he did, as a matter of fact. "What could be more perfect?" my young and trusting self whispered to more sophisticated soul. The whole

world lay before us.

Alas, that we should have selected a small city, not far from New York, as the setting for our first year of marriage! directly from two years and more in Europe the change was enormous for me. so utterly different, so unlike what I had been accustomed to. The people seemed stiff and uncompromising. Their attitude towards life so narrow, that it was a complete puzzle to me! Both of us felt this, but as we were very much in love we were sure that we would be able to adapt ourselves even to unsympathetic surroundings.

The first six months were heavenly Everything ran smoothly. Nothing seemed to matter much except the fact that we had each other. And every night, when I heard David's latch-key turn in the door, my heart would thump from the violence of its

In the back of my head I knew that I had always wanted to settle down to just this sort of an existence. I was a normal. young woman. I loved home and all things connected with it; I longed for children, and a husband's love and trust, just as most women do. These dreams seemed to be coming true and I was as happy as the day is long.

WAS not a very efficient housewife but David never seemed to mind my shortcomings at first. To his way of thinking the food that I placed before him was art in itself. What cared he if now and then the steak was burned? The long, wonder ful evening together lay before us. Time for talks and tenderness. This was the ideal period.

At the end of the first year came change. Almost imperceptible at first but there, nevertheless. The matrimonial heavens were not as cloudless as they had at first appeared to be. And a little bickering had crept into some of our breathless moments.

David began working harder at the office. where he had become a full-fledged editor. The days seemed incalculably long without him. I had become a slightly better house frau by this time, though still far from the accepted mark. I confess that I did not market as cleverly as most women do, but I didn't consider this a crime. I didn't seem to be able to make the money go as far as I might have, either. Occasionally, as time rolled by, and we became more and more smothered by domesticity, David used to criticize me for being more artistic than I resented this, and told him that I thought most wives became underpaid housekeepers during the first year of matrimony! Furthermore I reminded him that he had never had any cause for thinking that I was the world's best housekeeper. On the contrary I had always been remark-

comings along this line.

ished

t on

stent

ieart.

, lor

urely ared

Jack

Spite

1 his

atter ct?"

hole

mall

iting

ning

rope

Was

had

med

tude

this.

vere

our-

ng-

nly

med

had

eard

mi

t I

ju-t

mul

ing-

and

1051

the

but

ort -

ing

art

hen

er

the

but

en-

ret

ad

mi

1-1

the

101

tit

n't

nd

ed

an

im

Time again passed by slowly. David became more immersed in his work, and I saw less and less of him. This made me moody at times and lonely. Having an active mind and body the running of a small, two-room and kitchen flat could not postake up much of my time. I became restless and introspective. Yet so loval was I to him and our home that I rought these enemies of our peace and happiness with all my might. After all, we had our love, and that was worth many a sacrifice. We must keep it free from doubt and discontent.

WAS it his fault or was it mine, that the rift in the clouds grew larger and larger, as the second year advanced? Who can the second year advanced? Who can Maybe it was both. Be that as it may, larger it did grow.

Things that had thrilled us unutterably,

now became tiresome, annoying.
Whenever I found some garment of David's mixed up with my linen, I resented Why couldn't he keep his things to self? It rubbed in the fact that we himself? were tied to each other with a vengeance to find his socks and collars constantly among my dainty belongings! Yet once upon a time this very thing had filled me with an almost absurd happiness! He felt the same on this subject. We finally had it up on the boards one evening, and almost hated each other when we had fin-

ished dissecting our feelings.

During the third year David began to sell his stories and articles. I was proud and delighted. He became much quieter, settled, is the right word, as I could never be, under the circumstances. He seemed pleased with his success, though rarely did he show it, even to me. He was a man who never spilled one extra drop of emo-tion, unnecessarily. I used to marvel at him, though not too admiringly on this

point. As he became more and more engrossed in his writing I felt cut out of his life and interests. At first this made me bitter. Then that feeling died away and I began to realize that it was all quite natural. I, too, must find some objective in life, make friends for myself, as he was doing, for there were other men and women in the world.

Other men! Many other men! I dreamed of the past. Was it possible that once I, the now irreproachable and dull wife and housekeeper, had ever been in the habit of dropping casually into the famous cafés London. Paris. Vienna or Berlin, and holding conversation with the citizens of the a orld?

It was about this time that he began to torget to bring home those little bouquets of flowers that he had always been in the habit of bringing. A new heartache for They, and other pretty surprises with which he had once been so happy and eager to please me, were gradually forgotten. Then, to my utter horror, he began to bring highly recommended saucepan, a potato parer, and the like! At first I laughed but later I resented these gifts bitterly. In the point of view about presents had changed, so had his love!

To make a long story short, we had allowed ourselves to settle down to that humdrum existence, which is the death of love between married couples.

Our caresses became more and more pasmodic and, needless to relate, less thapsodic! Often we met at night, and quite forgot to kiss. It was only a step from the forgotten kisses to the fatal morning quarrels. That period of the day, just before breakfast, is trying enough for single people, but when there is disillusionment

ably frank in letting him know my short- in the hearts of two married ones, it becomes the most critical of all the hours!

I hated the eternal search for the timehonored collar button each morning. He, the fact that I would hum or chatter while he was dressing! Both abominable habits, I'll acknowledge. Trifles, you may say, but trifles that if neglected, lead to tragedy.

David began to let me know that mar-

riage was not all that he had dreamed it would be. I let him know the same. We were quite frank and very rude to each other at times about this.

If we had been well enough off at this crucial time to have taken a holiday away from each other, things probably would not have crashed as hard as they did. It was the constant contact with each other. the constant worries and irritations that finally led to our break.

I felt that David no longer cared for me, now that he had his work, fame, and new friends of his own choosing. He, on his side, chafed against the restrictions of a wife and home. He wanted, and to be fair, needed a long rope and new horizons for the fulfillment of his work. What I had never stopped to realize was that David had not lived very much before he met me. This, in itself is apt to be fatal for certain men. They settle down, or try to. As time goes by, a feeling of being thwarted arises within them. It is merely the un-lived hours of their youth crying out, mockingly to them!

I did some serious thinking about this After all, we were young enough to pull out of the debris and find life sweet again and certainly worldly enough not to make the fatal mistake of remaining together

in our present state of misery.

I cried in secret many times when I discovered how unhappy we were making each other. I thought, of course, I was too foolishly proud to let him suspect that this was the case. Far better let him have the liberty he craved. Why should I try to hold him? Why care? I, too, would find solace. There were other men in the world. Somewhere, some day, I would surely find one who needed me and my love. David didn't any more. I simply couldn't sit by David and watch the whole structure of what had once been a glorious Castle in Spain totter to destruction. I didn't. I got out.

FLED to the farthest corner of the city to get away from the sight and sound of my unhappiness. Then I returned to tell him that I had decided it would be best for us to live apart. We could not hit it off under one roof, so the only thing to do, was to try two!

I know that he welcomed this solution with gladness, though he was too diplomatic to say so in words. I took his silence for He had his room and I, mine, consent.

in different parts of the city.

At first the change was awful. to sit and brood over the hopes and dreams that I had left buried in that little flat of We were failures, he and I. We had not been able to weather the storms on the sea of matrimony. Our strength and our taith had been buried under the kitchen sink, where I had dropped so many bitter tears under oceans of soup, the bushels of potatoes, angry words, recriminations, petty jealousies, and all the other things that had surged into the great tidal wave, that finally swamped.

And the house of dreams that David and I had once lived in, is vacant. The garden is overrun with acrid weeds that long ago have choked away the last vestige of those delicate love blossoms, once so tenderly planted by hands that trembled from their own joyous eagerness. Yes, the little house is "For Sale" or "To let" again. May the next tenants, if they are young people, do

better than we did.



#### MONEY FOR YO

Men or women can earn \$15 to \$25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited 201 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.



# PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Removes Dandruit - Stope Hair Falling Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair 60c. and \$1.00 at druggists. Hiscox Chem. Works. Patchogue. N. Y.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Callouses etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15 cents by mail or at Druggists Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.









Since that day when we parted main things have happened. I have discovered that there are other men in the world; he that there are other women. It was a low

Was m to the behind David for the behind David for the better to the behind the better to the better to the better to the behind the better to the behind the behind

On the other hand, I fight hard against in his point of view. Why am I alone to blame for our failure? I respect marriage: I want a husband and a home I love children. No, it must be he, who i responsible for the mess. His neglect of me, his scorn, his criticism of my upbring and my incapacity as housekeeper are the whips with which he flayed me

the whips with which he flayed me
How futile to try and place the blame.
We are apart. Is he happy? Am I happy?
Who knows! At least we are not destroying each other and our work with quarrels.
We are free. In the year and more that we have been separated I have had time to think over what he said. And maybe I know that in a sense some of his words were true. My nature is not like his. For I believe that a woman can love more than one man, though as a sex we are rarely allowed to tell the truth on this subject

How many of the so-called "good women," the impeccable wives and mothers, who adore to be absolutely dependent on their long-suffering husbands, would step forward and acknowledge this with me? Two out of a thousand, I fancy. Even that

would be doing well it one took count!
Shall I remarry? Who knows? Maybe
no, maybe yes. I still believe in the

ne, maybe yes I still believe in the metity of the house I also believe may be not in as well enter into the house I also believe may be not in the first of the house. We

The second of th

wider horizons. This we were too hide bound to contess to one another. Consequently we lived together in a state of unholy desperation! It he and I had brought a little more taith into our life with each other, had applied a little more philosophy at those times, when only philosophy and a non-slumbering sense of humor could have gone far to carry one over the bad places, we might still be together today. But we didn't. We imagined ourselves to be self-sufficient

Marriage has taught me many things. It has taught me tolerance and patience. It has also restored to me my long-lost friend, my sense of humor. I am no longer critical of other people, especially married ones. I know that there is no use in judging, or in trying to advise. Each couple must work out its own salvation. Now, more than ever before, I can put myself in the other fellow's place and look on as a sympathetic and unbiased spectator.

If I ever remarry, let us hope that it will only be when I am old enough to have lost some of my restless desires. For then, only, shall I be able to settle down happily as a man's wife in the same way that other women manage to do and have done since

the beginning of time.

#### Rebel Romance

[Continued from page 63]

challenge of a sentry startled me. I saw his shadow, his levelled rifle.

Juan moved lazily towards him. The next instant he had caught him by the legs and thrown him to earth

"God speed you, Señorita!" he called and I urged my horse forward.

There was new strength in me that told me I could ride on to the very ends of the earth, that nothing, not the stars themselves could check me

I did not spare my horse; I did not spare myself. In a wide circuit of the woods I came back to the road to the sea

At last I came to the clearing of José Mantega and his brothers. I dismounted and stole forward cautiously.

In another moment I saw a fire. Around it a squad of soldiers was seated on the ground.

In that light which threw their faces into sharp relief I saw they were gambling with dice and I knew what it was they must be gambling for

Was Captain Ryder dead then, that they sought now to divide his money and possessions among themselves? My knees shook under me. I moved slowly forward and then my heart sang with relief.

The fire that had thrown the faces of the soldiers into sharp illumination had made blacker the darkness around them. And now I could just dimly make out the tree I remembered and I saw the figure of a man bound against it. He still lived! Then I thanked God for the greed of those men who had waited to gamble for his belongings before destroying him.

I circled the fire. Once a dead branch cracked under my feet but the men were too engrossed to notice. Soon by crouching and crawling, I made my way to the tree.

"I have come back," I whispered. "I have come back in time. He lied to me. I did not know."

There was a long silence. Then I heard him whisper my name. His hands were bound behind the tree trunk. The knots in the rope were like iron. I had no knife. I tore at them desperately with my fingers.

Then the knots loosened in my hand and the rope came free. In another instant I had unwound the tight coils and Captain Ryder stepped back stiffly to join me.

Without a word we stole into the woods past José Mantega's dark house.

There was a strange happiness in my heart. I could not speak for I could not trust my voice. I was not afraid any more even with all the dangers that lurked ahead of us.

I think I must have led the way almost unconsciously to where I had fastened my horse. Poor tired beast! Would it be strong enough to carry both of us for the hours that remained of this night?

The next instant Captain Ryder caught my arm. I stood still. A sound came to our ears. The soldiers had discovered the loss of their prisoner. Chance was leading them directly towards us.

All at once the Captain threw the reins of my horse over the poor beast's neck and struck it with a branch. It reared in fright and bolted, crashing its way through the il could pet away

t and hallo a t

em.

m

15

1813 1 .....

1161 . 1

111

n.l 10.11

the

111

11

111

wn.

her

nec

nch ere

did

ard

C.L.C.

1111-

ife. Pr. and

ain

od-

my not Inv

sed

0-1

mı

the

.ht

10

the

ing

the

or if you found to find your strong short

to the the dawn. I remembered a trail to the Piedrecite meantain. It was line: than the road, vet it would be safer

THUS we started through the woods and followed a way that I knew, though how I llowed it that night. I cannot guess For I was not conscious save of his arm around my shoulder and the strangeness. that had brought me as a lover the bravest min that ever lived

On and on we went. At times I thought I could scarcely take another step. Then all at once from far away a faint, rumbling

ound like thunder came to our ears.

They're fighting!" said Captain Ryder.
There's a battle over there and I'm not in it! Well, perhaps I won't be in another ever again."

"No. never!" I assured him.
We listened a little longer. There would is a silence and then the rumbling of the distant artillery would start again.

I was comforted by one thought. battle were taking place, then Felix Mora would have his hands too full for the moment to seek us. We could reach Piedre citas in safety.

We must have gone at a snail's pace, yet slow as we moved, we went steadily. Just is the darkness began to thin, we came to Capanegri, that rising land that looks down upon Piedrecitas as from the clouds and down whose many jagged precipices go many waterfalls.

Piedrecitas was perhaps six miles from here and soon the daylight would be upon

Then all at once I remembered the Devil's Ledge. It was on the Devil's Ledge that Ocaro, the hunter and hermit, lived. The plantation workers feared him, saying he had magic and a power of cursing but I had met him once on a solitary ride and found him a simple, kindly eccentric, content to pass his days in loneliness.

Ocaro would give us shelter; we could hide there and rest before we started on the final stage of our journey for Piedrecitas. I pushed my way to the cliff's edge and struggled as well as I could through the creepers and matted vines. Then presently I found a path and at last saw the little hut, perched on the precipice.

"Ocaro!" I called but there was no answer. We made our way over those last inches of ground as if they were miles. Then I noticed that Ocaro's door hung open like a broken wing. I peered inside and called his name again, but there was only heavy silence in the shadows of the cabin.

At least we could rest in the cabin and!

# Must Men Fear 40?

An American scientist, after seven years of research, has succeeded in perfeeting a wholly new kind of hygiene for men at or past the prime of life. If you are one of the countless thousands showing premature signs of debility and enduring certain painful conditions so common in men approaching old age, the new facts will prove of the utmost interest and importance to you.



Do you know that medical authorities claim that two-thirds of all men past middle age suffer with a certain disorder known to the medical profession as hypertrophy of the prostate gland? And scientists have now revealed that it is directly responsible for much of what many men mistake for actual old age.

entists have now revealed that it is directly responsible for much of what many men mistake for actual old age.

No longer should men approaching or past the prime of life put up with these painful and embarrassing conditions due to this cause. For a well-known American scientist has perfected a new, safe home treatment for this gland trouble—a kind of hygiene that goes right to the seat of the trouble, often bringing new pep and vigor to the entire body. Here is usually quick relief for such distressing all ments as sciatic, aches in back, legs and feet, nervous ness and irritability, when due to enlarged prostate.

40,000 men... in every State in the Union and many foreign countries have used this remarkable treatment. In case after case these men have reported that they have felt ten years younger in six days. Now sanitariums and physicians in every part of the country are using and recommending the treatment. This new natural hygiene... as safe and harmless as washing your hands... is rapidly growing in use everywhere.

You, too, can now obtain this treatment with our Gilt Edge Agreement that UNLESS YOU FEEL TEN YEARS YOUNGER IN SIX DAYS YOU PAY NOTHING.

There are no drugs to swallow-no exercises, diets

or lessons
If you are troubled with any of the disorders mentioned, if you have chronic constipation or prostate trouble, you should send for a vitally interesting FREE book, written by this scientist called, "Why Many Men Are Old At Forty. No obligation. Simply fill out and mail the coupon below.

6706 Morris Ave.

Steubenville, Ohio

If you live West of the Rockies, mail your inquiry to The Electro-Thermal Co., Suite 67-F, 303 Van Nuys Bidg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. W. J. KIRK 6706 Morris Ave., Steubenville, Ohio

Send me free, without obligation, your booklet. Why Many Men Are Old at Forty."

Address

#### Freckle Soap washes away Freckles

NAROLA Freckle Soap penetrates the pores, softens the skin and removes freckles and skin spots surely, completely. It simply washes them away.

Narola soap not only rids you of freekles, but it reveals the fairness and beauty of your skin, bringing you the charm and beauty of a clear, soft, unfreekled skin—an attractiveness rightfully yours.

Aside from freekles and other skin spots, Narola is matchless for the complexion of young or old. Special price to readers of Smart Set, three full-size 50-cent



cakes for \$1.00. Order today, enclosing \$1.00; or pay postman plus his fee. We guarantee results or refund your money. NAROLA CO., 501C Archer Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

# Are You Ever Ashamed of Your English?

Do you say "who" when you should say "whom"? Do you say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me"? Do you mispronounce common words in your speech or use them incorrectly when you write?

Many a man has been held down all his life and suffered untold embarrass—
School of English Division of the Division of

Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

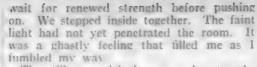
Stops Slipping at the heel

Saves Stockings

Shoes that slip at the heel are annoying; detract from a good appearance; wear out and stain silk stockings

These drawbacks are instantly removed by Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner-a soft, velvet-like rubber device, which is quickly and permanently attached to the inner lining of the counter of any shoe Invisibly worn, being made in colors to match shoe linings. At all drug, shoe and dept stores-30c per pair.

lusist on the senuine
-with the sup-shaped conter - an exclusive feature of Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner.



The stillness weighed on me, almost making me nervous. It seemed unnatural "Did you hear something?" I whis

I whispered Captain Ryder patted my arm. "It was nothing. Only the wind I think."

Quite suddenly he struck a match. The tiny flame threw the shadows up and down the walls. I gasped at what I saw

ON THE floor lay the body of a man, his head resting on his arm as if in sleep. Yet there was something in his huddled body that told me how deep, how enduring, that sleep must be.

At the same instant, while I stared at the body of the dead Ocaro with horrified eyes, a voice spoke from the rafters above

"Thank you for your light, Señor Captain! It enables me to take excellent aim if you move a sten!

The match sputtered and went out. 1 gave a cry: I believed that I had heard things from some other world. voice that had spoken was Felix Mora's!

We backed out through the doorway I heard Felix Mora leap down from his hiding place in the rafters and the next moment he was outside with us

'The rebellion has been broken." he announced, "and you see before you a fugitive." Quietly though he spoke, his eye gleamed

with the look of some one who is not sane. "Yet." Mora went on, "for this, it was almost worth losing my battle and my I found you had vanished, Señorita, and suspected you might have returned to

the side of the gallant captain."
"What do you want?" I burst out. "What can you want with us?"

His teeth showed in a wolfish grin and

his voice rasped with his fury
"What do I want?" he echoed. "I want what I am going to have. First, his life! When I have shot your captain and flung him over the edge of the cliff for the buzzards to find, I shall have you!"

I heard Captain Ryder growl in his throat, saw him crouch as if to try everything in one desperate spring on the mad man who confronted us. Then there was a sudden interruption. From the woods a native came slowly, leading two horses.
"My friend and guide!" Mora said.

believe he is no friend of yours!

I rubbed my eyes and stared. For José Mantega was the man now coming towards

"Let me kill him, excellency!" he begged tet me kill him! Then afterwards—!" I "Let me kill him! saw the gleam of his dark eyeballs and the smile he hent on me.

But Felix Mora saw that too

For the fraction of a second their eyes met and the challenge that sprang up between them was swifter than lightning, and more unexpected

For Felix Mora aimed at his ally and at the very instant he tried to fire, José had sprung at his throat like a wildcat.

In the force of that sudden spring, the revolver exploded harmlessly in the air and Mora reeled backwards at the very edge of

For one dreadful moment they stood poised there, struggling as men struggle when the stakes are life and death. Mora's pale face grew whiter still and it was plain that would win. Mora gave a terrible shout. He flung his arms around José's body in a death grip. Then he fell backwards into nothingness, dragging the renegade with him. At that moment I fainted dead away

Hours afterwards I awakened and it seemed to me I was being carried up the steps of my father's house at Piedrecitas.

tel

(al

.:110

1111

110

OI

onl

of

0111

Also

1111

erlel

1/111

U U

..[]

low

.173 (1

.1110

1011

27 1.

-11.0

tree

11,77

can

thir

don

ter-

hap

min;

and

hec.

lova

-tri

tha

who 11'-

7 (01)

littl

lic.i

saw Manuela and peeping over her shoulder with timid, astonished eyes, old Rinaldo.

"Where is he. Manuela?" I asked. "Sh!" She put her finger to her lips and pretended to scold me. "Is it not enough that my husband has come back to me and I must be bothered with him again? Must I take care of you too?'

THE door opened. Someone was an oftowards me. I looked up and saw an of-HE door opened. Someone was striding icer, a face I remembered "Señorita!" He bent

"Señorita!" He bent over my fingers and touched them with his lips. "Nothing has given me more pleasure than this

He was absurdly young and the little twirl he gave his mustache told me he was proud of himself and his good looks. But he was as harmless as a buttertly. membered his name now. He was Colonel this young man. His father's Castano, wealth had bought him his rank

"But how did you rescue us?" I asked.
"It was nothing. That rebel American came here holding you before him on his horse. We at once arrested him, of cours "Arrested him?" I sat bolt upright, "Re-lease him at once!" I commanded.

Colonel Castano looked helpless and crestfallen. "Anything to oblige you, Señorita, of course." he murmured. "After all, even in these savage places, one is still a gentleman. but unfortunately, you see, the man is an enemy.

"Colonel Castano," I said. "General Mora is dead. He lies at the foot of the ravine below the hut of Ocaro, the hermit. fact, I am certain it was you who fought him single handed and hurled him down the cliff.'

His eye flickered and met mine. He gave his mustache another twirl and smiled to It was plain he was already composing his report to the government.

"Then this officer, this American who brought you here—" he began hesitantly. "Is the man I intend to marry," I finished.

The colonel spread his palms before him. "Señorita! Can I believe my ears? You intend to marry him? That, of course, intend to marry him? alters things entirely. Pedro, Alfredo! You. there! Look sharp. Go at once to Lieutenant Gonzales and tell him to release the American and send him here. At once!"

Then I did not see his face any more. It was gone as if it had vanished. the faces of Manuela and old Rinaldo had blurred, too. For through the doorway came Captain Ryder.

In that glance I was caught up and lost, held for a moment, for an eternity. And he stepped across the room to my side, and kneeled by the couch and took my hand. Then I closed my eyes, smiled and slept.

Dr Scholl's Nu-GripHeelLiner

# Headache?

Instead of dangerous heart depressants take safe, mild and purely vegetable NATURE'S REMEDY and get rid of the bowel poisons that cause the trouble, Nothing like R forbiliousness, sickheadache and constipation. Acts pleasantly. Never gripes. At druggists - only 25c. Make the test tonight.

FREE Write for sample of M and our new Memo Radio Log Book A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 21B, ST. LOUIS, MO.



Amazing new method teaches men or women to earn after first lesson. OIL PAINT photos at home—portraits, landscapes or art subjects. Earn \$18 to \$100 and more a week FREE OIL PAINT OUTFIT. Employment to graduates. Send now for free illustrated book

PICTORIAL ART STUDIOS, INC. Dept. C-S. 2926 Broadway Chicago, III.



You can read music like this quickly

Write today for our FREE BOOKLET. It tells how to learn to play Franc, Organ, Violin, Mandelin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Heginners or advanced players. Your only expense about 2c per day for music and postare used.

AMERICAN SCHOOL of MUSIC 43 Hanhattan Building, CHICAGO.

"LOVE'S DESIRE"



This mysteriously attering perfume attracts and fascinates. Rich and poor, proud and humble alike fully appreciate its charm and gentle magic. attracts and fascinates. Rich and poor, proud and humble alike fully appreciate its charm and gentle mayer.

1. a. week and lingering as one's first kins. Lends the charm you need to be happy in love and social affairs. In your visil \$2.75 and postage. Pay area delivered. Lasts for many different services.

O love and faith always go hand in hand? Does perfect love cast out all doubt? Does it believe all things and endure all things? Could you believe in the innocence of the woman you love despite a mass of evidence that seemed to prove her unworthy of your faith? Could you still care for a man who left you in the hour when you needed him most because your actions had the appearance of evil? If you have never realized how much of tortured faith and triumphant love is woven into the history of every crime you will understand it when you read "The Woman in the Case," in July SMART SET

## Other People's Troubles

[Continued from page 76]

"Whadduyuh mean?" youth flung back And then came the war!

Again youth moved forward and up and fought to death for humanity. The old folks stepped aside; their bluff had been

And that, K. R., is why kids aren't the same as they were in your day. That's why we have night clubs and movies and petting and dope and booze. That's why we find girls of seventeen bitter and jaded and old before their years. That's why a boy with a face like a cherub can be a vicious criminal. Youth, K. R., is wielding a mighty club of recklessness in an orgy of freedom. Economic freedom. Youth is drunk with power and delirious with vic-

And that's the real problem, that financial liberation, and not the jazz. Jazz is only the trimmings.

What are we going to do about it? First of all, acknowledge it. Face it. Then set ourselves to the task of meeting it just as off the mask of pious domineering hypocrisy and replace it with tolerance and real have done that, we won't need to worry about the booze and the petting and the understanding and sympathy. When we wildness. But meanwhile watch out! Youth old tyranny is forever ended. Youth is free! And what's more youth knows it!

BUT youth is doing other things than winning economic independence and carryflasks and learning the Varsity Youth is continually falling in and out of love and wondering if the pain is worth the pleasure. This letter from Izetta is typical of many I receive:

"Dear Martha Madison:

"Just now I don't know where I get the courage to go on living. I'm desperately love with a man who won't be honest with me. Oh. I know I am foolish, but I love him so! I found he was going with another girl whenever he was not with me and I meant to ask him about her, but I couldn't. So I simply asked him if he had always been truthful with me. His answer was, 'Yes.' Then I said that he was free to go if he didn't love me as I only wanted to make him happy. His answer was that he loved me decply. But how can he treat me like that? Every time I think of him I am torn with anguish-oh, don't you get tired of these unhappy let-Izetta.

Tired? No. I don't get tired of the un-happy letters, little Izetta. But I do get most dreadfully heartsick at times. Words are so futile and human nature so stupid and cruel. This boy of yours is stupid because he hasn't the sense to appreciate loyalty when he has it. He's cruel to keep stringing you along just because possession is sweet

But there's another side to it, Izetta, that's just as apt to be true. Maybe he has told you the truth. Maybe he does love you deeply. Maybe it's the other girl Maybe he does who is really getting the dirty deal. it's not playing the game squarely. I'll grant vou that, but it's been played that way for so long that some men see no harm in a little flirtation on the side, provided their hearts remain with the real love.

I feel that you should tell him that you know about the other girl. Then he would either admit the truth, say he is sorry, and try to prove it by giving the other girl up, or he would defend himself and give you the opportunity to send him on his

His decision would prove or merry way. disprove the genuineness of his love for you. At least it would bring things to a head and end your tormenting uncer-

Here is a letter from a girl who. I am sure you will all agree with me, is making a big mistake.

"I go with a boy steady," she writes, "and although he has a good job and makes good money he does not buy me expensive presents like my girl friend's sweethearts do He is nice about taking me to theaters and dances, to lunch and dinner, but that's the limit of his extravagance. It makes me think he doesn't care very much for me.

"I believe he thinks more of his old job than he does of me. No matter if we have a date, he breaks it if there is work at the Nothing interferes with that If he really loved me, as he says, wouldn't come first He says we will be married as soon as I'm through school, but I wonder if he loves me enough? Sue."

Enough? More than you deserve, little girl! Oh, I've got to be cross with you; 've just got to say something that will bring you to your senses and make you appreciate the sterling qualities this young

man posse

Those other boys, the sweethearts of your friends, are squandering time and money and life on the present. They are the kind who, when they marry, will take a girl to a furnished room or a tiny apartment furnished on the instalment plan and most likely the girls will have to keep their jobs until babies come and then they'll complain about hard work and hard times and no fun, and love will be an old story.

But your boy, Sue, is looking toward the future, planning for it, laying the foundation, securing it. Unless I am very much mistaken your marriage will be free from many of the petty annoyances that make it irksome to so many people. He will be in good standing in whatever community you live: honest, reliable, level-headed, a good father and a kind husband. Moreover, I believe he will be faithful, which is a thing to consider.

MANY more interesting and helpful let-ters came in this month and I regret that space does not permit me to answer them all at length. If you find the answer to your letter among the following notes and do not feel I have given you sufficient help, please write me again. Corinne

Be yourself and don't try so hard and so often to convince each boy that he is the one real love of your life.

Bertha: Listen to your heart and give the boy a chance.

Millie Little girl, you can't have everything, and you have so much to be thankful for M. I. C.

Respectable dance-halls are all right; they provide inexpensive entertainment for many nice young people.

I should think he would make a splendid husband. Don't let other people do your thinking for you; it's your life and your happiness.

think if you would pocket your pride and have a good talk with his mother, it might straighten things out.

Blue-eyed Are you certain he isn't just making up stories to find out how much you care?



NEW SCIENCE INSTITUTE 5849 Clay Street, Steubenville, Ohio



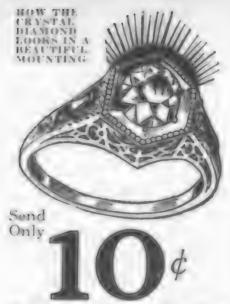


Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

Free Book on deafness giving full particulars and many testimonials. The hearing of thousands of grateful users has been restored by these "little wireless phones for the ears."

stored by these "little wireless phones for the ears."
WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
313 Todd Building LOUISVILLE, KY.





To Help Cover the Cost of Handling and We Will Send You a Full Cut One Carat

MOST NATURAL NON-GENUINE

Nothing More to Pay

Nothing More to Pay
Nothing to Sell—Nothing to Buy—No
Red Tape Attached to This Offer. We
want Thousands of new owners and boosts of CRYSTAL DIAMONDS and we
will distribute these gems only FREE to
the readers of this paper
CRYSTAL DIAMONDS are full 24 facet
and are of such radiant beauty that
even experts are astonished at their likemess to the genuine. WE ARE MAKING
its unusual offer only to get CRYSTAL
DIAMONDS into the hands of appreciatime friends. SLIP your name and address with 10c in stamps or coin (to cover
cost of handling) in an envelope and get
it right oif to us. Your CRYSTAL DIAMOND will reach you by return mail fully
prepaid

If you want one for a friend also, enclose 10c extra-only two to the same address. CRYSTAL DIAMOND COMPANY Dent. SM, 303 Fourth Ave., New York





100 Sheets, size 7 1/4 x 10 1/2 white only \$1.50
80 Envelopes, to match (post paid) \$1.50 Send money wast of Denver and the foundation guaranteed of money back, Imperial Stationers, P O Box 729, Dept. S-6, New Orleans, La.

# Last Year's Flapper's Little Sister

[Continued from page 19]

modern youth was irrevocably forcordained What, with the discoveries made by the Cosmopolitan investigation and by the letters, I was in a decidedly dejected frame of And then I began to observe a fact that cheered me. Whenever I talk confi-dentially with one of the "new" young mothers who previous to her marriage has gone the pace to the limit and beyond, she has made a decided right about face. Such a young woman with a six-months-old baby

said to me

"You can bet on this, my daughter is never going to see the side of life I was allowed to see. She's not going to be drunk every night, pass out, and never be sure what happened to her' She's not going to be dropped from college for having a fellow in her room in the dormitory, smuggled in disguised as a girl. She's not going to go into marriage with all the zest for sex a twice-told tale. And I'm going to bring this about in a perfectly simple way. I'm going to teach her to obey and I'm going to keep her respect. Believe me, she'll never see her mother drunk and disorderly."

"The single code for her?" I asked. "Absolutely!" was the answer.

But it was not the answer I'd had from this same girl, two years before. She had told me that she had precisely the same emotions as a man and that she proposed to gratify them just as freely

reminded her of this and she grunted. "Motherhood makes a difference.

vert to type, I suppose.'

I've thought of this interview a good many times and tried to work out the philosophy of it. I suppose that the basis of this young mother's face about is that the first craving of normal motherhood is that one should represent all that is true, all that is noble, to her child. And it would take a good deal more of soul corruption than this girl had to kill that instinct.

ONE of the many educational aspects for me in the Cosmopolitan investigation was that a year or so after it ended I found that I had ceased to be shocked by anything boys and girls could do. Disgusted? Annoyed? Bored? Yes! But not shocked. And when I had reached this point I was able to judge more fairly the elements of this case against youth

There are cases in medical practice where an overdose of a remedy has at first almost killed but ultimately has cured the patient.

I have found myself thinking of this old method—"The hair of the dog is good for the dog," a good many times lately. seems to me that the terrible overdose of laxity that has been given our young people has begun actually to nauseate some of them and that they are turning to other ways of life, from self-disgust. They are ways of life, from self-disgust. Of course, they are badly scarred. Their minds and bodies always will be more or less marked by their youthful excesses. They have been permanently deprived of some of the physical and spiritual zest for Nevertheless, they have played about on the dung heap of license until they have discovered that it is a dung heap, not a flower garden. And this discovery is going to make them important people in rela-tion to the training of the next generation.

In fact, we don't have to wait until the next generation arrives to see the effect of the overdose. In a family of my acquaintance there is a twenty-year-old daughter and a six-year-old daughter. Big Sister is so hard-boiled that she is bored even with herself. She has been entirely beyond the control of her parents since babyhood. Though, to be accurate, as they belonged to the "child-study" group of parents, her parents never tried to control her. They tried to direct her—I believe that is the professional distinction-with disastrous re-

"HIS winter, I was having tea with the THIS winter. I was having tea with the mother of the two girls. Little Sister was making a disturbance in the room and refused to stop for her father or her mother. Big Sister breezed in, cigarette in a holder nearly a foot long, rouge outlining the hard contours of her lips, powdered dead white to her attenuated evebrows-sort of a caricature of a regular human being.

"Kid!" she barked. "Beat it!"

Little Sister rose from the piano stool, but hesitated. scowling. Big Sister crossed the room at a stride, banged herself down on the stool, jerked Little Sister across her knee and spanked her. Father and mother protested violently.

"Now get up to the nursery," ordered

Big Sister. The small girl tlew

"I wouldn't lay a finger on a child!" ex-claimed the mother. "You're a coward." "I'm nothing of the sort," retorted Big Sister. "I'm having to learn through hard

knocks from life the things you should have taught me when I was a baby, things you should have licked into me. too soft, you and dad."

"She was merely expressing herself," said trying to repress a grin. "You've prob-I, trying to repress a grin. ably given her a complex or a repression

or something that will leave her with—"
"A mental corn!" grunted Big Sister
"Bah! All that stuff is just camouflage for
an easy going life for parents. It takes nerve to discipline children. And that's what you folks lack, nerve."

This feeling of resentment toward parents is one of the commonest things I have been observing among the older boys and girls I have a feeling that most of the con-demnation is deserved but I want to say in passing that I think it's absurd and unfair for a boy or girl like Big Sister, after laying the blame where it belongs, to feel that they've exonerated themselves from all responsibility for their future misconduct.

Not only are a good many of the young people shielding themselves behind their parents' futile handiwork, but they have added several catch-penny phrases to their vocabularies which they use as excuses for moral laxity. One of these is frequently used by young women who ascribe a portion of their irregularities to what they call "sex antagonism."

Sex antagonism! In the vocabulary of the scientist these two words have a distinct place but for ordinary use by the laity, they have no real meaning whatever. meeting to state that as the plain citizen interprets it, there is no such thing as antagonism between the sexes! Men and women are always and forever attractive to each other. It is the normal way of life. And it is because that attraction is so great that its free indulgence wrecks them, that men and women have been obliged to create the moral code. And because the code is infinitely harder for a man to keep than a woman, there has grown up the honorable tradition that as a woman can, so she will and so she must, keep the code. developed the feeling that when a woman is unchaste she is a greater sinner than the

.111

Pe

An

116

And while I'm on my feet, talking in meeting, I'll add that my belief is that society will never, for any length of time, permit its women to be promiscuous. Why?

Because human society, civilization itself, is based on the idea of home. And if women tre promiscuous, the home idea fails.

Always there are going to be periods that the young people who have had too

Always there are going to be periods when women will protest bitterly against carrying the burden of the world's morals. l very woman, as she first enters woman-hand, is almost overwhelmed by what she feels are unfair demands made on her by nature and society. But if she is the sort that I've described as a good sport, she tellas to the burden as the years roll on And as he steades, she discovers that it's

much sex freedom, are painfully working out. And they are insisting that their younger brothers and sisters be taught it, so that they will not have to learn by wallowing in the mire. My prophecy is that out of the present-day madness is going to come a re-establishing of the codes of decency on a firmer, finer basis than they have ever had before.

# Countess Howdy!

[Continued from page 29]

from the cellar upstairs to the kitchen As the Sergeant lit some candles he had bright brainstorm about making Shorty Samson doll up in one of the maid's dresses

T

receil

her Tu s

Tt'-

the 11 .. .

re her. der the

lead

101

trol.

اعتدودا

own

her

ther

ered

Big

hard

ould

mus u're

rob-

sion

ster

tor

ikes hat's

girls

con-

-111 UTTO after

feel n all duct.

oung

their

have their

intly

por-

call

v ol

tinct

they

e in

tizen

F 21-

ctive

life

great

that

reate

le is

rable

will has man

the

that

/hy?

E

And a white cap.

Holv Pete! What a sight Shorty was!

Honestly, the Sarge and myself almost had
a nervous breakdown trying not to laugh
too much until we got into the big dining
room. There we let loose like a pair of

artillery explosions.

I wandered down the hall toward the steps, playing my light over everything. It was an elegant dive. I would've tiptoed if I hadn't been lit up with the champagne. Just as I went up the wide steps I thought I heard a swishing sound and whispering up in the dark. I stopped suddenly and listened but all I could hear was Jimmy playing and singing way down the hall with old Shorty joining in his terrible voice every once in a while.

"The liquor's made you hear things. buddy," I said to myself and went on up

to the next landing.

BUT I heard more whispering. Then a rush of steps as if somebody was running lightly in bare feet. I shot my light on the door of the nearest room. Suddenly a girl. all dressed up like she was going some place except that she was in her silk-stockinged teet, rushed out of this door, and threw her arms around me. Good night! It's a wonder she didn't knock me for a loop. I turned weak and dizzy from seeing her and dropped my flash-light but not before I w that this girl was the most beautiful thing in the world.

"Ah, thank God, Monsieur, you are an American! Not ze uhlans. My muzzer and I hear you ride into ze chateau like ze awful Germans and although we have stayed to guard the chateau we are vary, vary frightened, and we hide in ze closet," she cried and clung to me

Don't think for a minute that I tried to

push her away.
"Don't worry, Countess, those uhlans in't got a Chinaman's chance to bother you

She seemed to get a hold on herself after this and drew away in the dark. Gosh! I cussed myself for not saying the uhlans

were breaking in downstairs. "Peek up your light and come wiz me. Poor mamma ees in ze closet vary frightned. She deed not want me to leave her. But. I knew zat singing downstairs was

American—not uhlans."
"Gosh! It sounds terrible enough to be Eskimos with bad colds." I muttered.
The Countess, I called her that from the start because if she wasn't a countess there wasn't any such thing. I'd have picked her for one in an old stone farmhouse as well as in her small shatery. well as in her swell chateau.

She called her mother softly and her voice sounded like sweet music. Gosh! Isn't it funny how just a girl's voice can

get vou? I'll tell the world the Countess' voice sure sounded like honey to me!

Her mother, a little white-haired old lady all dressed in black clothes and hat. came out of the closet and looked at me while the Countess hugged her and whis-Whatever the pered something in French. girl said made the old lady buck up. She smiled and gave me her hand. at her like a boob and patted her hand.

"Mamma thanks you vary much for coming so vary queeck. We deed not think ze Americans would be here so soon." the

Countess said.

'Aw, don't mention it," I answered. "I've always wanted to save some French ladies from those terrible Germans. I'm crazy about you-I mean French ladies," I stut-A fellow's nerve isn't so strong when he's talking to a French countess in her chateau and I figured I better say something else to cover up the break I'd almost made. "How did you know we Americans were coming?" I asked.

THIS seemed to surprise the Countess.
"How deed I know, Monsieur? Why!
ze vary, vary nize Captain Andrews told
me he would come right back wiz ze General-

"The General!" I blurted. "Good night! Is the General coming here?"

"Oui, Monsieur. General Ford ees coming to ze chateau. Eet ees to be his billet. Zat ees why the vary, vary nize Captain Andrews came here this afternoon to make ze arrangements for ze General."

"Gee! if the General's coming I'll have to et out of the chateau right away. He'd kill us for being in here and we're absent without leave," I said. I began to hate the General and cursed Andrews. So the Countess said that smart Aleck Captain was very, very nice, eh?

very nice, eh?

"Oh! Monsieur," the Countess cried and snatched my hands. Jumping Wales, how I tingled! You could have pumped me full of machine-gun bullets then and I wouldn't have felt anything but thrill. "Please, please, do not go and leave my muzzer and present with the country of the

me. Please, Monsieur, stay and protect us."
"All right, Countess, I'll stay," I said. I wanted to squeeze her little white hands. The words were hardly off my tongue when I realized I'd made another big error because she rulled her hands away and smiled. cause she pulled her hands away and smiled all over. I wasn't wise enough to know that when you've got a woman weepy you've got her.

SHE turned to her mother and as they talked a mile a minute to each other. I came down to earth again. I was heading the three Must-Get-Theirs toward a bad jam, if I carried out my promise to stay until the General and his aide returned. We'd get jugged sure for this stunt of being A. W. O. L. and "busting" into the General's private billet.

"What'll I do?" I asked myself and



### "I Love To Wear This

"Ir rits me perfectly and my friends all say it's the prettiest dress I ever had. It looks like an expensive store model. You'd never think I'd made it myself for only \$8.85. It's really casy to make striish clothes when you know how to cut, design, nt and finish."

No matter where you live, you, too, can learn right at home in spare time to make all your own clothes and hats at great sawings, or earn \$20 to \$40 a week at home. The Weman's Institute will show you all the important secrets that make the professional treasmaker so successful how to plan becoming costumes—how to fit all types of fixures—how to fit all types of fixures—how to make clothes that are distinctive for their smartness and stally

Just mail the coupon and we will claifly tell you about the Woman's Institute's home-study courses in Dressmaking and Millinery.

Married Marrie WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 6-F, Scranton, Pa.
Without sot or obligation, please send me complete information about your home-study course in
the subject I have checked below.

| Heme Dressmaking | Millinery
| Professional Dressmaking | Cooking

******* 

Name (Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)



## TIONS GONE IN

NEVER, in the history of medical science, has the amazing action of Pedodyne Solvent been equalled. It's perfectly marvelous. Stops the torturing pain of the most sensitive bunion almost instantly and reduces the enlarged, disfiguring growth like magic. Your very next pair of shoes may be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. You can prove it by actual test.

Send your name and address today. Just say, "I want to try
Pedodyne," and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try. No obligations—Address

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. N264
180 North Wacker Driva Chicago, Illinois

#### Photo enlargements

Size 16x20 inches
Same price for full length
or bust form, groupe, landscapes, pet animals, etc.,
or enlargements of any peri
of group picture. Safe return of your own original
shots emaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or sempehot (any size)

fullife-like entargueurs and 186 plus teed fadeless. Pay postman 386 plus to a send \$1.00 with order and we pay Special Free Offer With larger and the send of the

UNITED PORTHAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave., Dept. 56 Chicago, Ill.



# GET RID FA

Free Trial Treatment

sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thomands of persons, without starvation die or burdensome exercise, often at a rapid rate. Let me send you proof at my expense. DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician Stateof N. Y., 286 Fifth Ave., N. Y., Desk M.



# How to Obtain

A Perfect Looking Nose
My latest Improved Model 25 corrects now ill-shaped noses quickly, painland, permanently and comfortable at home. It is the only noseshaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose. M. Trilety, Bioneer Noseshaping Specialist. Dept. 2076 Binghamten, N. Y.



# Six Wonderful Months \$1

# Love and Danger!

I suddenly decided I would I knew Jim Brent was really working: and artists, when they are working, don't bother about much but their art. So in a few minutes I crept back into the studio, wearing only the scarf. At the last I almost lost my nerve

Jim, however, paid no attention to my embarrassment but told me to stand in a certain place, and arranged me in the pose he wanted. His touch made me quiver, but he didn't seem to notice. Finally he backed off, made a sort of dash toward me, and when I started to spring away said Hold it!" and ran back to his drawing board

I don't know how long I stood there in that strained position. It seemed ages. Jim paid no more attention to me than if I had been a lay figure. The only thing he thought of was his sketch

Then, just as I was on the point of telling him I couldn't hold the pose any more, he dropped his board with an exclamation of satisfaction. And I saw that the spirit of work had gone, just as if a light had been put out. He was just MAN again . . .

Read "The Woman in the Car-

OON you'll be starting on your vacation, to the shore, the lakes, the mountains—

Soon you will have time for reading—quiet hours of leisure between your gaiety the mood of adventure and romance

You'll want your Smart Set; you'll want its stirring, fascinating stories by

IRVIN S. COBB
WARNER FABIAN
HOMER CROY
ROBERT S. CARR
GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON
FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

And many more equally noted writers stories vivid, dramatic, amazing, athrob with the very pulse-beat of life itself!

To miss a single brilliant issue of those just ahead would be a real misfortune; and yet you may be miles from a newsstand! That is why Smart Set offers you this special Summer Vacation Subscription Opportunity.

The coupon below, together with a single dollar bill, will bring you Smart Set for the next six months, wherever you may be! It will save you money, too—50c., a third of the single-copy price. Mail it in now!

Smart Set Six Months \$1

# Mystery and Romance!

"Let me get this straight," I said. "You are trying to clear Jim of the murder charge, and you find that your personal pride, your jealousy, your honor I suppose you would call it. will be involved

"Hollis is afraid his wife may have been untrue to him; and you—" I looked Bert squarely in the eye, "You say I have sacrificed my good name by spending an evening alone with Jim. You claim to love me—and you doubt me!

"That's something Jim wouldn't do! He lied, he put himself in danger of hanging, rather than drag a woman's name into question—" I was pretty angry, and showed it. Bert began to speak, to deny that he doubted anything; but Hollis took me up at once.

"This thing has gone too far not to be explained," he roared. "If Brent tried to save the name of the woman he was with, that's his affair. How Bert feels about you is his affair—but we've beaten about the bush long enough. Where my wife was that night is my concern, and I'm going to find out. Which of you two women was in Jim's studio the night of the murder?..."

Read "The Women in the Case," begin

SMART SET, Fifty-Seventh Street at Eighth Avenue, Ne YES, I want Smart Set to come to me for the ne	SS 628-6 Mo.
N 6869	 
Λ· ==	 

looked at the girl and her mother. That one look ruined me. I determined to stick to my promise and not tell my buddies the darned old General was coming. We'd been lucky getting out of jams so far. We'd get out of this one, hook or crook.

"Wait here a minute. I'll go down and

tell my comrades about you."

I reeled out of the room forgetting I had left them in the dark and skidded down the The Sarge was still playing and steps. singing but Shorty had piped down.

"Hey, Sarge, for heaven's sake, cut it out. We've got to snap into it. I found the Countess, and-what the deuce do you call

Countess, and—what the a Countess' mother?"

"The Duchess," he answered and looked at me as if I had gone batty. "But what this racket? You found

what-

"I'm telling you I found the Countess and the Duchess hiding upstairs. They thought we were uhlans. I've invited 'em down to we were uhlans. slum with us. She's a pippin, Sarge. Wait till you see her."

"Say, you talk nuts," blurted Shorty. We snapped around. There was our darling little piece of French pastry, swaying like a kewpie, dressed up in a maid's outfit.

"Hey, Cleopatra, get back to the sink and do your stuff. The King and the Duke just got guests," Malone said and tried to look

At this moment we all heard the Countess' voice calling down the hall. She was saying, "Monsieur, may we come?"
You should've seen Shorty's expression.

He was too full of champagne to think straight.

We bowed and scraped all over the place when the girl and her mother came in. Honestly, the Sarge almost fell down twice! Shorty's eyes were popping out from under

that frilly white cap and his mouth was open to quart size.

t."

to

der

ur

ou

ed.

ife

m;

ert

sav

boo

ing

to

ne!

im

put

ng,

n's

vas

it.

eny

but

ar

ed.

the

vas

OW

his

out

ere

ny

ind

00-

the

The Countess and her mother wanted to laugh but they held in until Shorty staggered back to the kitchen. Soon he returned.
"The slum's ready. Fall in for mess with
your dames and lap it up," he said.

"Don't mind him, Countess, he's cuckoo," "Just sit down and we'll have I said.

supper."

A queer silence fell over us as we sat there waiting for Shorty to stagger in with the rations. There was a little commo in the hall. Then everything was still. There was a little commotion

"The cook must be on a strike," I said to the Countess. She and her mother smiled at me. I got up to see what the deuce was wrong with Samson. I had hardly taken a step when an automobile roared into the chateau grounds and stopped at the front door.

"Good heavens! It's the General," I blurted as the ladies and Malone jumped

"Gee! Sarge, I forgot to tell you. This is old Ford's billet. Andrews got it for him this afternoon. We're goners if we get caught."

There was a knock at the front door. I threw a kiss at the Countess and followed We left the girl standing like the Sergeant. a mystified statue.

Malone suddenly crashed in the dark of the hall and cursed. I just stopped in time to keep from stumbling over him. I flashed on my light and saw the Sarge all tangled up with Shorty. The fool had passed out in the hall!

I helped Malone up and we tried to drag Shorty out of the way. We had him halfway to the kitchen when the Countess ran up, looking scared to death. The General was still rapping at the front door.

A fellow thinks faster when he sees his Countess all worried. I suddenly turned the unconscious Shorty over on his face and pulled down his skirts as far as they would

'He's your maid who fainted from fright thinking the General was the uhlans,'

"AH! OUI," gasped the Countess. Then she pointed at some heavy curtains in the hall. "Queek, hide behind these."

We didn't dare take a breath as the old General and Andrews came into the hall. I sure felt like cheering for the Countess. She was some actress! You should have heard her telling the Gen' how scared they were of the uhlans.

"Oh! Monsieur General, it was so terrible, so vary, vary terrible! My muzzer and I, we shake like ze shimmy dance. Look, my maid, poor Susette, she faints, thinking you and ze vary, vary nize Captain are ze uhlans," she cried.

It went over big. Old Ford told Andrews

to help the ladies get the "maid" out of the

hall to a comfortable place.

Through a slit we saw the Captain trying to lift the "maid." After three tries, he gave to lift the "maid." After three tries, he gave up and looked at the General. "She weighs

a ton, sir," he said.

The General lent a hand but there wasn't anything doing. Suddenly Andrews saw the hobnail shoes on Shorty and figured there was something wrong in Denmark. He turned Shorty over, looked at what was showing of his mush under the lace cap and suddenly yanked the cap off.
"What was that?" snapped Ford. The

Countess screamed.

"I don't know what that was, sir, but this is no maid. It's one of the men I passed on the road from Chassemy this afternoon. He's dead drunk, sir."

"Shake him awake," snapped the General. As Andrews yanked at poor Shorty, General strode over and pulled the curtains away from the Sergeant and me. We

snapped to attention.

Boy, howdy! Maybe the General didn't jump on us with both boots, especially after Andrews told what he knew about us Just as he said we were under arrest and must stand a summary court martial, Shorty Samson came to life and pushed the Captain off his chest.

HEY, what's all the shouting for?" he

"You're under arrest," exploded the General. "Get out of that rig at once."
"Yes sir," answered Shorty.

A clanking, clattering sound like that of men riding hard and expertly through the night interrupted the General. Hoof beats thundered through the chateau gate.

"Oh, mon Dieu, ze uhlans!" cried the

The commotion in front of the chateau grew louder. "Oh, mon Dieu, what will we do? You

must not be found here, Monsieur General." I wasn't thinking so much of our own necks then. I was worrying about the beautiful Countess and her mother. Uhlans were bad actors with women. If the General and Captain put up a fight, it'd only make matters worse for the Countess and the old lady. The thing for them to do was to get out of the way, let the women invite the uhlan officers inside and treat

outfit, and the big idea came in a flash. "Sir." I whispered to the General, I was half afraid he might shoot me for daring to suggest my plan. "The Countess is right. suggest my plan. The uhlans mustn't find you and the Captain here. Let the Countess ask the uhlan officers in for some champagne. The Sergeant and I'll be dressed up like Shorty.

'em to food and liquor. As this thought came to me I looked at Shorty in the maid's

When us "maids" serve 'em, we'll sock 'em

to sleep."
"This man's right, General," whispered

REMOVE THESE FAT SPOTS Fashion decares that the figure be slender and graceful. Women who are fat in spots—in the abdomen, hips, throat, underarm or elsewhere—need no longer worry!
Simply use the wonderful Frances Jordan Reducer to minutes daily! It does away with massage treatments—with hot baths, dieting, strenuous exercise, and drugs. It removes the fat just where you want it removed—no where else. There is no discomfort—no exertion—no wrinkles nor flabby flesh!

The Frances Jordan stimulates the circulation and the fat spots are absorbed. It relieves constipation and tones up the nerves.

This remarkable Frances Jordan originally sold for \$15,00. Very large sales now permit us to sell direct to you for \$5,00. Act today! Send \$5,00 in cash, money order or check. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. bordan DREDUCER

Don't Go Through Life All Alone!

FRANCES JORDAN, INC.

803 C PINANCE BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

You don't have to be neglected and alone. You, too, can know the joy of true love and marriage. Make your dreams of him come true. It's so easy! Those wonderful words, "I love you—will you marry me?", can soon be ringing in your ears. It's simply a matter of knowing the way a man's mind works. "Fascinating Womanhood" is an amazing book that tells you how and why men fall in love. Write your name and address on margin and mail to us with ten cents and a booklet telling you all about the new book "Fascinating Womanhood" will be sent postpaid.

THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS

THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS 4865 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

#### Clear Skin of Blemishes

You can have a clear, smooth velvety skin if you will only try pure, cooling liquid D. D. D. Soothes the tissues, quickly driving away pimples, blotches and other blemishes. Stops itching instantly. This healing, stainless wash penetrates the skin and dries up almost immediately. A 35c trial bottle is guaranteed to prove the merits of this famous antiseptic—or your money back. Ail drug stores.

D.D. The Healing Skin Lotion





#### Free Yourself from the Menace of the Hanging Sword!

Above the heads of thousands of men, as a keen-edge sword that hangs by a tiny thread, lurks the Menace of Unemployment.

Menace of Unemployment.

It throws a shadow over the work and pleasures of Today. It makes men fearful of Tomorrow, for they know not what the coming dawn will bring.

Resolve now to free yourself forever from this grim, foreboding Menace of Unemployment. Decide today that you are going to get the training that you must have if you are ever going to get—and keep—a real job at a real salary.

Right at home, in the odds and endered towards.

Right at home, in the odds and ends of spare time that now go to waste, you can prepare yourself for the position you want in the work you like best. The International Correspondence Schools will train you just as they are training thousands of other men—no matter where you live or what your circumstances.

At least find out how, by marking and mailing the coupon that has helped so many other men. There's no cost or obligation—it takes only a moment—but it may be the means of changing your

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
"The Universal University" "The Universal University"
Bex 6259-L, Scranton, Penna.
ost or obligation, places send

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Whe Wiss and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

Electrical Engineer | Architects' Blueprints

Mechanical Engineer | Contractor and Builder

Mechanical Draftsman | Architectural Draftsman |
Machine Shop Practica | Concrete Builder

Ballroad Positions | Structural Engineer |
Curil Engineer | Chemistry | Pharmacy |
Curil Engineer | Automobile Work |
Surveying and Mapping | Agriculture and Poultry |
Steam Engineering | Radio | Mathematics BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

Industrial Management
Personnel Management
Traffic Management
Accounting and C.P.A.
Coaching
Cost Accounting
Bookkeeping
Salesmanship
Secretarial Work
Spanish
Advertising

Business Correspondence
Show Card and Sign
Lettering
Stenegraphy and Typing
Civil Service
Railway Mail Clerk
Common School Subjects
High School Subjects
Magazine and Book
Hillstrator
Cartooning

Street Address. State.

you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the Interna-onal Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Mantrea

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF



Transform Your Skin to Magic Beauty By the "New Process"—Almost over Night
TRIAL COSTS NOTHING



the uhlans drunk when you fix their officers and send up a trouble rocket for our men if you've got any.'

"Yes, sir, I got rockets," the Sergeant said.
"We gotta hurry. They're on the steps."
The General and the Captain dived into a

dark room. Us Must-Get-Theirs dashed for the kitchen. The Countess and her mother hurried to the door.

We heard the The front door opened. Countess speaking to the German officers. There were two of them. As the voices drifted to us from the dining room I waddled out and shut the front door softly and locked it.

Back in the kitchen I told them how we'd pull our stuff. We would go in with champagne and glasses and stand behind the officers' chairs. When they started to drink-Bang! We got some old rags and ropes and stuck them under our dresses just as the Countess came in.

"They are playing ze gentlemen so far but it is only a pose. We must hurry. They want much wine for their men."

"We'll sink 'em with wine when we croak the officers," I said.

"Oh, you are so vary, vary wonderful!" she whispered.

I wasn't scared but my old bones were trembling with excitement as we followed the Countess into the dining room. The uhlans were laughing as they talked to the poor old Duchess but you could tell the bums were hard-boiled devils underneath these false laughs.

As the Germans drank we grabbed chairs and socked them with all our might.

We tied and gagged them in a jiffy and then carried them into the kitchen. Countess was so excited she kissed Shorty and the old lady hugged me. The Sergeant had already beat it to the back woods and sent up the rockets for troops. He was to meet them and tell them what was up. could have murdered Shorty with a penknife for getting that kiss but there wasn't any time to commit murder in your own army. dragged the unconscious uhlans into the kitchen and threw them down the cel-Then we got two casks of wine and took them with cups to the uhlans outside. Can you beat it? Some of them chucked me and Shorty under the chin and tried to make love to us.

Some of the freshest uhlans wanted to follow me as I started down cellar for I gave 'em the "come-on" sign more wine.

and winked at my buddies. All of them but the two on guard nose-

dived after us into the cellar where it was black as the ace of spades until I lit a candle. We handed out wine right and left and I motioned my buddies to edge near the door. When they got in front of it I made up to a drunken uhlan. As he tried to kiss me I gave him a hefty shove and he went in a heap. The other Boche burst out laughing at him. It was my chance. I doused the candle glim with a bottle and dived for the door through the dark.

OLD Shorty was in the way but I gave him the bum's rush into the dim hall and slammed the door shut.

The guards were easy. we'd come back with more wine for 'em. "Good night shirt," blurted Shorty as we dragged them under some bushes, other birds sound like they're going to holler

and beat a way through the cellar. I hope the door holds." "It'll hold until our gang comes and takes 'em over. I've sent up a couple of S.O.S. rockets and I'm going down the road and meet the guys they send out," the Sergeant

ordered. I was itching to get back in and see the Countess. "Come on, Shorty, let's go in."
When we went inside and locked the tain with the Countess and the Duchess. Shorty and I drank a bottle of cham-

pagne while we waited for our men to come and grab the noisy uhlans. The Sergeant went out to meet our outfit and he brought a guard detail that took charge of the Then he squealing Boches in jig time. turned to Shorty and me.

"Pull off them duds before some of the outfit recognize you," he said.

We yanked off the women's clothes! as Shorty and I got back in our O.D's, in walked the Countess with a smile that made my heart loop the loop.

But before she could say a word, the General, followed by Captain Andrews,

stalked into the kitchen. "Mademoiselle," the Gen' automobile has just returned. It is waiting to take you and your good mother to whatever place of safety you may wish to go. I will be responsible for the chateau from now on and I have detailed my very nice aide, Captain Andrews, to see that you reach your destination in safety and comfort." Gosh! I felt low. The Countess was

going and Andrews was going with her. The Countess suddenly looked at me, then at Andrews. The next thing I knew she flung her arms around the old General's neck and whispered something we couldn't hear. The General's gray eyes seemed to run up into his head for a second. Then he nodded like a fellow just getting wise to something and called his aide aside while we all watched them. The General said something in low tones. Andrews snapped away from him, shot a danger look at me and strode out of the room. The General turned to me.

"You're detailed to escort this lady and her mother to their destination. When you come back, report to me," he said. bowed to the Countess and went out of the

"Snap it up, you boob. Don't you savvy? That Countess dame asked the General for you," Malone said and caught my arm.

The car was waiting at the door. Countess and her mother were in the lighted back seat. Gosh! she was beautiful.

I sat down next to her, feeling like a man in a happy dream. The car started. "You did not want to come wiz me?" asked the Countess. "You prefair I go wiz ze Captain?"

"No, but I figured you wanted the Cap-Ladies like you don't want fellows like me. I'm only a private. You-you're a Countess-

"Countess? Oo-la-la! Zat is not exactly true. I am no more real countess, zan you are ze real duke. In France there are no titles since ze Revolution."

"Holy Pete!" I yelled. She wasn't a real countess but if she had been it wouldn't make any difference! Boy, howdy! I had a chance with her or she never would have said this.

"Maybe you're not a real countess to the world, honey, but you're a countess to me." She leaned over and kissed me smack on

the lips.

The Countess said it was my duty to see them safely to gay Parce. And, believe me, never said a word against the idea. didn't get back to the outfit for three There was an order to report immediately to the General. I figured the hard-boiled old Gen' was going to put me in the jug but I didn't care so long as I got out when the war was over and could go back to my countess whose name was Helene Chassemy.

Can you imagine it? The General made me a Sergeant and promised me a pass to Paree some day so I could see the Countess. After the battle of Chateau Thierry he came through with the pass and maybe she and I didn't have the time of a countess and a duke for a week!



hess, amcome eant ught the

Just s, in

the ews,

r to go. rom nice each ort." was

then she ral's dn't to then wise

hile said ped me eral

and you He the

The sted a ted.

apows u're

go

no a in't

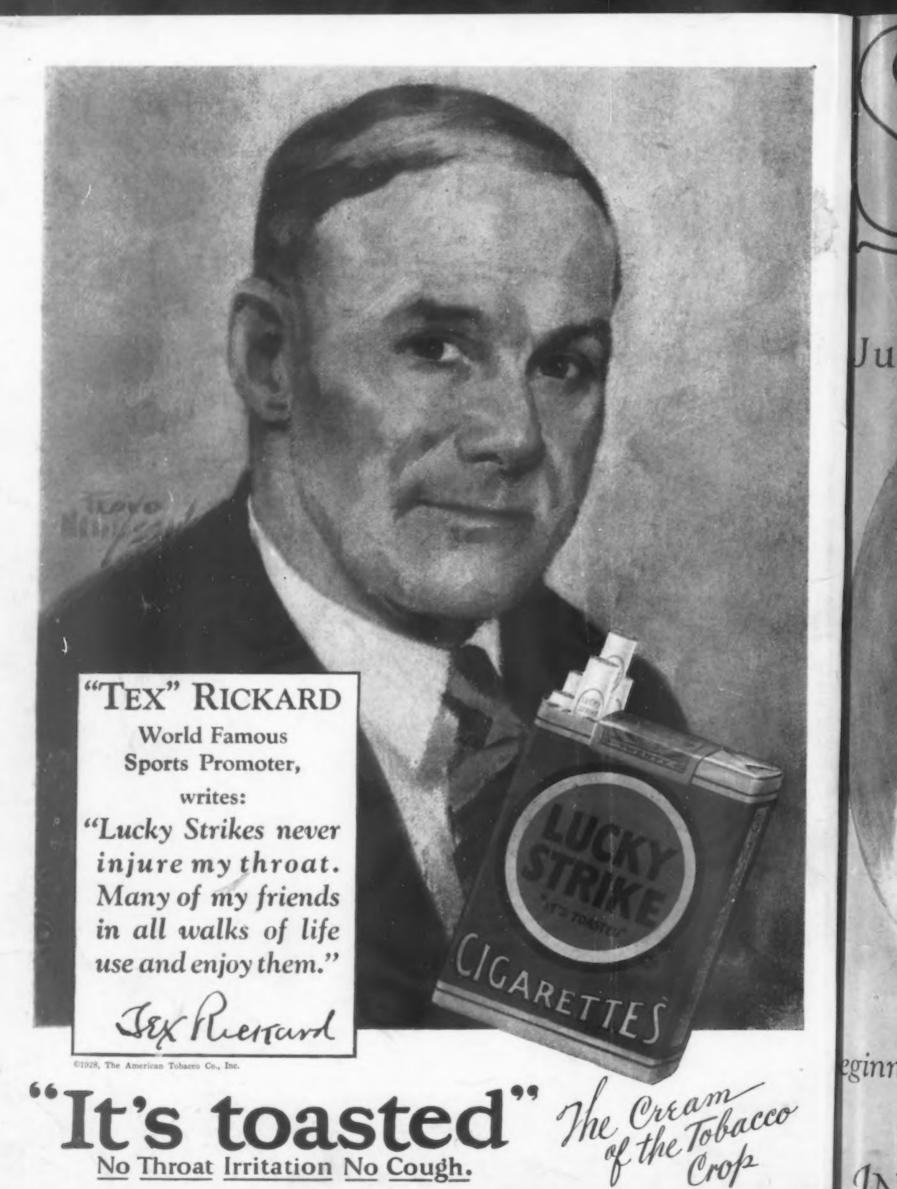
the ne."

see

me, So tree imthe me s I uld

ade to ess. me d I

vas



THE CUNED PRESS, INC., CHICAGO